Everybody's Magazine

July 1919

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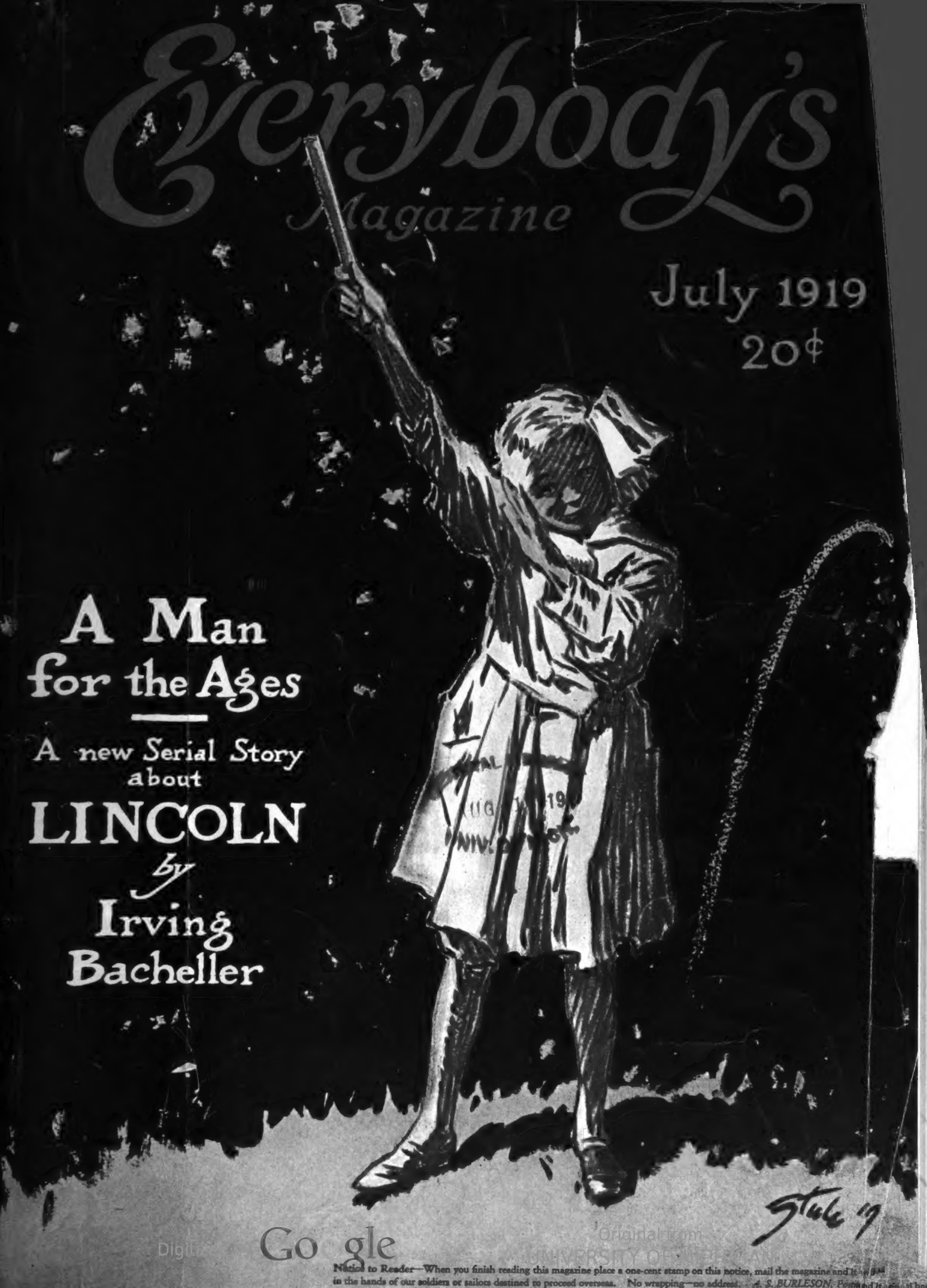

A Man for the Ages

A new Serial Story about

LINCOLN

by

Irving Bacheller

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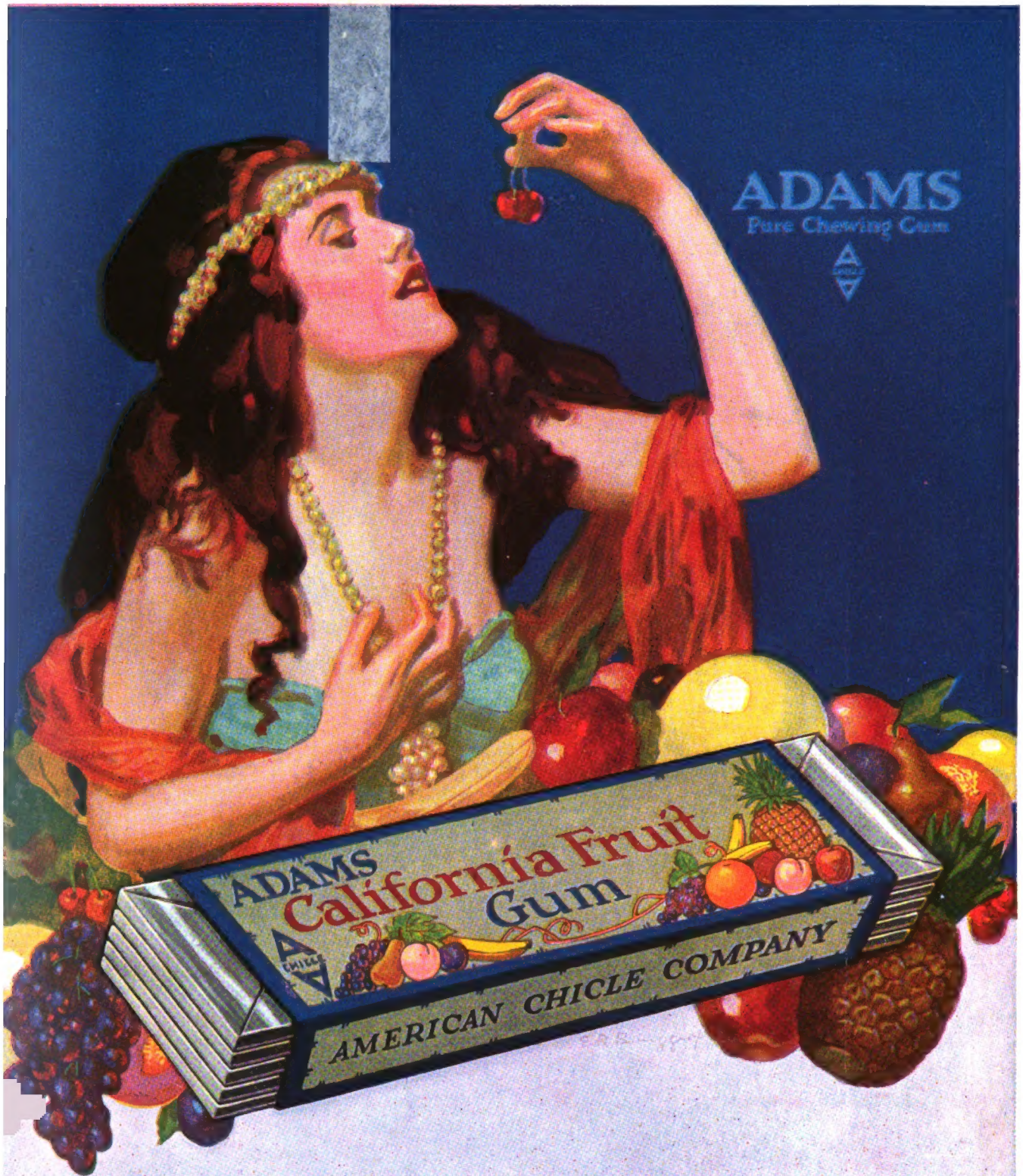

ADAMS CALIFORNIA FRUIT CHEWING GUM

RUTH ROLAND **says: Ripe, red cherries and Adams California Fruit Gum I think are equally delicious. I love them both.**

Ruth Roland

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Everybody's Magazine
NUMBER ONE JULY 1919 VOLUME XLI

A Man *for the* Ages

A Story of the Builders of Democracy

By Irving Bacheller

Author of "Eben Holden," "The Light in the Clearing," etc.

Illustrated by John Wolcott Adams

THIS is the beginning of a serial story whose hero is Abraham Lincoln—"A Man for the Ages." "You remember," says Mr. Bacheller, "how when Stanton stood beside the dead Lincoln, he said 'He was a man for the ages.'"

Mr. Bacheller introduces us to the young giant Abe when he is still partner in a general store out in pioneer Illinois, studying law in spare moments, and carries him through the tragic years that showed him "the world's greatest democrat." This author knows what he is writing about. No American novelist has revealed a richer Americanism than Mr. Bacheller's in "Eben Holden," "Silas Strong," "The Light in the Clearing;" no other knows more about the mid-America of the pioneer days in which this story opens. Besides, Mr. Bacheller has spent years in the intimate study of Lincoln—through books and papers and interviews. Lincoln lives for him, and Lincoln lives in "A Man for the Ages."

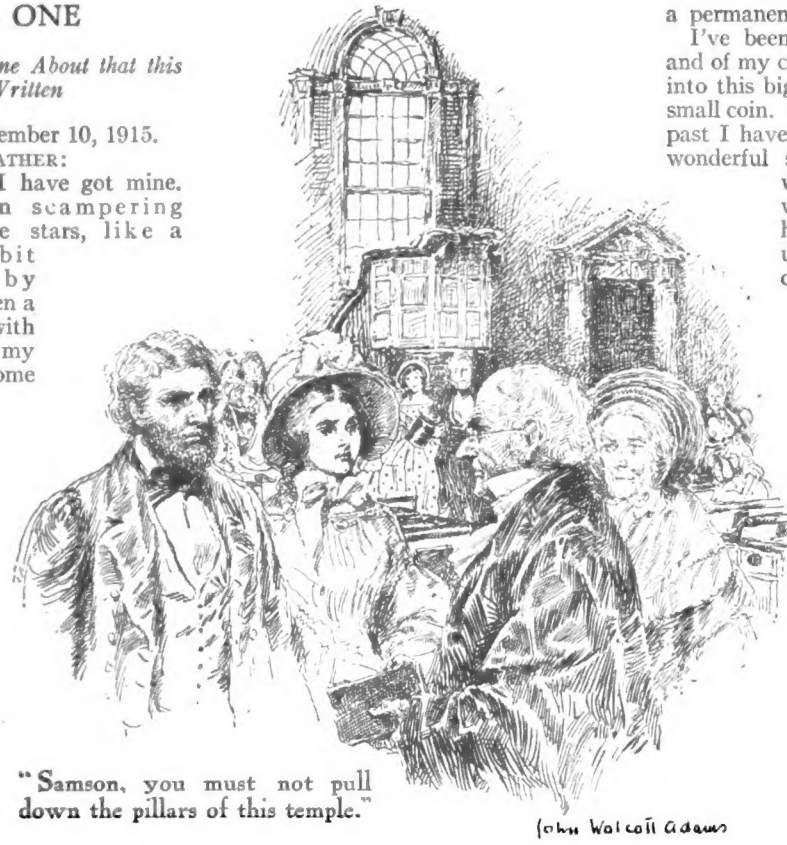
CHAPTER ONE

Which Tells How It Came About that this Story Was Written

In France, September 10, 1915.

DEAR GRANDFATHER:

At last I have got mine. I had been scampering toward the stars, like a jack-rabbit chased by barking greyhounds, when a shrapnel shell caught up with me. It sneezed all over my poor bus, and threw some junk into me as if it thought me nothing better than a kind of waste-basket. Seems as if it had got tired of carrying its load and wanted to put it on me. It succeeded famously, but I got home with the bus. Since then they have been taking sinkers and fish-hooks out of me fit only for deep water. Don't worry; I'm getting better fast. I shall play no more football and you will not see me pitching curves and running bases again. No, I shall sit in the grand-stand myself hereafter, and there will not be so much of me, but I shall have quite a shuck on my soul for all that.



"Samson, you must not pull down the pillars of this temple."

John Wolcott Adams

I've done a lot of thinking since I have been lying on my back with nothing else to do. When your body gets kind of turned over in the ditch, it's wonderful how your mind begins to hustle around the place. Until this thing happened my intellect was nothing more than a vague rumor. I had heard of it, now and then, in college, and I had hoped that it would look me up some time and ask what it could do for me, but it didn't. These days I would scarcely believe that I have a body, the poor thing being up on the jacks in this big machine-shop, but my small intellect is hopping all over the earth and back again and watching every move of these high-toned mechanics with their shiny tools and white aprons. My mind and I have got kind of acquainted with each other, and I'm getting attached to it. It is quite an energetic, promising young mind, and I don't know but I'll try to make a permanent place for it in my business.

I've been thinking of our Democracy and of my coming over here to be chucked into this big jack-pot as if my life were a small coin. Of all the dear old days of the past I have thought, and chiefly how the wonderful story of your life has been woven into mine—threads of wisdom and adventure and humor and romance. I like to unravel it and look at the colors. Lincoln is the strongest, longest thread in the fabric.

Often I think of your description of the great, tender hands that lifted you to his shoulder when you were a boy, of the droll and kindly things that he said to you. I have laughed and cried recalling those hours with Jack Kelso and Dr. John Allen and the rude young giant Abe of which I have heard you tell so often as we sat in the firelight of a winter evening. Best of all I remember the light of your own wisdom as it glowed upon the story; how you found in Lincoln's words a prophecy of the great struggle that has come. Since I have been steering my imagination on its swift long flights into the past I have been able to recall the very words you used:

"Lincoln said that a house divided against itself must fall—that our nation could not endure part slave and part free, and it was true. Since then the world has grown incredibly small. The peoples of the earth have been drawn into one house, and the affairs of each are the concern of all. With a vain, boastful and unscrupulous degenerate on the throne

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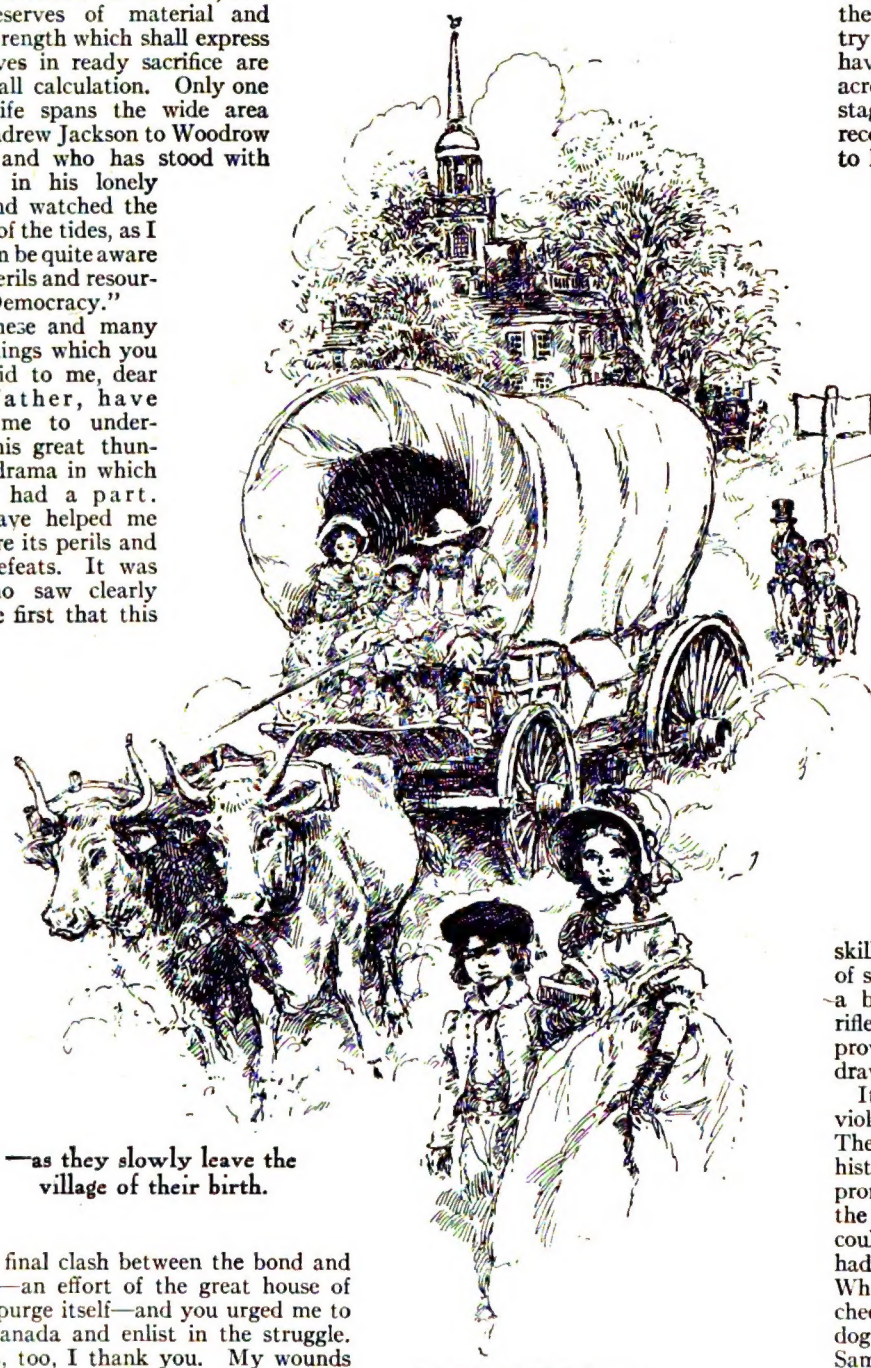
of Germany it is likely to be a house divided against itself, and I fear a greater struggle than the world has ever seen between the bond and the free. It will be a bloody contest, but of its issue there can be no doubt, because the friends of freedom are the children of light, and are many. They will lay all they have upon its altars. They will be unprepared and roughly handled for a time, but their reserves of material and moral strength which shall express themselves in ready sacrifice are beyond all calculation. Only one whose life spans the wide area from Andrew Jackson to Woodrow Wilson and who has stood with Lincoln in his lonely tower and watched the flowing of the tides, as I have, can be quite aware of the perils and resources of Democracy."

All these and many other things which you have said to me, dear grandfather, have helped me to understand this great thunderous drama in which I have had a part. They have helped me to endure its perils and bitter defeats. It was you who saw clearly from the first that this



—as they slowly leave the village of their birth.

John Wolcott Adams

was the final clash between the bond and the free—an effort of the great house of God to purge itself—and you urged me to go to Canada and enlist in the struggle. For this, too, I thank you. My wounds are dear to me, knowing, as you have made me know, that I have come well by them fighting not in the interest of Great Britain or France or Russia, but in the cause of humanity. It is strange that among these men who are fighting with me I have found only one or two who seem to have a vision of the whole truth of this business.

Now I come to the point of my letter. I have an enlistment to urge upon you in the cause of humanity, and there are no wounds to go with it. When I come home, as I shall be doing as soon as I am sufficiently mended, we must go to work on the story of your life, so that all who wish to do so may know it as I know it. Let us go to it with all the diaries that you and your father kept, aided by your memory, and give to the world its first full view of the heart and soul of Lincoln. I have read all the biographies and anecdotes of him, and yet without the story as you tell it he would have been a stranger to me.

After this war, if I mistake not, Democracy will command the interest of all men. It will be the theme of themes. You tell me that we shall soon get into the struggle and turn the scale. Well, if we do, we shall have to demonstrate a swiftness of preparation and a power in the field which will astonish the world, and when it is all over the world will want to know how this potent democracy of ours came about. The one name—Lincoln—with the background of your story—especially the background for the trouble with all biographies is a lack of background—will be the best answer we could give, I think. Of course there are other answers, but, as there are few who dare to doubt these days that Lincoln is the greatest democrat since Jesus Christ, if we can only present your knowledge to the world, we shall do well. Again, the great crowd, whom you and I desire to enlighten if we can, do not read biography or history save under the compulsion of the schools; so let us try only to tell the moving story as you have told it to me, with Lincoln striding across the scene or taking the center of the stage just as he was wont to do in your recollection of him. So we will make them to know the giant of Democracy without trying.

Duty calls. What is your answer? Please let me know by cable. Meanwhile, I shall be thinking more about it. With love to all the family from

Your affectionate grandson,

N. L.

CHAPTER TWO

Which Describes the Journey of Samson Henry Traylor and his Wife Sarah and their Two Children and their Dog Sambo through the Adirondack Wilderness in 1831 *on their Way to the Land of Plenty, and especially their Adventure in Bear Valley and No Santa Claus Land. Furthermore, it describes the soaping of the Brimsteads and the Capture of the Veiled Bear.*

IN THE early summer of 1831 Samson Traylor and his wife, Sarah, and two children, left their old home near the village of Vergennes, Vermont, and began their travels toward the setting sun with four chairs, a bread-board and rolling-pin, a feather-bed and blankets, a small looking-glass, a skillet, an ax, a pack basket with a pad of sole-leather on the same, a water-pail, a box of dishes, a tub of salt pork, a rifle, a teapot, a sack of meal, sundry small provisions and a violin in a double wagon drawn by oxen.

It is a pleasure to note that they had a violin, and were not disposed to part with it. The reader must not overlook its full historic significance. The stern, uncompromising spirit of the Puritan had left the house of the Yankee before a violin could enter it. Humor and the love of play had preceded and cleared a way for it. Where there was a fiddle there were cheerful hearts. A young black shepherd dog with tawny points and the name of Sambo followed the wagon or explored the fields and woods it passed.

If we had been at the Congregational church on Sunday we might have heard the minister saying to Samson, after the service, that it was hard to understand why the happiest family in the parish and the most beloved should be leaving its home to go to a far country of which so little was known. We might also have heard Samson answer:

"It's awful easy to be happy here. We slide along in the same old groove that our fathers traveled, from Vergennes to Paradise. We work and play and go to meetin' and put a shin-plaster in the box

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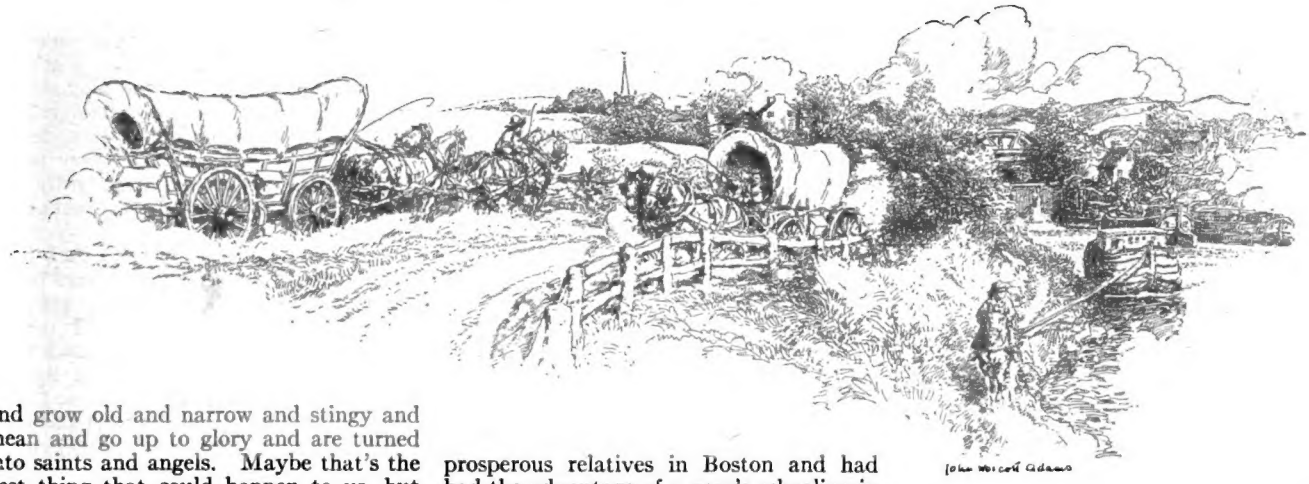


and grow old and narrow and stingy and mean and go up to glory and are turned into saints and angels. Maybe that's the best thing that could happen to us, but Sarah and I kind o' thought we'd try a new starting-place and another route to Heaven."

Then we might have seen the countenance of the minister assume a grave and troubled look. "Samson, you must not pull down the pillars of this temple," he had said.

"No, it has done too much for me. I love its faults even. But we have been called and must go. A great empire is growing up in the West. We want to see it; we want to help build it."

The minister had acquired a sense of humor among those Yankees. Years later in his autobiography he tells how deeply the words of Samson had impressed him. He had answered: "Think of us. I don't know what we shall do without your fun and the music of your laugh at the pleasure parties. In addition to being the best wrestler in the parish you are also its most able and sonorous laugher."

"Yes, Sarah and I have got the laughing habit. I guess we need a touch of misery to hold us down. But you will have other laughers. The seed has been planted here and the soil is favorable."

Sarah and Samson had been raised on adjoining farms just out of the village. He had had little schooling, but his mind was active and well inclined. Sarah had prosperous relatives in Boston and had had the advantage of a year's schooling in that city. She had been a comely girl of a taste and refinement unusual in the place and time of her birth. Many well-favored youths had sought her hand, but better than others she liked the big, masterful, good-natured, humorous Samson, crude as he was. Naturally, in her hands his timber had undergone some planing and smoothing and his thought had been gently led into new and pleasant ways. Sarah's Uncle Rogers in Boston had kept them supplied with some of the best books and magazines of the time. These they had read aloud with keen enjoyment. Moreover, they remembered what they read and cherished and thought about it.

Let us take a look at them as they slowly leave the village of their birth. The wagon is covered with tent-cloth drawn over hickory arches. They sit overlooking the oxen in the wagon front. Tears are streaming down the face of the woman. The man's head is bent. His elbows are resting on his knees, the hickory handle of his ox whip lies across his lap, the lash at his feet. He seems to be looking down at his boots into the tops of which his trousers have been folded. He is a rugged, blond, bearded man, with kindly blue eyes and a rather prominent nose. There is a striking expression of power in the head and shoulders of Samson Traylor. The breadth of his back, the size of his wrists and hands, the color of his face betoken a man of great strength. This thoughtful, sorrowful attitude is the only evidence of emotion which he betrays. In a few minutes he begins to whistle a lively tune.

The boy Josiah—familiarly called Joe—sits beside his mother. He is a slender, sweet-faced lad. He is looking up wistfully at his mother. The little girl Betsy sits between him and her father.

That evening they stopped at the house of an old friend ten miles up the dusty road to the north.

"Here we are—goin' West," Samson shouted to the man at the doorstep.

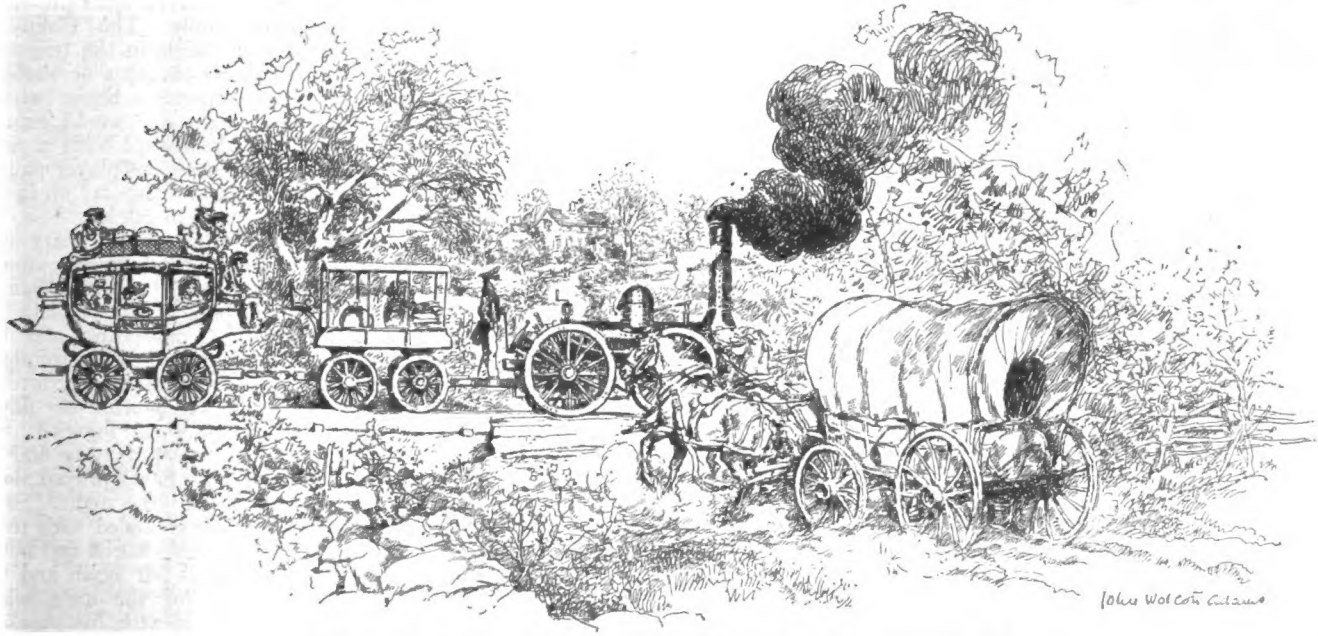
He alighted and helped his family out of the wagon.

"You go right in—I'll take care o' the oxen," said the man.

Samson started for the house with the girl under one arm and the boy under the other. A pleasant-faced woman greeted them with a hearty welcome at the door.

"You poor man! Come right in," she said.

"Poor! I'm the richest man in the world," said he. "Look at the gold on that girl's head—curly, fine gold too—the best there is. She's Betsy—my little toy



"If that don't beat all the new-fangled notions I ever heard of!"

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woman—half-past seven years old—blue eyes—helps her mother get tired every day. Here's my toy man Josiah—yes, brown hair and brown eyes like Sarah's—heart o' gold—helps his mother too—six times one year old."

"What pretty faces!" said the woman as she stooped and kissed them.

"Yes, *ma'am*. Got 'em from the fairies!" Samson went on. "They have all kinds o' heads for little folks, an' I guess they color 'em with the blood o' roses an' the gold o' buttercups and the blue o' violets. Here's this wife o' mine. She's richer'n I am. She owns all of us. We're her slaves!"

"Looks as young as she did the day you were married—nine years ago," said the woman.

"Exactly!" Samson exclaimed. "Straight as an arrow and proud! I don't blame her. She's got enough to make her proud, I say. I fall in love again every time I look into her big, brown eyes."

The talk and laughter brought the dog into the house.

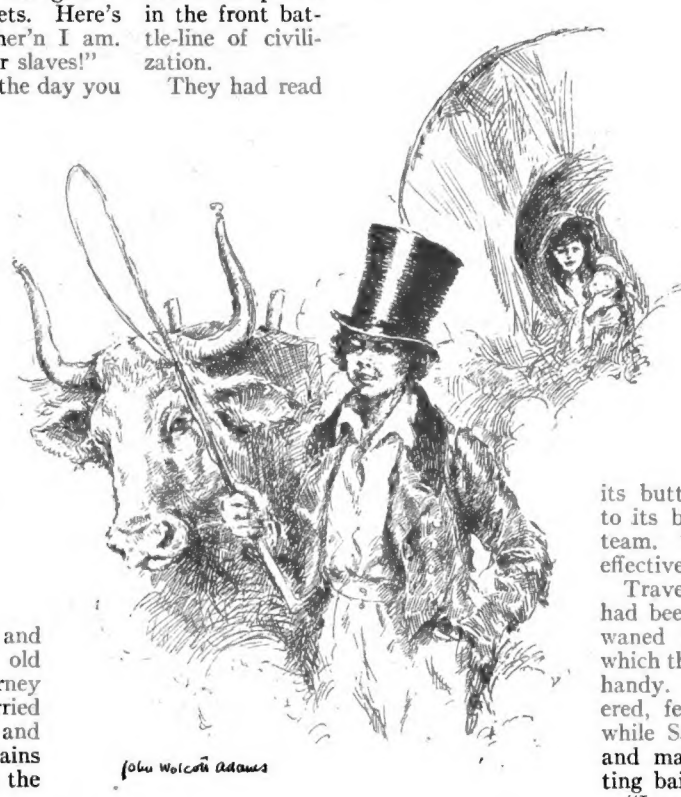
"There's Sambo, our camp follower," said Samson. "He likes us, one and all, but he often feels sorry for us because we can't feel the joy that lies in buried bones and the smell of a liberty-pole or a gate-post."

They had a joyous evening and a restful night with these old friends and resumed their journey soon after daylight. They ferried across the lake at Burlington and fared away over the mountains and through the deep forest on the Chateaugay trail.

Since the Pilgrims landed between the measureless waters and the pathless wilderness, they and their descendants had been surrounded by the lure of mysteries. It filled the imagination of the young with gleams of golden promise. The love of adventure, the desire to explore the dark, infested and beautiful forest, the dream of fruitful, sunny lands cut with watercourses, shored with silver and strewn with gold beyond it—these were the only heritage of their sons and daughters save the strength and courage of the pioneer.

Those early years of the nineteenth century held the first days of fulfilment. Samson and Sarah Traylor had the old dream in their hearts when they first turned their faces to the West. For years Sarah had resisted it, thinking of the hardships and perils in the way of the mover. Samson, a man of twenty-nine when he set out from his old home, was said to be "always chasing the bird in the bush." He was never content with the thing in hand. There were certain of their friends who promised to come and join them when at last they should have found the land of plenty. But most of the group that bade them good-by thought it a foolish enterprise and spoke lightly of Samson when they were gone. America has undervalued the brave souls who went West in wagons, without whose sublime courage and endurance the plains would still be an unplowed wilderness. Often we hear them set down as seedy, shiftless dreamers, who could not make a living at home. They were mostly the best blood of their race and the noblest of God's missionaries. Who does not honor them above the thrifty, comfort-loving men and women who preferred to stay at home where risks were few, the supply of food sure and sufficient, and the consolations of friendship and religion always at hand? Samson and Sarah preferred to enlist and take their places in the front battle-line of civilization.

They had read



a little book called "The Country of the Sangamon." The latter was a word of the Pottawatamies, meaning land of plenty. It was the name of a river in Illinois "draining boundless, flowery meadows of unexampled beauty and fertility, belted with timber, blessed with shady groves, covered with game, and mostly level, without a stick or a stone to vex the plowman." Thither they were bound, to take up a section of government land.

They stopped for a visit with Elisha Howard and his wife, old friends of theirs who lived in the village of Malone which was in Franklin County, New York. There they traded their oxen for a team of horses. They were large gray horses named Pete and Colonel. The latter was fat and good-natured. His chief interest in life was food. Pete was always looking for food and perils. Colonel was the near horse. Now and then Samson threw a sheepskin over his back and put the boy on it and tramped along within arm's reach of Joe's left leg. This was a great delight to the little lad.

They proceeded at a better pace to the Black River country toward which, in the village of Canton, they tarried again for a visit with Captain Moody and Silas Wright, both of whom had taught school in the town of Vergennes. They proceeded through De Kalb, Richville and Gouverneur and Antwerp, and on to the sand plains. They had gone far out of their way for a look at these old friends of theirs.

Every day the children would ask many questions as they rode along, mainly about the beasts and birds in the dark shadows of the forest through which they passed. These were answered patiently by their father and mother and every answer led to other queries.

"You're a funny pair," said their father one day. "You have to turn over every word we say to see what's under it. I used to be just like ye, used to go out in the lot and tip over every stick and stone I could lift to see the bugs and crickets run. You're always hopin' to see a bear or a panther or a fairy run out from under my words. Quit now. Here's a lot o' rocks and mud and I got to 'tend to business. You tackle yer mother and chase her up and down the hills a while and let me get my breath."

Samson's diary tells how, at the top of the long, steep hills, he used to cut a small tree by the roadside and tie its butt to the rear axle and hang on to its branches while his wife drove the team. This held their load, making an effective brake.

Traveling through the forest, as they had been doing for weeks, while the day waned they looked for a brookside on which they could pass the night with water handy. Having found it, Samson tethered, fed and watered their horses, and while Sarah and the children built a fire and made tea and biscuit, he was getting bait and catching fish in the stream.

"In a few minutes from the time I wet my hook a mess of trout would be dressed and sizzling with a piece of salt pork in the pan, or it was a bad day for fishing," he writes.

After supper the wagon was partly unloaded, the feather-bed laid upon the planks under the wagon roof and spread with blankets. Then Samson sang songs and told stories or played upon the violin to amuse the family. The violin invariably woke the birds in the tree-tops, and some, probably thrushes or warblers or white-throated sparrows, began twittering. Now and then one would express his view of the disturbance with a little phrase of song. Often the player paused to hear these musical whispers "up in the loft," as he was wont to call it.

Often, if the others were weary and depressed, he would dance merrily around the fire playing a lively tune, with Sambo glad to lend a helping foot and much noise to the program. If mosquitoes and flies were troublesome, Samson built smudges, filling their camp with the smoky incense of dead leaves in which often the flavor of pine and balsam was mingled. By and by the violin was put away and all knelt by the fire, while Sarah prayed aloud for protection through the night. So it will be seen that they carried with them their own little theater, church and hotel.

Soon after darkness fell Sarah and the children lay down for the night, while Samson stretched out with his blankets by the fire in good weather, the loaded

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musket and the dog Sambo lying beside him. Often the howling of wolves in the distant forest kept them awake and the dog muttering and barking for hours.

Samson 'woke the camp at daylight and a merry song was his reveille while he led the horses to their drink. When they set out, after breakfast, Samson was wont to say to the little lad, who generally sat beside him: "Well, my boy, what's the good word this morning?" Whereupon Joe would say parrot-like:

"God help us all and make His face to shine upon us."

After supper Samson sang songs and played the violin.

John Wolcott Adams

"Well said!" his father would answer, and so the day's journey began.

Often near the day's end they came to some lonely farmhouse. Always Samson would stop and go to the door and ask about the roads, followed by little Joe and Betsy, with secret hopes. One of these hopes was related to cookies and maple-sugar and buttered bread, and had been cherished since an hour of good fortune early in the trip and encouraged by sundry good-hearted women along the road. The two were sure to be standing close behind the legs of their father at the door of the houses. Then, the night being near, they were always invited to put their horses in the barn and tarry until next morning. This was due partly to the kindly look and voice of Samson, but mostly to the wistful faces of the little children—a fact unsuspected by their parents. What motherly heart could resist the silent appeal of children's faces or fail to understand it? These were memorable nights for Sarah and for Joe and Betsy. In a letter to her brother Sarah said:

"You don't know how good it seems to see a woman and talk to her, and we talked and talked until midnight after all the rest were asleep. She let me hold the baby in my lap until it was put to bed. How good it felt to have a little warm body in my arms again and feel it breathing. In all my life I never saw a prettier baby. It felt good to be in a real house and sleep in a soft, warm bed, and to eat jelly and cookies and fresh meat and potatoes and bread and butter. Samson played for them and kept them laughing with his stories until bedtime. They wouldn't take a cent, and gave us a dozen eggs in a basket and a piece of venison when we went away. Their name is Sanford, and I have promised to write to them. They are good Christian folks, and they say that maybe they will join us in the Land of plenty if we find it all we expect."

They had two rainy, cold days, with a northeast wind blowing and deep mud in the roads. The children complained of the cold. After a few miles' travel they stopped at an old hunter's camp facing a great mossy rock near the road.

"Guess we'll stop here for a visit," said Samson.

"Who we goin' to visit?" Joe asked.

"The trees and the fairies," said his father. "Don't ye hear 'em askin' us to stop? They say the wind is blowin' bad an' that we'd better stop an' make some good weather. They offer us a house and a roof to cover it and some wood to burn. I guess we'll be able to make our own sunshine in a few minutes."

Samson peeled some bark and repaired the roof and, with the flint and tinder and some fat pine, built a roaring fire against the rock and soon had his family sitting in its warm glow under shelter. Near by was another rude framework of poles, set in crotches partly covered with bark, which, with a little repairing, made a sufficient shelter for Pete and Colonel. Down by a brook a few rods away he cut some balsams and returned presently with his arms full of the fragrant boughs. These he dried in the heat of the fire and spread in a thick mat on the ground under the lean-to. It was now warm with heat, reflected from the side of the great rock it faced. The light of the leaping flames fell upon the travelers.

"Ye see, ye can make yer own weather and fill it with sunshine if ye only know how," said Samson as he sat down and brushed a coal out of the ashes and swiftly picked it up with his fingers and put it into the bowl of his clay pipe. "Mother and I read in a book that the wood was full o' sunlight all stored up and ready for us to use. Ye just set it afire and out comes the warm sunlight for days like this. God takes pretty good care of us, don't He?"

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The heat of other fires had eaten away a few inches of the base of the rock. Under its overhang some one had written with a black coal the words, "Bear Valley Camp." They lived two days in this fragrant, delightful shelter until the storm had passed and the last of their corn-meal had been fed to their horses. They were never to forget the comfort and the grateful odors of their camp in Bear Valley.

On a warm, bright day in the sand country they came to a crude, half-finished frame house at the edge of a wide clearing. The sand lay in drifts on one side of the road. It had evidently moved in the last wind. A sickly vegetation covered the field. A ragged, barefooted man and three scrawny, ill-clad children stood in the dooryard.

"Is that your house?" Samson asked.

The man stepped nearer and answered in a low, confidential tone:

"Say, mister, this is a combination poorhouse and idiot asylum. I am the idiot. These are the poor."

He pointed to the children.

"You don't talk like an idiot," said Samson.

The man looked around and leaned over the wheel as if about to impart a secret.

"Say, I'll tell ye," he said in a low tone. "A real, first-class idiot never does. You ought to see my actions."

"This land is an indication that you're right," Samson laughed.

"It proves it," the stranger whispered.

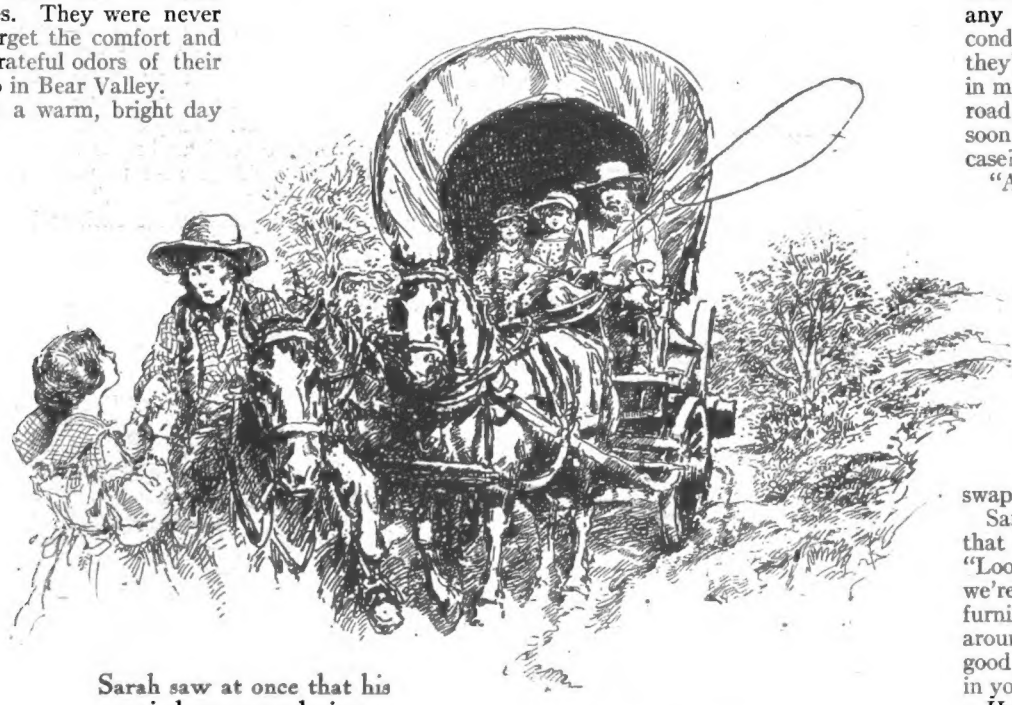
"Have you any water here?" Samson asked.

The stranger leaned nearer and said in his most confidential tone: "Say, mister, it's about the best in the United States. Right over yonder in the edge o' the woods—a spring—cold as ice—Simon-pure water. 'Bout the only thing this land'll raise is water."

"This land looks to me about as valuable as so much sheet lightnin' and I guess it can move just about as quick," said Samson.

The stranger answered in a low tone: "Say, I'll tell you. It's like a wild cow—don't stand still long 'nough to give ye time to git anything out of it. I've toiled and prayed, but it's hard to get much out of it."

"Praying won't do this land any good," Samson answered. "What it needs is manure and plenty of it. You can't raise anything here but fleas. It isn't decent to expect God to help run a flea farm. He knows too much for that, and if you keep it up He'll lose all respect for ye. If you were to buy another farm and bring it here and put it down on top o' this one, you could probably make a living. I wouldn't like to live where the wind could dig my potatoes."



Sarah saw at once that his mind was wandering.

John Wolcott Adams

Again the stranger leaned toward Samson and said in a half-whisper: "Say, mister, I wouldn't want you to mention it, but talkin' o' fleas, I'm like a dog with so many of 'em that he don't have time to eat. Somebody has got to soap him or he'll die. You see, I traded my farm over in Vermont for five hundred acres o' this sheet lightnin', unsight an' unseen. We was all crazy to go West an' here we are. If it wasn't for the deer an' the fish I guess we'd 'a' starved to death long ago."

"Where did ye come from?"

"Orwell, Vermont."

"What's yer name?"

"Henry Brimstead," the stranger whispered.

"Son of Elijah Brimstead?"

"Yes, sir."

Samson took his hand and shook it warmly. "Well, I declare!" he exclaimed. "Elijah Brimstead was a friend o' my father."

"Who are you?" Brimstead asked.

"I'm one o' the Traylors o' Vergennes."

"My father used to buy cattle of Henry Traylor."

"Henry was my father. Haven't you let 'em know about your bad luck?"

The man resumed his tone of confidence. "Say, I'll tell ye," he answered. "I don't want everybody to know about my idiocy. I enjoy it. They wouldn't. They'd make me 'shamed of it. I've invented some things that may sell. I've been hopin' my luck would turn."

"It'll turn when you turn it," Samson assured him.

Brimstead thoughtfully scuffed the sand with his bare foot. In a half a moment he stepped to the wheel and imparted this secret: "Say, mister, if you've any more doubt o' my mental condition, I'm goin' to tell ye that they've discovered valuable ore in my land two miles back o' this road, an' I'm hopin' to sell out soon. Don't that prove my case?"

"Any man that puts his faith in the bowels of the earth can have my vote," said Samson.

Brimstead leaned close to Samson's ear and said in a tone scarcely audible:

"Robert has his own idiot asylum. It's a real handsome one an' he has made it pay, but I wouldn't swap with him."

Samson smiled, remembering that Robert had a liquor store. "Look here, Henry Brimstead, we're hungry," he said. "If ye furnish the water, we'll skirmish around for bread and give ye as good a dinner as you ever had in your life."

Henry took the horses to his barn and watered and fed them. Then he brought two pails of water from the spring. Meanwhile Samson started a fire in a grove of small poplars by the roadside and began broiling venison, and Sarah got out the bread-board and the flour and the rolling-pin and the teapot. As she waited for the water to boil she called the three children to her side. The oldest was a freckled, yellow-haired, brown-eyed girl of thirteen, with almost a woman's look in her eyes. There was also a ragged little girl of six and a boy of eight. They were a pathetic trio. Joe had been telling them about Santa Claus and showing them a jack-knife, which had come down the chimney in his pack at Christmas-time, and describing a dress of his mother's that had gold and silver buttons on it. The little six-year-old girl had asked him many questions about his mother and had stood for some moments looking up into Sarah's face. She timidly felt the dress and hair of the woman and touched her wedding-ring.

Then Joe showed them his bear-stick with the assurance that it had killed a hedgehog, omitting the unimportant fact that his father had wielded it. The ferocity of hedgehogs was a subject on which he had large information. He told how one of their party had come near getting his skin sewed on a barn door. A hedgehog had come and asked Sambo if he would have some needles. Sambo had never seen a hedgehog so that he guessed he would. "Then the hedgehog said: 'Help yourself.' Sambo went to take some and just got his face full of 'em so it looked like a head o' barley. They had to be took out with a pinchers or they'd 'a' sewed his skin on to a barn door. That was their game. They tried to sew everybody's skin on a barn door. Every

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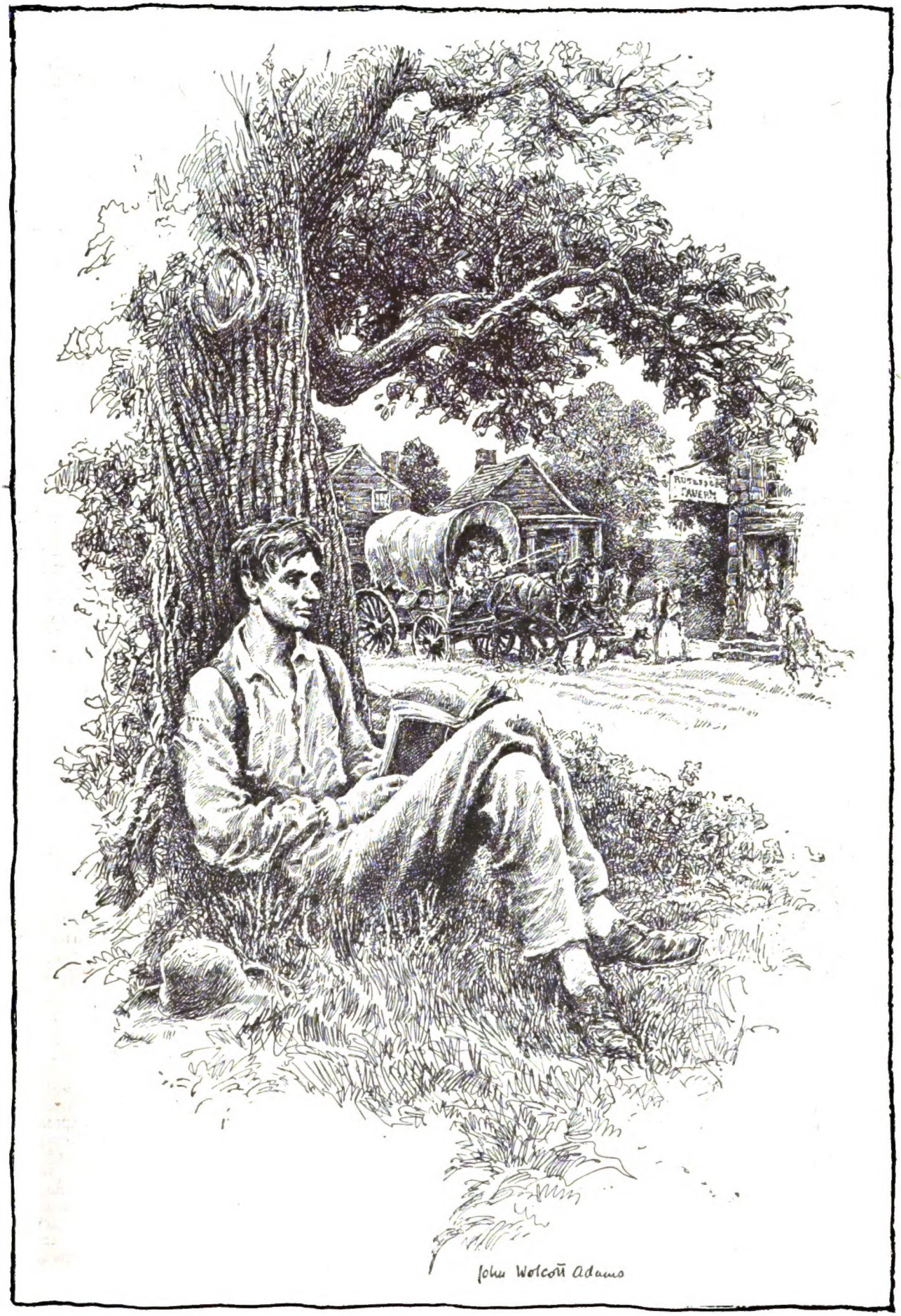

A long, slim young man sat in the shade of an oak tree near the tavern reading a book.

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night the hedgehog came around and said: 'Needles needles, anybody want some needles?' Now Sambo always answered: 'No, thank you, I've had enough.'"

"Where's your mother?" Sarah asked of the thirteen-year-old girl.

"Dead. Died when my little sister was born."

"Who takes care of you?"

"Father and—God. Father says God does most of it."

"Oh, dear!" Sarah exclaimed with a look of pity.

They had a good dinner of fresh biscuit and honey and venison and eggs and tea. While they were eating Samson told Brimstead of the land of plenty.

After dinner, while Brimstead was bringing the team, the pale, tattered little girl of six climbed into the wagon seat and sat holding a small rag doll which Sarah had given her. When they were ready to go, she stubbornly refused to get down.

"I'm going away," she said. "I'm goin' aw-a-ay off to find my mother. I don't like this place. There ain't no Santa Claus here. I'm goin' away."

She clung to the wagon seat and cried loudly when her father took her down.

"Ain't that enough to break a man's heart?" he said with a sorrowful look.

Then Samson turned to Brimstead and asked: "Look here, Henry Brimstead, are you a drinking man? Honor bright now."

"Say, I'll tell ye," he said, as if imparting a secret. "I never drink a thing but water and tea."

"Do you know anybody who'll give ye anything for what you own here?"

"There's a man in the next town who offered me three hundred and fifty dollars for my interest."

"How far is it?"

"Three miles."

"Come on with us and get the money if you can. I'll help ye fit up and go where ye can earn a living."

"Help me to go West?"

"To the land of plenty."

"Say, mister, do you mean it?"

"Course I mean it."

Brimstead called his children and ran to the house with them. Soon all came out in their best clothes.

"Put 'em right in this wagon and come along. If there's a livery in that place, I'll send ye home."

So the children rode in the wagon and Samson and Brimstead walked, while Sarah drove the team to the next village. There the good woman bought new clothes for the whole Brimstead family and Brimstead sold his interest in the sand plains and bought a good pair of horses, with harness and some cloth for a wagon cover, and had fifty dollars in his pocket and a new look in his face. He put his children on the backs of the horses and led them to his old home with a sack of provisions on his shoulder. He was to take the track of the Traylors next day and begin his journey to the shores of the Sangamon. Our travelers resumed their journey.

AS THE day waned they came to a river in the deep woods. It was an exquisite bit of forest with the bells of a hermit thrush ringing in one of its towers. Their call and the low song of the river were the only sounds in the silence. The glow of the setting sun which lighted the western windows of the forest had a color like that of the music—golden. Long shafts of it fell through the tree columns upon the road here and there. Our weary travelers stopped on the rude plank bridge that crossed the river. Odors of balsam and pine and tamarack came in a light, cool breeze up the river valley.

"I guess we'll stop at this tavern till tomorrow," said Samson.

Joe was asleep and they laid him on the blankets until supper was ready.

Soon after supper Samson shot a deer which had waded into the rapids. Fortunately it made the opposite shore before it fell. All hands spent that evening dressing the deer and jerking the best of the meat. This they did by cutting the meat into strips about the size of a man's hand and salting it and laying it on a rack, some two feet above a slow fire, and covering it with green boughs. The heat and smoke dried the meat in the course of two or three hours and gave it a fine flavor.

SAMSON was busy with this process long after the others had gone to bed. When it was nearly finished he left the meat on the rack, the fire beneath it having burned low, crossed the river to the wagon, got his blanket, reloaded his gun and lay down to sleep with the dog beside him.

Some hours later he was awakened by a "kind of a bull beller," as he described it. The dog ran barking across the river. Samson seized the gun and followed him. The first, dim light of the morning showed through the tree-tops. Some big animal was growling and roaring and rolling over and over in a clump of bushes near the meat-rack. In half a moment it rolled out upon the open ground near Samson. The latter could now see that it was a large black bear engaged in a desperate struggle with the pack-basket. The bear had forced his great head through the hoop of the basket and was striking with both forepaws to free himself. Sambo had laid hold of his stub tail, and the bear was trying in vain to reach him with the dog dodging as he held on.

The movements of both were so lively that Samson had to step like a dancer to keep clear of them. The bear, in sore trouble, leaped toward him and the swaying basket touched the side of the man. A more curious and ludicrous sight never gladdened the eye of a hunter. Samson had found it hard to get a chance to shoot at the noisy, swift torrent of fur. Suddenly the bear rose on his hind legs and let out an angry woof and gave the basket a terrible shaking. In this brief pause a ball from the rifle went to his heart and he fell. Samson jumped forward, seized the dog's collar and pulled him away, while the bear struggled in his death-throes. Then the man started for camp, while his great laugh woke the distant echoes of the forest.

"Bear steak for dinner!" he shouted to Sarah and the children, who stood shivering with fright on the bridge. Again his laughter filled the woods with sound.

"Gracious Peter! What in the world was it?" Sarah asked.

"Well, ye see, ol' Uncle Bear came to steal our bacon and the bacon kind o' stole him," said Samson, between peals of laughter, the infection of which went to the heart and lips of every member of the family. "Shoved his head into the pack-basket and the pack-basket wouldn't let go. It said: 'This is the first time I've ever swallered a bear and, if you don't mind, I'll stay on the outside. I kind o' like you.' But the bear did mind. He didn't want to be et up by a basket. He'd always done the swallerin' himself, and he hollered and swore at the basket and tried to scare it off. Oh, I tell ye, he was awful sassy and impudent to that old thing, but it hung on and the way he flounced around with Sambo clingin' to his tail and the bear thinkin' that he was bein' swallered at both ends was awful. Come and see him."

They went to the bear, now dead. Sambo ran ahead of them and laid hold of the bear's stump of a tail and shook it savagely as if inclined to take too much credit upon himself. The hoop of the pack-basket had so tight a hold upon the bear's neck that it took a strong pull to get it back over his head. One side of the basket had been protected from the bear's claws by a pad of sole-leather—the side of which, when the basket was in use, rested on the back of its carrier. His claws had cut nearly through it and torn a carrying-strap into shreds.

"I guess he'd 'a' tore off his veil if the dog had give him a little more time," said Samson. "Ol' Uncle Bear had trouble at both ends and didn't know which way to turn."

They set out rather late that morning. A few breaks in the pack-basket had been repaired with green withes. It creaked with its load of jerked venison when put aboard. The meat of the bear was nicely wrapped in his hide and placed beside it. They sold meat and hide and bounty rights in the next village they reached for thirty long shillings.

"That cheers up the ol' weasel," Samson declared as they went on.

"He got a hard knock after we met the Brimsteads," said Sarah.

"Yes, *ma'am*, and I'm not sorry either. He's got to come out of his hole once in a while. I tell ye, God kind o' spoke to us back there in No Santa Claus Land. He kind o' spoke to us."

After a little silence, Sarah said: "I guess He's apt to speak in the voices of little children."

His weasel was a dried pig's bladder of unusual size in which he carried his money. Samson had brought with him a fairly good quantity of money for those days. In a smaller bladder he carried his tobacco.

FARTHER on, the boy got a sore throat. Sarah bound a slice of pork around it and Samson built a camp by the roadside in which, after a good fire was started, they gave him a hemlock sweat. This they did by steeping hemlock in pails of hot water and, while the patient sat in a chair by the fireside, a blanket was spread about him and pinned close to his neck. Under the blanket they put the pails of steaming hemlock tea. After his sweat and a day and night in bed, with a warm fire burning in front of the shanty, Joe was able to resume his seat in the wagon. They spoke of the Brimsteads and thought it strange that they had not come along.

On the twenty-ninth day after their journey began they came in sight of the beautiful green valley of the Mohawk. As they looked from the hills they saw the roof of the forest dipping down to the

(Continued on page 84)

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A Perfect Circus

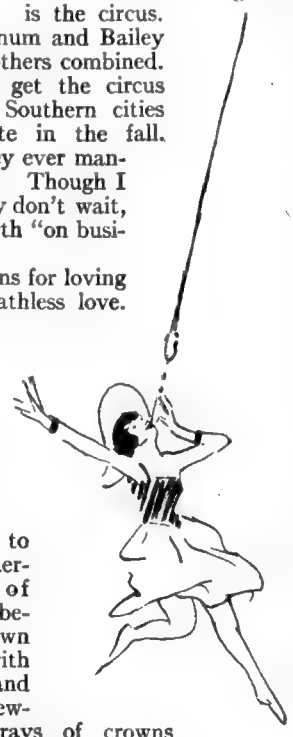
By Peter Merritt

Drawings by Ruth Clements Farrell

PEOPLE are apt to be so careless with the great heritage of language. As, for instance, referring to a party or a ball game as "a perfect circus." There is only one perfect circus and that is the circus.

This year it is Barnum and Bailey *and* the Ringling Brothers combined. Lucky New York to get the circus first. Residents of Southern cities won't get it till late in the fall. Don't ask me how they ever manage to wait that long. Though I have an idea that they don't wait, but just sneak up North "on business," as it were.

There are two reasons for loving the circus with a deathless love. One is that it is always the same, and the other, that it is always different.



It is always the same in the essentials—beauty, thrill and coming-outrightness. But it is always different as to such details as fox-terriers jumping out of clowns' stomachs and belated men-about-town marching home with their own lamp-posts and (very special extra) Jewish pedlers with trays of crowns marked down, very reasonable.

The thing that especially impressed me this year at Madison Square Garden was how hard people have to work to be as interesting as animals. Particularly with new animals entering the ring every year.

Just consider Mme. Seal, who of late years has turned out such a good ball-player and musician. With figures like 1900 vampires, princess style, there sit the seals tossing a ball back and forth as lightly as an epigram. Or playing, when the proper instruments are given them, with a relentless vim that must worry the Six Brown Brothers. The seal I liked most was one who apparently hadn't any ear for music and accordingly wasn't given any instrument, but applauded each piece with both flappers and the most exquisite insincerity! What a pity they must always stay at the fish course!

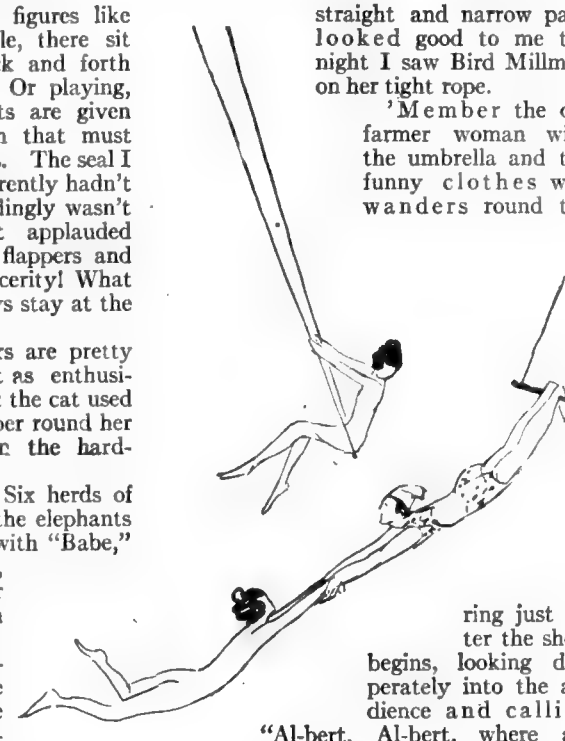
I must say the bears are pretty bum skaters and about as enthusiastic about the sport as the cat used to be when we tied paper round her paws and put her on the hardwood floor.

But the elephants! Six herds of them, more than half the elephants there are in America, with "Babe," the belle of the ring, still going strong in her hundred and fifteenth year.

The circus young ladies (who all wore clothes: artists do take such liberties) were particularly wonderful this year. Who can do justice to Bird Millman, who, as the program accurately puts it, is "a fairy on a cobweb"?

First the rings are all cleared and then an exceedingly beautiful young woman comes in wearing some of the most wonderful clothes in the world. And you draw in your breath and say, "She would look like that," and then an automobile horn blows and behold a still more radiant creature who dashes up in her own high-powered car with a white-and-gold chauffeur, and lo! this is Bird Millman and the first one was her assistant. All I can say is that the straight and narrow path looked good to me the night I saw Bird Millman on her tight rope.

'Member the old farmer woman with the umbrella and the funny clothes who wanders round the ring just after the show begins, looking desperately into the audience and calling "Al-bert, Al-bert, where are you, Al-bert?" And the policeman tells her to move on and she beats up the policeman and her wig and petticoats come off (down to the red flannel one) and she isn't old or a lady either, after all? Well, she is still there.



And the trained Fords like robins that you creep up on, salt-cellar in hand, only to have them skim out of reach.

If ever anybody tries to tell you that something was "as much fun as a circus," just tell him it couldn't be. Maybe he had a perfect picnic, but he couldn't have had a perfect circus unless, like me, he was at one.

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The grim Rhine citadel of Ehrenbreitstein becomes a show for sightseeing doughboys.

The GERMAN CHALLENGE

Was Germany Really Beaten?

By Cameron Mackenzie

IT COMES back to me very vividly how in the early dusk of the afternoon of November the thirtieth I drove along the Moselle to Remich, through the district of Grevenmacher. The road followed the easy curve of the Luxemburg frontier, along which for more than a week American divisions of the army of occupation had been massing. On our left was the river and then beyond, not half a stone's throw across the narrow banks, was Germany, at that time still locked away from the world in her long imprisonment. Perhaps it was a mood, perhaps the melancholy of the hour, perhaps the bleakness of the season of the year; anyhow, in gazing to the other side of the stream, never before had I seemed to look upon a more poignant picture of dejection, of weariness, of hopelessness, of defeat.

In the course of the fifteen-mile ride we drove opposite to at least a dozen German villages of varying sizes. It was perfectly easy to see up their gray streets and even almost into the people's homes. Nowhere was there a soul in sight—not even a stray dog nor a tardy child returning from play; there was literally no movement, no sound, and upon all the little settlements there seemed to have descended the supreme silence of a living death. No different was it along the well-defined highway paralleling our own, and dipping and falling with a picturesqueness so obvious that it was ridiculous against the toy landscape of the east shore. Not a farmer's cart jogged, not a figure was afoot to fill the smooth emptiness of the road. The few bridgeheads that we passed were utterly deserted upon the German ends, and even the gradually rising hills, trellised with vineyards—stark and brown and aged with cold—which with the dull sky made the background of the picture, were in dreary and complete harmony. A miasma of inaction and misery seemed to possess the entire scene.

The effect was curious, and the moroseness and depression of it all was only heightened by the few signs of life and human habitation that there were. For example, above the roadway ran a double-track railroad line along which at regular intervals signal lanterns, their beams strong and clear through well-polished glass, had been set, giving evidence that some one had managed to stir for needful labor. From many of the smutty-topped chimneys of the villages columns of smoke wavered into the purpling sky and we knew that there were some, at any rate, who had summoned energy enough to prepare food. A few of the cottage windows had become oblongs of light, but the oblongs were guarded and dim and did not in the least token coziness and cheer. One felt oneself under a kind of spell—a spell that would have upon the instant snapped had a train come speeding along the tracks or a man appeared in some doorway, smoking his pipe while he viewed the evening, or had even an old woman, maybe balancing a bundle of faggots on her head, been moving painfully along the road. But there was none such, and the gloom kept gathering more thickly with the night.

Peeping into Germany in the somber, silver quiet of that November afternoon, we thought that the nation must be too broken, too sick and weary of heart for further struggle of any kind. We thought of

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the people seeking refuge in their homes, there to recover, through solitude and suffering, somewhat from the first awful stun of their collapse. We thought of them as essentially devitalized—devitalized by more than four years of untold strain. The armistice was then less than a month old and there had been no opportunity for recuperation; having known something of what war even with actual victory had meant for France, it seemed that one could guess what war with defeat must have meant for the enemy. For my part I was sure that we should find, not only pasty-faced children, women in black, myriad cripples, but wide-spread discouragement, disillusionment, impoverishment, disrepair. Gaiety and ambition alike would be gone. Shops would be closed, store-windows would be unstocked, tram-cars, when they were running at all, would be running upon flat wheels, sidewalks would no longer be cleaned. Normality would have departed and the listlessness, the apathy, the weakening of individual and national fiber, hinted by that scene across the Moselle would completely engulf the land. That was my fore-vision; and then very early the next morning, upon December the first, we made the momentous crossing of the German frontier and entered the then unrevealed, uncertain country beyond.

Crossing the German Frontier

THE thing did not come over me immediately. Indeed, I remember that the manner in which the people of Trèves, the first considerable German town to be reached, received the army of occupation, rather tended to confirm the suggestions of the previous evening's motor-ride. What happened was that that entire city of fifty thousand persons simply stood, like so many mute statues, along the curbs and in a ghastly silence watched the unending brown columns come in; not even the children seemed animated enough to make frolic of the day, and while the doughboys marched ceaselessly through, the only sound, loud and all-pervading in the eery quiet of the place, was the remorseless, steady, soft tread-tread of the wet boots of our men. It was appalling—the quiet of Trèves that day; and at first we read it for the inertia of a people too crushed to behave otherwise.

Our first questionings came within the next few days. During that time we walked much about the place, observed lads from Kansas and Maine, nonchalant as plumbers, doing military police duty beneath the shadow of Porta Nigra, the arched gateway of the city, severely Roman and a good ten centuries older than America itself; took note of the regular arrival and departure of trains, ate satisfying meals in good restaurants and talked with many sorts and conditions of men—waiters, storekeepers, discharged soldiers, mild revolutionists, lawyers, functionaries. Exclude the waiters, internationally a glib-tongued tribe, and most of these folk were not very expressive; otherwise we might have got further, even in Trèves. However, the quiet orderliness of the town was impressive—its lack of violent passions, and its willingness for all work.

Presently we moved on to Coblenz and it was there, upon the Rhine, that a new perception was born concerning the Germany disclosed after four years in the dungeon of war. Sharper understanding did not at that time arrive for me alone; almost simultaneously it arrived for all of us—the correspondents accompanying the advance guard of the army. We used to argue about it at meals and while we leaned upon balustrades and watched the stir and life—tugs, freight-barges laden to their water-lines, hurrying packets, ferries twisting like chips of wood in the stream—of the crown river of Germany. For my part it was the trivial occurrences of one evening that gave sudden point to a multitude of scattered thoughts and speculations, that killed the last vestige of my illusion that the nation had been devitalized by war and defeat.

Germany as Usual

I HAD watched a theatre crowd leaving a musical comedy, well-dressed, laughing, elated; I had walked past maybe half a dozen shop-windows, still lighted and glitteringly offering furs, jewels, brilliantly colored prints, things transcending not only the necessities, but even the comforts, of life for sale; I had paused upon a street corner, intrigued by a dance-tune from the bright warmth of a restaurant that I knew for a place of plush and satin, shining linen and plate. A tram-car, its rear platform crowded, people within familiarly hanging to straps, clanged around a congested

Paul Thompson.

Endless lines of motor-trucks delivered under the most humiliating armistice ever imposed.

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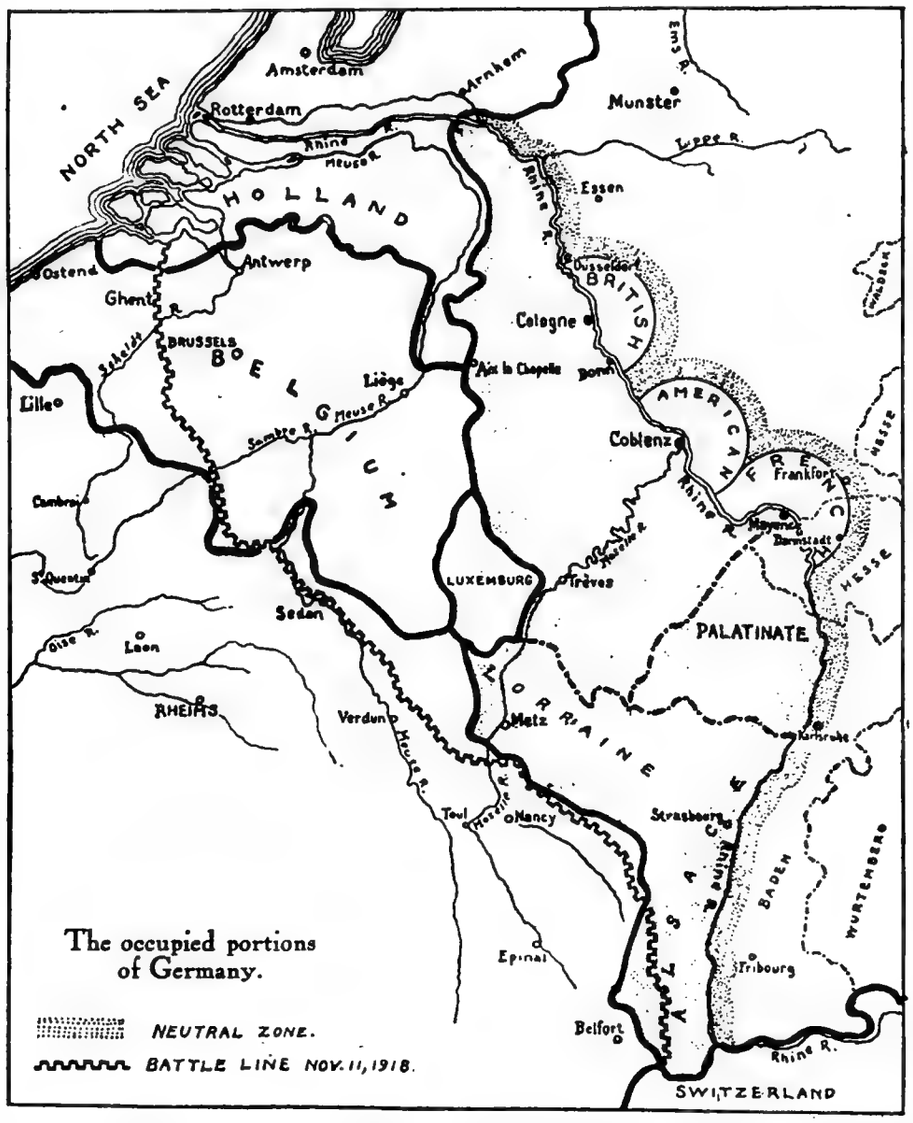
curve. I went on toward my hotel. A page-boy in uniform was running nimbly along the esplanade and from the dimness down by the river came whispers and then a woman's laugh. Ages and ages suddenly slipped away. Memories of Château-Thierry, Soissons, Rheims, Ypres, Amiens, yes, of Paris and London, too, and of nights when babies down in cellar refuges had cried for hours on end with cold, became more elusive than dreams. It seemed that there never had been a war. In a twinkling, as I watched the restless blotch of the Rhine, its surface tricked almost to a checkerboard with shafts of yellow light, Germany became far more home than ever during over eighteen months either France or England had been. That thought was a shock, but it gave quick focus to much that had occurred. Sharply one realized that we were in a land of high normality, of a usualness as matter of fact as air, that whatever else the war may have done to Germany it had not destroyed the capacity and eagerness of the people for all of the old-time, average pursuits of their lives. And that spirit, under the circumstances of the moment, bespoke an enormous vigor and vitality and power for living and working again.

Consider the situation of Coblenz just then. American soldiers in uniform, their rifles in their hands, were patroling the streets; armed guards watched every bridge; in the barracks of the town, beneath Ehrenbreitstein, one of the proudest citadels of Europe, slept, not German, but United States troops; near a main railroad siding stood two acres of trucks and automobiles delivered under the terms of the most humiliating armistice ever imposed; none knew what upheaval might be in progress in Berlin; rumors—accurate or inaccurate is immaterial—were in every second person's mouth that at slightest breach, real or technical, of the conditions under which hostilities had been ended, France and Britain would visit without stint upon the nation the heaped-up wrath of four years. Could any plight have been worse? And yet, despite all that, throngs had put on good clothes and sought the theatre; shopkeepers had not ceased artfully and industriously to press their wares; pleasure-seekers had not foregone the lull of wine and music; sober citizens were as usual taking their prosaic ways home; a page-boy was running one of his everlasting errands, and down by the river a woman was laughing as gaily and amorously as women of the cities along the Rhine have laughed for a hundred years and more.

So far from lying abed like those in a house of death, as I had so fatuously pictured them to myself that evening upon the Moselle, these Germans were up and astir and aggressively and intensely living their lives. Their vitality was not broken, their spirit was not gone. The war seemed scarcely to have touched them. And when I heard that woman laugh, it was like the release of the exploding-pin of a hand grenade: it fired a perfect arsenal of accumulated trivialities—recollections of busy, high-keyed offices that I had glimpsed, of factory whistles blowing early in the morning, of lines of well-loaded freight-cars, of scores of the familiar, average scenes of workaday existence and trade. Instantly I knew Germany to be still a nation of strength, still a nation to be reckoned with. Needless to go back now and seek to reinterpret the desolation of those frontier villages; as needless to bother further about the seeming apathy of Trèves. The great, bold, outstanding fact is that Germany, after having carried for more than four years the heaviest single burden that one nation ever carried, had come through fresh, vital, ambitious, strong. The strain had, it seemed, told upon her almost not at all.

What, then, did the war do to Germany?

One way in which to answer that query is to tell of some of the things that my experience in Rhenish Prussia showed me the war had not done to the nation. And chiefest and most conspicuous of these was that it had not impaired or altered the German creed—that philosophy that was born of Nietzsche, made a living, working force by Bismarck and to which the German people for more than forty years before the war gave the supreme allegiance of day-to-day practise. It hardly seems necessary to define that doctrine of superefficiency, the doctrine that enjoined the invasion of Belgium, the sinking of the *Lusitania*, the shooting of Edith Cavell; the doctrine that so easily slips over the boundary-line to frightfulness. Its cardinal principle is the remorseless, ruthless pursuit of a chosen end, with utter blindness for all else but results; success no matter what the cost in pride or honor or the sufferings of others. Such ethics provoked the war and also survived it.



It was my first night in Germany. I was billeted in a modest, very clean hotel in Trèves, the proprietor of which, as an astonishing number of Germans do, spoke English fluently and well. Just before the bed-hour we fell into a talk, and presently I worked the conversation around to the *Lusitania*. That was a "mistake"—nothing more, and a "mistake" only because it had excited American wrath. The invasion of Belgium was quite proper because it was "necessary." The shooting of Edith Cavell—that was war; and so forth, indefinitely. No reproaches, no regrets, no repentance. "I think," said my acquaintance in conclusion, regarding me very calmly through a pair of enormously thick-lensed glasses, "that in some particulars our government was badly advised, but you must remember that we Germans do not think of many matters as you do."

The Workingmen's Council

THE next day I went to see the five directors of the Workingmen's Council of Trèves—rough-handed men very awkward in their formal black clothes. They received me at the headquarters of the council, the atmosphere of which was exactly like that of a labor-union headquarters in America when a strike is on. Two of

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the men had been carpenters, two blacksmiths and one an electrician; all seemed to me thoroughly representative of the German working class. After an hour's talk about the council, its purposes and aims, I put the same questions as I had put the night before to the proprietor of the hotel. The reply was not the same. All five of the directors pleaded ignorance of the facts and on that score none of them wished to voice a judgment. It seemed incredible that not one of those men should be willing to be candid, and I rather persisted in trying to draw them out. Finally, one of them, Herr Schroeder, who was by way of being a kind of chairman of the board and was by all odds the most forceful member of it, scraped back his chair sharply and got to his feet. With not a little feeling—and I can remember now how a long saber gash on his cheek went red as he spoke—he turned on me and said:

"If what you are trying to find out is whether we approve of the manner in which the war was conducted—yes, we do!"

Unrepentant Germany

WHEN I was in Coblenz the acting burgomaster there was Herr Schmidt. Schmidt merited study. Slight, infinitely distinguished, with thin lips, hard blue eyes, an aquiline nose, he looked the aristocrat, dressed the aristocrat, acted the aristocrat. Before the war Schmidt had been a banker in Coblenz, with ramifications to his business in France and in England. August, 1914, had caught him in London and for two years he was interned. Under some exchange he got back to his native land and, when I saw him, was directing the municipal affairs of his city on behalf of the burgomaster proper, who had for many months been ill. In soft, flawless English, speaking very quietly and tapping his delicate finger-tips while he talked, Herr Schmidt made his frank avowal. He thoroughly approved of the sinking of the *Lusitania*, likewise of the invasion of Belgium. It was unfortunate that the Kaiser had been forced to abdicate, and he hoped that in due time he would be

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The doughboy traffic cop of Coblenz.

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Separating the Yank from his money.

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returned to power; he regretted that the war had ended when it did, but he did not regard Germany as having been defeated and it was not at all unthinkable that the nation would find it necessary, in order to achieve her destiny, to go to war again within ten years' time. Such was the acting burgomaster of Coblenz, one of its richest, most respected and influential citizens!

An Unchanged Creed

I HAVE cited you three instances to show that neither the war itself nor the loss of close upon two million brothers and sons and fathers has altered the old, harsh, arrogant philosophy of the Germans nor in the least softened their view-point. I could cite you half a dozen or a dozen or more. For example, I recall the caps which at least one out of every two children used to wear in the towns I visited—Trèves, Coblenz, Bitburg, Cochem, Berncastel and the like. The caps were sailors' caps and they either bore the names of celebrated U-boat commanders or had the simple inscription, "*Unterseeboot.*" It had apparently never occurred to the fathers and mothers of those children that the lads of America's army of occupation might have a somewhat different view from their own concerning the ethics of submarine warfare. Under the very eyes of our troops they were celebrating high-seas murder! Nowhere in Rhenish Prussia did I come upon the smallest evidence of repentance nor a new and less brutal creed. One instinctively knew that they were the same people that they had been back in 1914, and that tomorrow, if expediency dictated, they would go to war again just as readily, as cynically, as ferociously as they did then. Nearly five years of horror had left, as far as I was able to judge, the minds and souls of the people, alike, entirely untouched.

If expediency dictated! One evening in Trèves word was brought to the correspondents that it was desired that they should present themselves at the headquarters of the army in the town the next morning. We went to the big, ornate municipal building which had been commandeered for use as headquarters and found there among others a high-ranking American officer whom some of us had known from as far back as before the Château-Thierry days as one of the most astute, most experienced and trained, one of the very ablest men in the whole expeditionary force. It is forbidden for me to give this officer's name, but were it possible to do so it would carry confidence for every one familiar with the dominant personalities of the army.

This officer had just returned from a five-day visit with the staff of General von Meyrowitz's Fifth German Army—the army that from September twenty-sixth until the armistice had opposed our soldiers in the fighting in the Argonne and between the Argonne and the Meuse. The object of his trip had been to arrange for some more humane method of getting returning prisoners back to our lines. The Germans at that time were simply turning the men loose, generally without any food, frequently in frightful physical conditions, merely to straggle and wander their various ways to refuge as best they could. This is not the place for the story of how the thousands and thousands of unfortunates captured by the Germans ever got back to their own people, but that story ought some day to be told in its bitter entirety.

However, this officer had gone away ahead of the advance of the American army, joined General von Meyrowitz's forces, been received, as German officers will always, in accordance with their military etiquette, receive the officers of any other army, with distinguished consideration, taken into their mess and given the privileges of the club—the headquarters of the Fifth German Army were then at Wetzlar—for the period of his stay. It is to be doubted whether any one during that particular time had more favorable opportunity of getting at and analyzing the German attitude than this exceptionally qualified American officer.

Of course we had many questions to put to him. What was the feeling toward the Kaiser? Why had he been forced to abdicate? What was the opinion concerning the Haase-Scheidemann-Ebert régime then in power at Berlin? Was there great bitterness toward America? And so forth. It was curious how all of the officer's answers really came down to only one answer. In every instance it was expediency and nothing else—shameless, single-eyed, dispassionate expediency—that dictated the German position.

Briefly, the case as it had formulated itself to the American was this: There was no animosity toward the Kaiser; indeed, on the contrary, the military caste had for the one-time emperor a very actual, though perhaps somewhat impersonal, kind of affection. However, for all of that, the Kaiser had to go. He was scrapped as unceremoniously as you please, because it was expedient that he should go. It was expedient that he should go because it was expedient that Germany should sue for peace through America rather than through France or Britain; and in order to treat with America it was necessary for the Germans to sacrifice their ruler, the man to whom every last one of the army at least had sworn fealty. And so the Kaiser was forthwith jetisoned.

Expediency First

THE next problem was to get a government that would seem sufficiently democratic to President Wilson for him to deal with it. The average German only really believes in one type of government—the autocratic type. I found that to be true everywhere in Rhenish Prussia, and it is needless to add that the American officer whom I was reporting found leanings no different among his acquaintances of von Meyrowitz's staff. But convictions—the things that men for ages have died for—counted for nothing and expediency counted for everything. Accordingly, the military caste, together with the business interests of Germany, and nearly all intellectuals, turned to, and after having disowned their Kaiser, proceeded to pretend to forget their inherent, doubly instilled repugnance to the democratic idea. Of course they did not really forget it, but they pretended to do so because it was expedient that they should. And the short-lived Haase-Scheidemann-Ebert clique, backed, utterly without faith or confidence or belief, by all the leading spirits of the Empire, appeared upon the scene as a graceless dummy for the sole purpose of negotiating with Washington.

Well, the armistice was arranged, the Peace Conference was ahead, Germany was in sore need of a friend. France and Britain were hopeless; America was the nation's best chance—only chance. "Be nice to the Americans!" was the word that went forth from some hidden seat of authority. It was brought back by soldiers as they were demobilized, it was spread by municipal officials, it was emphasized even by the workingmen's councils, those organizations which were at the time pointed to as evidence of a new, of a reformed spirit in Germany. On this score—on the high expediency of inducing the civil population to adopt a thoroughly friendly attitude toward the incoming American army of occupation, on the deliberate design behind that attitude—the staff-officers of the Fifth German Army were appallingly, unblushingly, curiously frank with their American visitor. They admitted that to manufacture cordiality was part of the "game." And the people themselves responded magnificently.

Hoch America!

I MYSELF saw a good deal of the welcome which Rhenish Prussia had for our troops. It was shameless. Never a harsh word, never a good, honest, angry look, but smiles, interest, flattery everywhere! In restaurants the best places and the speediest service were always from the first for the Americans; orchestras—and music apparently never ceased in Germany during the war—did not fail regularly to include two or three American airs in their programs. Shopkeepers were invariably full of bows and scrapes and did not attempt to mulct the Americans in prices. In scores of German households wherein American officers were billeted, treasured wines were dug up from the cellars and cakes of one sort or another were especially baked. The rule was anything, everything for the delectation of the enemy army in their midst.

The story of one German family with which several American officers lodged in Coblenz comes to mind. I tell it because it is not unrepresentative. There were five in the family—a father and mother, two daughters and a son. The father and the son were just newly returned from the service. In the evenings the daughters used to sing for the Americans, while the mother brewed coffee and the father and son devoted themselves to pouring forth the most extravagant, even ridiculous praise of the American Army and its achievements. These men, with the knowledge that their German military training had necessarily given them, knew precisely what the American Army overseas had been and what it had in point of actual fact accomplished; knew it for as fine, as dauntless, as spirited a body of new troops as was ever put in the field. But those men also knew equally well that the American Army would have had a very long way to go before it could have been in any manner comparable to the thing that the German army had been, and for that matter still was, and also a long way before it could have in the least measured up to their insinuating praise. However, honest speaking was not dictated by expediency, whereas fulsome flattery was.

Perhaps here as well as later it may be proper to make record of the only three acts of hostility that I came across in the march from the Moselle to the Rhine. One

(Continued on page 94)

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Germans of the future. Coblenz kiddies "showing off" to our troops.

A pleasanter kind of "Big Bertha."

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Drinking, Not Drinking *and* Points Between

By Franklin P. Adams

Cartoons by Rea Irvin

WELL, I have read, here and there, many books on the subject—the wrong ones, as both the Prohibitionists and the Anti-Prohibitionists tell me; and I have listened with varying degrees of attention to the arguments of both sides; and my one immutable conclusion is that whether alcohol is a stimulant or a depressant, a food or a poison or both, arguments "about it and about" are the greatest soporific known.

Am I right, bartender, or am I wrong? When I hear a man begin, "Now, take the city of Pendleton, Oregon, for example. Since 1916 the increase in—" by that time I am off, the knock-out drops of argument having deadly potency to my word-weakened system. For now and then there is a person who says: "Well, I really don't feel qualified to discuss this League o' Nations intelligently. It takes more bean than I've got." But none so meagerly equipped as not to know practically everything about Prohibition.

Not that that is remarkable. If there should be proposed a bill against bathing—and the Anti-Bolshevists wouldn't put it past the Bolshevists to introduce such a bill—everybody would have views, expressible, articulate views, about the bill. For the world is divided into bathers and non-bathers; but the world is not divided into those who have convictions on the Monroe Doctrine and views about the Freedom of the Seas. There are, however, only drinkers and non-drinkers.

When a Prohibitionist argues with an Anti-Prohibitionist, the argument generally

WITH his or her foot on the prostrate neck of the Demon, even the most straight-laced editor can afford to be reassuring to its saddened devotees contemplating the endless desert of the future. After such an unconditional victory it is only human to loosen a couple of buttons in one's convictions and cheer the condemned with a jest or two to the effect that there are no hard feelings and that things won't be so bad as they look in the Hades to come.

For this post-mortem geniality Mr. Adams is exceptionally qualified. In his years as the colyumist of a New York newspaper he has contrived to be pleasant about a great many distressing things.

ends by one man walking off and saying, "Your figures are all wrong," or "That isn't true," or "You're too bigoted; there's no use arguing with you." A man who lets himself be convinced considers himself weak-minded; and as most of us are too weak-minded to concede our weak-mindedness, the arguments convince few. Since my deep and sincere studies into the subject began, I have been convinced by both sides dozens of times; and at the end of it all, I set forth that I don't know whether Prohibition will be good or bad for the nation; I don't know whether people are going to set up their own distilleries in the kitchen, and I don't even know whether Prohibition is actually going into effect. A New York hotel-keeper tells me it isn't.

"Am I right, bartender—or am I wrong?"

If I knew those things, I should be a seer, instead of guessing that the Cubs, the Braves and the Giants will finish the season in that order; and backing my conjecture with the imponderable—as money goes—sum of Five and no/100 Dollars.

Take, for example, as the arguers so arrestingly begin their debates, the money that is not going to be spent on drink after July first. The chief beneficiaries will be the confectionery dealer, the soft-drink dispenser, the motion-picture crowd, the theatres, the book publishers, the magazines, the newspapers, the real-estaters, the tobacconists, the sporting-goods houses, the food-sellers, the jewelers, the automobile industry, and the railroads. After talking with a representative of each of these businesses and professions, I find, by a conservative estimate, that they will get eight hundred and eighty-five per cent. of that money. The estate of John Barleycorn, dec'd, has many heirs, and the contest among them will be long, loud, and bitter. The wrangling may revive the corpse.

The confectionery and soft-drink trade will benefit by Prohibition, though not so fabulously as it thinks. Children will have more money to spend; the candy stores, the soda-fountains and the movies will get most of that. Of the residue of the estate, the books, the magazines, and the newspapers will get some; the automobile and sporting-goods industries will benefit surely. As to food, medical authorities are divided, some asserting

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that the man who drinks eats less (also that his family eats less), and some declaring that drinking is a stimulant to the appetite and an aid to digestion.

A jeweler told me that Prohibition means that more people will have money; and he points to Kansas, where the average bank-roll is one hundred and eighteen dollars. But there is more jewelry sold in highly alcoholic New York than in arid Wichita; more diamond hair ornaments per—not to mix the metaphor—capita. But this jeweler reasoned that the more money people have, the more will they spend on luxuries. How, I rise to inquire, about the jewelry bought as a result of drink? How many pearls and diamonds are bought by those, who, emboldened, inspired, befuddled, strengthened, or weakened from one to a dozen drinks, promised those jewels to the Sweetes' Li'l' Girl in th' Worl'? How many gems of placation, the price of marriages rendered inharmonious by drink, are bought? How many men have admitted that they never would have been bold enough to "propose" without fortifying themselves with strong drink? How about the resultant engagement and wedding rings? No, I hazard the prediction that the jewelry business will suffer by Prohibition.

Will Prohibition decrease the number of marriages? It may. Which arouses one of those arguments, which if you get tangled in, you will come home late to dinner, if you come home at all. Drink and Marital Infelicity are an old, old couple, like Pitfall and Gin. But some husbands drink because they are discontented, bored or unhappy in marriage, and some wives are discontented, bored and unhappy because their husbands drink. And some husbands never knew happiness until their wives convinced them, by kindness or by economic disputation, that they, and everybody concerned with them, would be better under conditions of abstinence.

I know many Kansans. There are two million persons in Kansas who never have seen a saloon. The Kansans I know are happy, intelligent, reading people. They are interested in life and they discuss things as intelligently as things are in the habit of being discussed. What the figures show, I don't know; whether Kansas buys more books and magazines per capita than the city of New York, I don't know. I could find out, I suppose, but I have such a statistics hangover now that if I read that the ostrich exportation in Idaho increased 16.4 per cent. in 1902, I should instinctively try to absorb the proof that the average annual rainfall in Honduras, taking the figures of twelve old-line companies, decreased the divorce rate in Orange Free State, proving that Alcohol is the cause of poverty, crime, insanity, and baldness.

Listen, as I had to listen, to the figure-hounds, the propagandists of Alcohol and of Prohibition. It gets you. There was a time when my boast was that I could take a statistic or leave it alone; but one night, before dinner, I took one, just to be sociable. For a week one or two sufficed, but now I take a hundred before I am stupefied. Oh, reader, avoid the statistic! If you acquire the taste, you will get to the point where, when a lawyer says, ". . . and your share of the estate is thirty million dollars," you will say, "Or $238,419 less than was expended for Martini cocktails in 1916."

First I read "Alcohol and the Human Race," by Richmond Pearson Hobson. Mr. Hobson is a militant Prohibitionist. And a darned dull writer. If I were an advocate of Drink, I should advance that Mr. Hobson's stuff is duller than Robert Burns's poems; theretofore Prohibition is no good. But I would bet nine whisky sours to a banana split that if Mr. Hobson were a champion of alcohol, his stuff would be just as dull. And my further guess is that if Bobby Burns never had drunk anything more stimulating than orangeade, he'd have written just about the same quality of stuff—and possibly a little more of it.

Of all the books I studied only one fascinated me, only one I read through without stopping—Harry Johnson's "New and Improved Bartenders' Manual," from Absinthe Cocktail to Widow's Kiss. And it is not without a pang that realization comes that bartending is to be a lost art, and the pang throbs when one reads Mr. Johnson's stirring lines on "How a Bartender May Obtain a Situation." In what profession are the demands so exacting?

"A bartender," says Mr. Johnson, "inquiring for a position should be clean-shaven, with clothes well brushed and shoes blacked, and should not speak to the proprietor with a cigar in his mouth, and neither should he spit on the floor, be chewing a toothpick, use slang or profane language, or indulge in other bad habits. All his answers should be short and in a polite tone of language."

I had intended also to quote from "The Soda-Water Guide," but at the office of that publication in New York, it was said that they had no more copies in stock. The recent inroads on the supply have been enormous.

Literary Note: The Bartender's Manual, published at $1, sells for 49c.; and I couldn't buy "The Soda-Water Guide" at any price. Take that, you drinkers!

"much twaddle about alcohol & inspiration."

There is much twaddle about alcohol and inspiration. Anything to the effect that good stuff is written as the result of alcohol is twaddle. I am dogmatic about that. In spite of it, sometimes, but never on account of it. If a man is slightly jingled, as Jack London used to say, he may turn out stuff that at the time he is writing it he may consider gem-studded, but his stuff does not improve—it is his standards that are lowered. With a slight—or pronounced—sosh on, almost anything may look good to him; but it is the astigmatic eye. Now, a highly gifted person drunk

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may write better stuff than a commonplace person sober, but a gifted man sober is far superior, in the quality and amount of his output, to that gifted man drunk.

What the arguers won't do is to compare similar things. There is more information in Remsen's "Elementary Chemistry," say the Prohibitionists, than in Keats's "Endymion." The Antis say that there is more poetry in Keats's "Endymion" than in Remsen's "Elementary Chemistry." "Conceded," you admit. "Keep out of this, will you?" cry both sides. "You have no convictions. What do you know about it?"

There are two gains that will accrue from Prohibition: the abolition of the public dinner and the raising of the dramatic standard. Obviously the speechless public dinner is impossible, and dinner speeches to an audience unblurred by cocktails and wine would be so few as to be negligible. Few speakers will have the effrontery to say to a sober audience: "Your chairman, if I—er—may—er—call him that (Laughter), has asked me to speak to you on 'Correlation and Coordination.' And that reminds me of a little story. There was a darky (Laughter), it seems, and—" And so on.

When the speaker rises, most of the jolly banqueters are in various stages of jingledness, some of them because they like to be, others because they know that listening to the speeches sober is unendurable. Now then, Prohibition will either raise the standard of speechmaking or the public dinner will perish. But speechmaking is as rare a gift as writing poetry. Of the millions of speechmakers in the United States—a country in which I may say, gentlemen, the worship of oratory amounts almost to a—er—may I say?—er—a worship—there are only a dozen or so who have anything to say that can be said only at a dinner, and of the thousands of verse-writers there are few of whom it is true that poetry—let alone verse—is their inevitable form of expression.

No more evenings of rushing to a dinner scheduled to begin at 7:30, arriving there at 7:39, sitting down at 8:03, having a dollar-and-twenty-five-cent dinner for six dollars, drinking wine you don't want, sitting next to a man you bore and who bores you, listening to seven speakers, only one of whom is informative or amusing, standing at 12:08 A.M. twenty minutes in line to get your hat and coat, arriving home at one, and lying awake until three in a rage at yourself for having wasted so much time and some money. Let the public dinner perish! It belongs with the Rogers group, the iron stag in the front yard, the plush piano-cover, and Spencerian penmanship.

Three of the dozen American speakers it is possible to listen to have harpooned the public dinner. Go read those noble philippics—"Dubley, '89," by George Ade; "We Have with Us To-night," by Samuel G. Blythe; and "Unaccustomed as I Am—" by Irvin S. Cobb. If Prohibition kill the public dinner, it will not have killed in vain. I, for one, vote to acquit it of the murder charge.

And the stage. It is possible, as every manager knows, to give an audience partially drunk worse stuff than an audience entirely sober. The boiling-point of an audience primed by alcohol is low, palpably. Anything looks good to such an audience, its powers of discrimination are weakened. The inference is easy. Plays—especially musical comedies—should improve under Prohibition.

"I drank a large glass of brandy & then I didn't care!"

Then, when I come to the conclusion that Prohibition will be good for us, that more people will benefit than will suffer, along come Mr. Hobson and the intolerant Prohibitionists, and I want to go out and get drunk. "It is obvious," says Mr. Hobson, "that no human being can have any natural or inherent right to drink liquor. It is further obvious that alcohol will strike its blows at the most nobly organized brains. It weakens the strong, takes away the judgment of the wise, makes cowardly the brave, withers loyalty and self-sacrifice, and injures the capacity for love and devotion."

The Prohibitionist's figures generally are accurate; so are the Anti's. "Look you," says the Prohibitionist, "how drunkenness has decreased in the dry states." "Ah, yes," said the Anti, "but in the Prohibition states, according to the Committee of Fifty, there have been abnormal increases in the consumption of patent medicines containing alcohol. In Norway prohibition districts they drink perfume and hair-oil; in Germany, since the anti-alcohol agitation, there has been an increase in the import of opium—in 1907, 29,200 kg.; in 1909, 73,400 kg." "Men and women worry," says Mr. George Elliot Flint, in "The Whole Truth About Alcohol"; "they have cares; they are more or less afflicted with disease; and they have frequent bitter disappointments. If alcohol is not available, there are other drugs that induce forgetfulness; and it is hardly surprising that men should turn to them."

To which the Prohibitionist replies that drinking is responsible for most of those cares, diseases and disappointments. Also that it is cowardly to say, "This is a rotten world. Why try to make it better?" To which the Anti says that far from alcohol being responsible for the woes of the world, it helps the world to forget, to tide over many of those woes. "As to not trying to better the world," continues the Anti, "I *am* trying to better it. But I know how and you don't." "I do," says the Prohibitionist. "Prove it," says the Anti. "I will," says the Prohibitionist, and he launches into figures which the Anti disproves, citing his own figures, which the Prohibitionist disproves, and there you are. The greatest bores I know are a certain teetotaler and an equally certain drunkard. It is hard to choose between the verbose intolerance of both.

"All we want is fair play," says the Prohibitionists. "All we want is a square deal," cry the Antis. And as nearly as I can evaluate the x and y of the alcohol equation, what they both want—and what most people want who are always asking for "fair play"—is the imposition of their measures and demands and the extermination of the other side's. "I wouldn't believe a one o' them White Ribboners," said a drinking man. "They tell me," I said to a member of the Anti-Saloon League, "that insanity has increased in Maine under Prohibition." "Have you verified those figures?" he asked me, and I had to answer no.

I believe all figures, anyway. I never verify the figures that the bank sends me about its Cash on Hand, nor do I ever run out to Milwaukee to see whether the company I have a policy in actually has that Reinsurance Reserve. To have written this article honestly, I should have gone to Maine, made a house-to-house canvass, and applied the insanity test to each inhabitant. I thought of doing it, too, but I was afraid that after I had done the work, somebody would prove to me that my test was fallible, and my figures correspondingly wrong.

So I told him no, I hadn't verified the figures. "You got those figures from the Liquor Interests," he said. Well, I suppose I had. It's like the German-spy

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stuff: you never know—your wife may be in the pay of some brewery or distillery. "I wouldn't believe anything those people swore to on a stack of Bibles," said my Anti-Saloon League friend.

Kansas is dry; Nebraska is wet. Kansas had 91.1 sentenced prisoners per 100,000 of population; Nebraska has 55.1.

Kansas is dry; Nebraska is wet. Kansas's wealth per capita is the largest in the country; its death-rate is the lowest; it has the most home owners.

In 30 dry years insanity has increased 83 per cent. in Maine and 94 per cent. in Kansas.

Maine is dry; Minnesota is wet. Maine has 127.3 paupers per 100,000 of population; Minnesota has 46.2.

Kansas is dry; New York is wet. Kansas has 286 divorces per 100,000 of population; New York has 60.

Maine and North Dakota are dry; Rhode Island and Pennsylvania are wet. Wages run higher in the wet states.

And so it goes. You could, I could, anybody could, fill pages with those things. They are the smoke-screens of knowledge; the harassing fire of wisdom takes more skill. Dry Kansas has a greater per capita wealth than wet New York; but when you ask whether the Kansan is happier than the New Yorker, you soar at once into metaphysics, and the chances of a fatal *vrille* are big.

I AM a soft-drink fan myself. Better fifty swigs of soda, say I, than a magnum of Tokay. But if I were a champion of liquor and somebody talked to me about crime and alcohol, I should try to prove that the soda-fountain is responsible for murder. The testimony of Gyp the Blood, Lefty Louis, Whitey Lewis and Dago Frank—the gunmen who went to the chair for the murder of Rosenthal—showed that on the very night of the murder they spent a lot of time at soda-fountains. "Then we went and had a soda," sticks in my mind as a frequent iteration at the trial.

The greatest anti-booze propagandist has been the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. It injected its doctrines into public-school text-books, and I think it hurt the cause more than it helped it. It used to frighten the student, but it aroused his curiosity and put notions into his head. "In all grades below the high school," said the Woman's Christian Temperance Union (March, 1892), "this instruction should contain only physiology enough to make the hygiene of temperance and other laws of health intelligible. Temperance should be the chief and not the subordinate topic and should occupy at least one-fourth the space in text-books for these grades."

This was a wide, well-organized movement; and most of us can remember how the paragraphs on alcohol used to frighten us: "A cat or a dog may be killed by causing it to drink a small quantity of alcohol. A boy once drank whisky from a flask he had found, and died within a few hours. His death was caused by the alcohol in the whisky."—Brand's "Good Health for Children." "A man who never drinks liquor will get well," said Dulaney's "Primer of Physiology," "when a drinking man will surely die." "To attempt to drink fermented liquors moderately," said Dr. Eli F. Brown's "The House I Live In," "has led to the hopeless ruin of untold thousands."

And this is from Dulaney's "Physiology": "A noted murderer confessed that never, but once, did he feel any remorse. Then he was about to kill a babe, and the little creature looked up into his face and smiled. 'But,' he said, 'I drank a large glass of brandy, and then I didn't care.'" I should like to ask the author of that book for the name of the "noted murderer." Also I should like to know why the word of a noted murderer, especially one who could toss off a "large glass of brandy," should be so readily believed by the same men who regard the drinker's word as not to be relied on. But the ways of a propagandist are strange; his is a glorious goal, he thinks, and any road that leads to it is a legitimate path.

"Facts are stubborn things," cry the Prohibitionists. "Facts," cry the Anti-Prohibitionists, "are stubborn things. But, oh, the citers of facts—they are the stubborn old things. Figures don't lie, but how the liars figure! "

The scientific and medical authorities say that this or that causes drunkenness, but they ignore, I think, the part that circumlocution and euphemism play in alcoholism. A man who objects to being told that he was drunk—for the word is as ugly as the state of drunkenness—doesn't mind—nay, he frequently boasts of it—being told that he was pifflicated, corned, obfuscated, primed, stewed to the ears, soused to the gills, awry-eyed, pie-eyed, pickled, plastered, fuddled, jingled, groggy, tight, potulent, whittled, raddled, or muddled, tanked, ossified, slopped, edged, loaded and tunned. But the non-drinkers have only one word for it; and that, you may say, shows what a monotonous crew they are. Look at the rich variety of the drinker's terminology! Also, you may say, the drinker, ostrich that he is, has to bury his addled head in the sand of verbiage; the non-drinker sees the horrible thing as it is, frankly and openly. As in most arguments, you may say anything you like—and it will be partly true.

The more I deliberate the question, the more I am convinced that it takes all kinds of people to make a world, as somebody once said, including boozefighters and booze-fighters.

I AM more befuddled by the arguments, the "literature" of alcohol and anti-alcohol, than by the stuff itself. I do not become befuddled by alcohol, because I don't drink. I have drunk, and perhaps I shall drink again. I don't drink because I can have more fun, work better in less time, read more books, and see more shows—get more life, in short, to the gallon of water than of whisky. I believe that left to itself the excessively human race will cut out hard drinking—and that what drinking will endure will do the race more good than harm; will make it more human. I am glad to see Prohibition come, for it will make our broad, geographically speaking, land merrier for a time; and it will show that the world has not yet been safe from hypocrisy.

And, although it costs twenty cents a glass now, instead of ten cents two years ago, high aloft I lift a flagon of frosted sarsaparilla, crying "Long life to Prohibition!" And I'll bet a box of cigars that a hundred years from now you'll say I was right.

[To the Editor: But you'll never get me to write an anti-tobacco piece]

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The House *that* Patty Built

By Louise Closser Hale

Illustrated by Albert Sterner and Edward Hopper

The Foundation

"YOU don't suppose she'd dare to fail me, do you?" Mrs. Payne's voice, generally of a well-modulated flatness, was pitched high above the din of the bazaar. Anxiety and necessity demanded this departure from the normal tone of her world.

"Those musical-comedy girls? They'd fail any one," screamed back a sympathetic but discouraging gentlewoman, also an attendant at the Celebrity Booth. "They don't mean to, but they have no rules for living; they just wave through life."

"But Willie owns the very theater where she's playing. I shouldn't be surprised if he could affect her career seriously if I stirred him up about her."

The friend of Mrs. Willie gave evidence that she was laughing, but the racket admitted only conjecture. "That's going some, my dear. You can't squash the hit of the season. And a girl with such a name! She's a genius."

"Yes—Patty Cake! Where did she get it?"

"Made it up, of course. Oh, I don't deny they're shrewd. That's where the genius comes in."

"Well, it's maddening. Look at the crowd waiting to have their palms read. I don't suppose she knows a thing about palmistry either!"

"Recognizes it as a good advertisement. Yes, they're shrewd. The elephant, madam? Seven-fifty; hand-carved by a soldier while on duty." The attendant with that relentlessness characteristic of women of fashion concentrated upon the hesitating victim.

At the very instant of the sale Miss Patty Cake, at home, put down a volume of Longfellow which she was laboriously reading, and met the questioning gaze of her mother, Mrs. Cake.

"I don't see why you don't go, Patty," issued from the nervous lips of her parent. "The ladies advertised you for three, and it's twenty-five past now!"

Patty's eyes returned to the book, seeking improvement grimly. "'All are architects of fate, working in these walls of time,'" chanted her lovely voice. "I'd like to go, Mama; I'd like to do anything rather than read this poetry, but a girl with the name of Cake has gotta overcome it by knowing something."

"I don't see anything the matter with your father's name; it's done you a lot of good."

Longfellow was for a moment discarded. "A fat lot of good it would 'a' done if I'd tried to be a singing-teacher as you planned. Can you see 'Patty Cake' ever being taken seriously? Not on your life! And it was me that decided, Mama, that the only thing to do with my name was to commercialize it. It belonged to musical comedy, and into musical comedy it went."

"Anyhow, it made you," insisted Mrs. Cake, who believed in one idea at a time.

"Yes, it did, and it ain't agoing to mar me. The last reporter was disappointed because I didn't have any ideas. It was kind of between the lines—what he said—but I got him all right; no one's going to say again that I'm made of dough—even pastry dough. The game is, to be called Patty Cake, and then flash poetry on them and other general information."

"Well, I don't see what good rhymes about architecture will do you," fretted her mother.

"Oh, of course, this architect-of-fate stuff has nothing to do with me or mine. But the thing is to sort of work up from what our publicity man calls the simpler forms of verse, and then finally get to some rhymes harder to understand than arithmetic even. He says I can read Walter Whitman in a year, and after that I can put it all over any reporter."

"Whitman! I thought he was the governor."

Patty swept on, not entirely sure whether or not the good gray poet was filling the gubernatorial chair. "I don't say I like it. Poetry gets my angora—always has—except, of course, in songs. 'Love—dove—heavens above'—that's easy and pretty. But most of the poets don't think anything of themselves unless they call everything something that it isn't. Now, what's an architect of fate, just tell me that?"

"Well, fate's the way things turn out, ain't it?" analyzed the older woman, her interest for the moment distracted from the clock. "And as for architects, we only had one in Boonville, and he was the carpenter too, but he made us mind. So I guess it means we can all build the way we want to—yes, and influence others. That fellow in Boonville made us put on the porch without any trimmings when we wanted it more dressy-looking—don't you remember? We was all glad afterward when we got used to it."

"Well, I don't need any architect for

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my career, and I'm not going to put a porch on anybody else's life. You've got the wrong dope, Mama; things just happen. For instance, my name was Patty Cake, and we were poor, so I walked into an office and had my voice tried as I had planned. That was all. Do you suppose an architect with blue designs under his arm would 'a' ben as scared as I was, and hung around the door the way I did? And once I was going to give up altogether—except I knew the name was a winner. Why, no, the architect has something to go by—plans, all measured off. You know how I had to bluff to get along, and keep yelling out my name so that some gink might happen around with a gleam of humor and see what he could do with it. 'Patty Cake—Good Enough to Eat!' I had to suggest even that to 'em. I—" The clock struck the half.

"Oh, why don't you go, Patty!" ejaculated the exasperated parent.

"Why don't I go? I'll tell you. Because every time a lot of society people have a box-party they come in at the end of the first act, and when I get dressed early and look out front I find only the boobs there. Heaven knows, I'd like to get to the bazaar on time, but it wouldn't be good business. Those ladies would just naturally despise me. They'd think I was eager."

"Well, perhaps some of the soldiers have to get back to their camps early."

The girl jumped to her feet in dismay. "Being an affair for their benefit I didn't think any of them would come."

"Why, of course, there'll be a lot. I expect you'll have to tell their fortunes."

Patty talked herself into her bedroom and back as a patient maid followed her about with her wrappings. "Why didn't you say so before? I want those boys to know that us in the theatre are right on the dot, just as they have to be. There's no society stuff about coming in after the 'half hour' in our show. There was a kind of a temptation to be late, but our publicity man put that thing in the papers—you saw it, Mama—about our show being organized like a company of soldiers; and since then we've just toed the mark. Some of the troupe wanted to get uniforms, until they found they had to pay for 'em."

MISS CAKE was now enveloped in a severely cut motor-coat of taupe-colored cloth which chastely covered the chiffon frock of childlike lines. A wide-brimmed black hat, untrimmed, was set straight across the delicate dark brows; the flat waves of her ash-blond hair were spatted down over the ears primly. The new musical-comedy favorite specialized in demure costuming. She was quite aware that her unrouged face and simple gowns had set a fashion among the chorus. One of the girls had made a good marriage as the result of this Quakerish effect, and in time caught the tone from her clothes, settling down firmly into suburban respectability. Yet Patty was not greatly pleased with this emulation—she called them copy-cats.

Her mother followed her into the outer hall as was her custom, just as she always watched her daughter from the bay window as she motored off in her smart little car.

"Have a nice time," was the invariable parting formula.

Patty veiled her rather frightened eyes. "It's good business and I'm going," she disposed briefly. "And this fortune-telling is just a matter of committing the lines. It's like a recipe for cookies."

"If you tell any soldier's, don't say he's going to be killed."

The elevator began its descent, and Patty, head tilted back to the breaking-point, berated her parent through fanciful wrought-iron work. "What in the world do you think I am? Anyway, there's nothing to hurt in my recipe—it's sticky with molasses."

The Main Floor

AT A quarter of four, two elderly gentlemen, with orchids in their buttonholes auctioned to them at a price which would ease many a baby's mind as to milk for the immediate future, elbowed a path through the packed aisles of the great hall and safely landed Patty Cake at the Celebrity Booth. Miss Cake was restrainedly apologetic if she was late. Mrs. Payne dismissed her tardiness as negligible.

"I was reading poetry," exclaimed the delinquent. "Walter Whitman—and the time just flew."

"Why, my dear, Walt Whitman! A slip like you!"

Patty caught the monosyllable of his Christian name and set her lips. If Mrs. Payne wanted to get fresh with the nickname of a big poet she could, but the Cake family had been better brought up. However, until she was sure, it was safer to call him just Whitman. "Oh, Whitman gets me into the mood for seeing what's in people's hands," she hazarded.

Mrs. Payne forebore to press the point, precluded by her native good breeding and her instincts as a saleswoman. She must get Miss Patty to work. The two had entered the confines of the booth which was railed off and presided over at the gate by a pretty guardian who, without a tremor, sold five-dollar tickets to all of those who wished the future revealed by the celebrity on duty. Hands were outstretched a-plenty and Patty herself, as she expressed it in a moment of abandonment, must get on the job.

But first there was the proletariat outside the booth. It was one of the charming things about Miss Cake that she sang a portion of every song straight to the gallery. "I've been there myself," was always her brief explanation, and with this same thought for those who did not have a five she mounted a chair and nodded to the gathering.

"Hello! people," said Patty.

"Hello!" they called back. She always had the audience with her in no time.

"Give us a song, please?" suggested a brash young woman with her arms full of trophies won at a shooting-gallery.

"Only to soldiers for nothing," laughed Patty.

"Here we are!" chorused some fresh young voices from the rear.

The crowd pressed closer. Patty glanced down casually at a brisk-looking man standing by her side. Without attracting the attention of those about her he made an affirmation of the head. He also had, by some strange chance, a ukulele in his hands. Miss Cake seized the instrument with a cry of surprise, and her press-agent expressed open satisfaction that he and it had happened along.

"Foxy Grandpa!" exclaimed Patty inwardly. "I'll sing 'Soldier Boy,'" she voiced.

The populace applauded, for this was the song of the hour, and looked above them to find the red-headed type of soldier whom Miss Cake generally managed to discover in her audiences every night and sing to. A sufficiently red-headed one was of the knot of men in uniform, yet he was not of the beaming disposition usually accompanying a sunny crest. He was a gangly youth, with an inclination to hide behind his fellows. And as Patty launched into the season's hit it occurred to her that she might bring more pain than joy to this young man evidently from the broad country. Yet she sang to him—

> "Soldier boy, soldier boy,
> I see you way off there;
> You've got such nice red hair,
> I'd find you anywhere.
> And your top-knot's flaming beacon
> Is the signal I'm a-seekin',
> For my poor heart starts a-leakin'
> Whene'er I see red hair."

"Some sense to that poetry," thought Miss Patty.

The crowd liked it, but the lad's embarrassment continued not of the customary sort. In the theatre the one on whom this honor was conferred frequently heaved about in his seat, or in an access of shyness not unmixed with delight would put his hat over his face and guffaw loudly. There was no sheepish grin about the white face of this frightened youth. Nor was his agony lessened by the attitude of his comrades who did not have red hair yet who wished they had. By some chance the goat of their company was being singled out for special attention, an uncertain, shambling creature who had been drafted from his home town and who, without cause, had claimed exemption.

WITH a sort of good-humored contempt his companions pushed him out into plainer view. He lifted sick eyes to Patty, and with a quick cutting down to essentials the girl reached the last couplet. She dreaded the finish, but it had to be done, and a little flood of reproach swept over her that she had not studied her poets hard enough to be able to substitute hurriedly another rhyming word

> "While leavin' me's a shame,
> You'll win a hero's fame,"

sang Miss Patty to the shrinking form—skimmed the last line rather, but it was heard, and her auditors did not forsake a smile of kindly skepticism. Miss Cake smiled too, smiled surely, for otherwise she would admit defeat, and with a clash of chords (ukulele chords) came to the end:

> "Oh, tell me, tell me
> What's your name?"

As usual, she received the name, proffered with a loud voice by the red-headed boy's teasing mates. It was generally of a nomenclature familiar to us—the Harry Joneses of our life, or the Micky Flannagans or—ever raising a shout—the Herman Schultzes. This time it was different.

His name was Dolly Skare.

Mrs. Payne, who had been admiring the manner with which the little actress was carrying off a difficult situation, rose to

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the present one herself, for Patty stood mute while the crowd rocked with good-natured mirth.

"'What's in a name?' said the bard," cried Mrs. Payne above the laughter. "Isn't that true?" appealing to the crowd.

"Sure it's true," they echoed, scattering their forces with an appreciation that the show was over.

Mrs. Payne extended a hand to help Patty down. "Don't you agree with us?" she asked, intrigued by the girl's silence.

"A fat lot these bards know about it," scoffed Patty, and then, irrelevantly, "I gotta see that boy." There was dismay among the ranks. "But you are to read palms!"

"Oh, I'll read them all right, and I'll read his too, just to chirk him up."

"I don't suppose—" the guardian of the five-dollar tickets looked apprehensive.

Patty opened her little gold purse and produced a bill. There was some demurring, but the fee for the boy's hand was accepted. "Now," said Patty, turning to the brisk gentleman who had reappeared for his ukulele, "you go get him."

The publicity man was rather grumpy about the errand. He saw no story in it, and the episode of the song had been too uncomfortable to write up. Nothing told him, as he sought the lad, that a few months later his head-lines over the happenings of this boy would decorate the columns of the second page in all the daily papers. It is a great day for a publicity man when his head-lines are accepted. On that day he has put one over.

Before Dolly Skare had been discovered and induced to return, a couple of pasts and futures had been defined by the peering Patty. She had a certain mode of procedure, insisting above all things that her revelation of a life should not be overheard.

"I gotta be private. With a number of personalities hanging around me the lives get crossed."

"Then you don't read by the lines," a young woman exclaimed who believed in palmistry.

"I do and I don't. Some of my clients say I'm psychic. I don't know, but I seem to get results."

ESTABLISHED in a chair as far back from "Break the German China" as possible she clasped the hands of a fat young man who extended them to her across a little table, and shut her eyes. "This is remarkable," exclaimed the seer. "Why do your friends say that you are not serious-minded? I can feel purpose in the very grasp of your hand."

"I've never been without a purpose," encouraged the five-dollar young man. "I've got one now—a great one."

"You've been misunderstood," looking into his soft palm.

"That's right! Where do you see that?"

"Ssh! You're going to surprise people some day!"

"I have already," corroborated the patron. "Surprised and shocked 'em."

Patty looked at him severely. "You mustn't get discordant, or I'll have to stop."

"Oh, don't stop; it's all absolutely true."

"All right. But here is something I'm sorry to see: a beautiful girl either has or is going to hurt you."

"Think of you knowing that! It gives one the creeps."

"She *is* hurting you," decided Miss Patty hastily.

"That's wonderful!"

"And do you know why it happened? At some earlier period in your life you have hurt some other woman. That's what's called the law of compensation."

"Can't anything be done about it?"

"About the girl you hurt so?"

"Oh, no"—hurriedly—"it's too late to bother about her. But if—if I should happen to bring over a young lady, and if you saw anything in her hand about sticking to somebody looking like me—you'd encourage her, wouldn't you?"

"I'D SPEAK of it if I saw it," said the fortune-teller with dignity.

"You wouldn't say anything to discourage her, would you, if you didn't see it?"

"I gotta advise her."

The fat boy, although tortured with doubts, nevertheless prepared to search out his Dulcinea. "You're a good sort, Miss Cake, and we all admire you so much—and she likes you too—so I'm going to take a chance."

But as he was about to dash away Patty held him by an unread hand. She had not yet completed her formula. "There's something more."

"It isn't long, is it? She's at the babies' milk and they go off for tea."

"Well, I'll cut right down to what I see awfully plain. It's just this—" Patty's voice took on an intense note. "If the time ever comes when you gotta decide something, and it's the most important thing in your life, you take the initiative. You take the initiative, for you'll be right!"

This was ever the most solemn moment of Miss Cake's soul elucidations. She liked it, because she could apply it equally to both lady and gentleman palms. She had paid five dollars to a reader herself once, and had been particularly impressed with this discovery on the inside of her own little hand. She had never analyzed the meaning of the high-sounding word but she felt the drama of the advice. It seemed to finish off the fortune like a good curtain speech at the end of the act. She had used it ever since.

This gratifying discovery should occasion a dramatic pause, but not so with the present patron. To him it meant immediate movement.

"Then I'll take the initiative and go find her. A world of thanks—a world of——"

He was gone. Patty clasped the slim hands of an admiring matinée girl. "I feel a power that your girl friends don't give you credit for—a power to hold men."

"No, I don't get any credit for it," chirruped the young girl.

Patty went on: "You've got dramatic talent, but you're going to be opposed."

"Yes, cruelly. Do I overcome their pride? Excuse me—I mean their not liking it for me!"

"They crush you down," disposed Miss Patty briefly. "In the end you marry—but not the one who wants you now."

"Oh!" a cry of concern. "You don't mean I'm not to marry——?"

"No; I mean the *other* one."

"Wonderful!"

It was Mrs. Payne the vigilant who invited her out of the corner finally. There was a limit even to five dollars' worth.

"And, remember," Patty had reached, "take the initiative. For you'll be right!"

The pause was fairly solemn. "You're sure of that?" from the débutante.

"It's there."

The girl thanked her prettily and still within the hearing of the palmist called to her mother. "I've decided, mother. I shall have that gown without shoulder straps. I know I'm right."

"Gee!" aloud from the weary Patty. "I'm some influence for good."

She closed her eyes momentarily, to open them again upon Private Dolly Skare, who was being propelled with his usual lack of enthusiasm into the psychic realms. The inner circle was of too fine a breeding to betray either outward amusement or sympathy, but nevertheless the consciousness of the presence of these exquisite women kept him miserable.

Patty understood that. She always breathed a sigh of relief when she was back among her own, but she had to go on with it—this mixing was business with her. Now it was Dolly Skare's business to fight for these people, and it passed through her mind that he had the best of it, or he would have had the best of it had he borne any of the earmarks of a fighter.

"Mis-cast," was her inward summing up. It wasn't his fault any more than it was the frequent miscasting of her own folk in parts not suited to their talents. With passionate sympathy she had always sought out such unfortunates during rehearsals, who, despised by the director, were unconsciously avoided by the players, and sat apart. It was her custom to chatter a bit with them every day before she went to her royal chair near the prompt stand. It made them a little surer of themselves. Sometimes they stayed on in the company.

WITH no deeper motive she had invited Dolly Skare to sit opposite her while she clasped his rough sweating hands and went through her little formula. She was glad she had a "recipe," sticky with molasses, for she could think of nothing original to say to Dolly Skare. She wasn't at all a clever girl.

Her own suffering as a child over her own name warned her that to touch upon this would be as the pressing on a wound. Besides, any revelation of the manner in which she had turned hers to account would but add to his discomfiture. She could find small profit for a soldier in the flaunting of such a patronym. So, smiling overtime, she gaily read his fortune, for which he gave her no exclamatory praise and no encouragement beyond a deep-breathing attention.

It was as great a fiasco as had been her song, but it was Patty's best, and, apologizing to those waiting ones who had been set aside for the Army, she returned to the examination of well-kept fate lines and their interference with anemic heart-lines with something of relief.

But that night, just as she was searching out a redhead for the singing of "Soldier Boy," Dolly Skare, back in his camp, was working over a dictionary in the hut. He did not know how to spell the word for which he was seeking, and it was a

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She sang to him: "Soldier boy, soldier boy . . .
You've got such nice red hair,
I'd find you anywhere."

long time before he could discover the meaning of "initiative."

The Second Story

PRIVATE SKARE wistfully searched the length of the trench for a place to rest himself. Although his company were the relieving party, they had been summoned hurriedly, and they were tired from the long muddy tramp through the communication trenches to the first line. There had been a great deal of rain which, together with a crumbling-in of the shored-up walls by several days' bombardment, rendered the whole sector a place abhorrent.

The captain shook his head over his spent men. "Nothing like mud to take the heart out of a fellow," was his low-voiced comment to the second lieutenant.

"Yes; sucks it out through the length of the body, so the poor beating thing goes suffering all the way." The second lieutenant was a fanciful man who had run, and who cheerily expected to run again, a country newspaper.

"That's right," from the captain a bit

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uneasily. He was not accustomed to sustained metaphor. He looked about him in the bleached moonlight which produced a gray shade rather than a silvery illumination. At one point, occasioned by a cave-in of the walls, the flooring rose to a little hillock, and on this rise stood a gangly figure, his head well above the earthworks, an easy mark for the not-distant enemy.

"Skare!" called the officer in a sharp aspirate. "Duck your head and get down on the level. What's the matter with you?"

Dolly tumbled down doggedly. "I was looking for a place to sit down, sir," he mumbled. "Guess I'm too late for anything but a mud chair."

"You were pretty well in line for a bullet," said the second lieutenant. "Would that have given you a 'Skare'?" He had served in every capacity on his country newspaper—spring poet and funny man.

Private Skare did not reply beyond a sickly grin such as must be accorded an officer's joke. He stooped down to examine the less muddy spots where he might dispose his lank body until such time as he was summoned for duty. But his comrades had been ever swifter than himself, and in the end he sank into the mire with a grunt that was whimsical rather than ill-natured.

"Found a place?" asked the second lieutenant, thinking less and less well of his little pun. Even he would have given it but "half a stick."

"Soft, anyway," answered the gaunt boy with the mud oozing up about him.

The two officers moved farther up the trench on a tour of inspection. "That fellow's been in wrong from the start," commented the captain. "I feel sorry for him."

"Why don't you put him on a job?" advised the under officer with the freemasonry the American Army still enjoy when not in action.

"I'm not sure the men would work well with him if there were only a handful. It's his thundering name."

"WELL, if you ever want to send me on something special I'd like to experiment with him," tactfully suggested the newspaper man, who was out for a scoop. They approached the telephone operator, who removed the receiver from his ear and, embodying it in a salute, extended the instrument to the captain. "Orders, sir," he explained briefly. The officer took the receiver.

Ten minutes later, under the command of the second lieutenant, a sergeant and five men with five carriers loaded with hand-grenades were detailed for "something special." The word from the headquarters of this sector had been disquieting. There were preparations for a gas attack going on in the enemy trenches directed toward this particular point, which, as the enemy felt and the Americans knew, was weak in numbers. The full relieving party had not yet arrived—would not for an hour. The companies at present holding this portion of the line had not yet experienced their baptism by gas. It might be a rout.

But the officer in command, at the far end of the telephone, believed that the enemy were also few. If a party, composed of a larger squad than was customary, could creep forward until it reached a little rise of ground commanding the German entrenchments and there commence a lively attack with hand-grenades, they might clean out the enemy before the gas was sent rolling heavily toward the American lines.

"Scared, Skare?" chaffed a mate.

"No-o-o," from Dolly. He stood a little apart from the other men also chosen for this hazardous attack. They were blackening their faces, that their own line might know them when they—if they—returned.

HE WAS not scared, but he was sick with anxiety. Was he going to make good? How could he make good when all his life he had been a stumbler? Everybody had told him so, and who was he to disbelieve the consensus of opinion!

When war came to his village he had hung about the recruiting station—yet not when the sun shone and all men could see him. He made his journey at night. He stood before the closed flaps of the tent and read the inducements the Army offered him. More than to any other man in his town was this flaming poster. It would make him over; it would give him another start.

In the light from the arc at the street corner—not too searching, not too inquiring—he felt no shame in offering his shambling self for remaking. Day came, and the recruiting tent was a terrifying machine measuring men's wits with their bodies. Even though his generosity of inches gained him admission, what right had he to lower the average of the U. S. Army because he wanted another chance? He was a warrior at the wood-pile, a tactician on the dining-room table, a student of history at midnight over the kitchen stove. He had a passion for the Army—a respect for it. He dreamed, coupling all ranks with his name from Field Marshal to Private Skare—the bitter humor of it awakened him and he went on humbly with his chores. "What's in a name!" the lady had exclaimed at the bazaar. He could have told her.

Time passed and he was drafted. After long sweating nights he claimed exemption. His imagination had given him a vision of those days in training: of the first roll-call, and his feeble answer to his name; the word repeated sharply—his own voice making itself heard at last; a snicker, a quick command controlling the snicker—but the thing was done. He would go on—a buffoon on a serious job, depreciating the average of his Army.

Yet since his claim was not recognized he was blackening his face with what was left of the charcoal after the others in the squad had finished with it. The quiet command to start arrested him before he was through.

Boosted from the trench by those within, he, with the others, wiggled, lizard-wise, until a thicket of trees offered protection from the sentry of the enemy. It was in this thicket Sergeant Jackson lost his life. At the left of the officer in command the sergeant came into silent conflict with the advance guard of a German patrol. As the Hun made to utter a warning shout Jackson flung himself upon the man's body, his hand across his mouth. The German fell backward even as his long trench knife penetrated the American's lungs from the back and touched the tip end of his heart. The conflict had been without sound, as had been ordered, and short work was made of the enemy, stunned by the backward fall.

They were again on their stomachs. In this uncommanding attitude the second lieutenant issued his command: "Private Skare, take Sergeant Jackson's place."

If the men had been quiet before, the silence of protest was now sickening. Even the officer himself was momentarily appalled by his reportorial instinct to startle. Yet back of all this he believed in Dolly Skare. He had known some printer's devils in his time—he had been one himself.

The acting sergeant crawled nearer his commander. He was in this great man's confidence. He, Dolly Skare, was an officer, petty to be sure, but still an officer. "There are other men back of this fellow, of course," outlined the second lieutenant. "If they give warning, we must go at the trench quick. Bomb 'em out and then occupy it. They're about to gas us. Too bad we couldn't have more men, but there aren't any to spare. It'll be all right in an hour."

"Yes, sir," said the acting sergeant.

"Those are orders if anything happens to me."

If anything happened to him! The non-com. seemed to leap into the air as a rabbit leaps in fright.

"Listen to him crackling over every damn twig!" whispered a man behind him.

Dolly Skare did not heed him if he heard him. For the first time in his life the flick of criticism in no way affected his mental processes. He had ceased to have a personal side. He was representing the Army! A sensation of sloughing off was occupying his mind. He was shedding his old skin as he was crawling—as a snake rubs off his dull winter mantle. It was leaving him with every laceration of the flesh in the making of his way through the thorny thicket. The mean significance of his name and the long torture which it had inflicted upon this early skin was left behind. He was clothed in the garments of responsibility.

Yet he had nothing more to give him courage and belief than the extraordinary discovering of his inmost self as revealed by a young actress. The words of Miss Patty Cake supported him in this strange moment among the thorns. "You've got a purpose—you're serious-minded—you've been misunderstood—you're going to surprise people some day," beat on his brain.

AT THE edge of the wood was a crater made by a shell. Beyond was the knoll which gave them a command of the German trench. Once deep in the shelter of this hole they could again stand upon their feet, but the second lieutenant bade them remain recumbent, while he slipped forth to reconnoiter. In the depth of that crater another of the enemy arose with uplifted hands. He saw the glistening of the lieutenant's knife. "Kamerad," whispered the enemy.

"A prisoner!" ejaculated the squad a few feet back.

"Go to the rear," said the American officer in the language of the Prussian.

The prisoner stepped nearer to him as if to obey him, then, with a howl of alarm, flung himself upon the officer in command.

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He ran ahead up the ragged sides of the crater, waving them on with a grenade in hand.

The blade of the American was thrust into the throat of the advance patrol identically as the long knife of the kamerad, dropped from his sleeve, pierced the high-beating ventricle of the cheery journalist. The two lay upon the earth, and the command passed to Sergeant Skare.

There was a quick beating of gongs from the enemy trenches at the cry of warning, a faint echo against the wind from the American lines, and the others of the German patrol were silhouetted against the sky running toward their entrenchments.

"Gee whillikers!" exclaimed one of the Americans unceremoniously to Lieutenant Skare. "What are we goin' t' do now?"

Was it an age before their officer answered them! Dolly Skare will never know. It must have been immediate, for the men were poised for flight. Yet words passed through his mind. Or was it one word—and its definition! "Initiative—the power to introduce a course of action, as, a man of marked initiative."

"Forward and attack as ordered," he answered his men.

They were without cowardice. They had been through their training. They had been drilled for emergencies, but with the boob in command—! "Better go back," said a schoolmate of Dolly's.

Skare wheeled on him. "I'll give you a bang in the jaw! We're goin' on. They're goin' to gas us, that's what! We're green and we're only a handful. We got to stop that gas. I'm in charge. Forward and attack as ordered."

He was without the equipment of his rank, but he ran ahead up the ragged sides of the crater, waving them on with a grenade in hand. Nor did he seek the empty honor of casting the first explosive. He waited until there were enough to make the enemy feel that the number was important.

"Take your aim, keep cool, hand 'em along the trench. One—two—three—pitch 'em!"

The report was sufficiently alarming. They could see now the long gas cylinders almost ready to be tapped. The shrewd aim of American gray eyes carried the far-flung explosives devastatingly down the trench. The gas could not be swung in their direction; the Germans were ill-prepared to use a different form of ammunition. The guns of the Americans forebore to roar—it was up to the little party.

"We'll go on now and clean 'em out," said the acting lieutenant. "Advance!"

This would be ugly work. The new troops had in their sham attacks back home found dummy Germans at unexpected turns. Their store of hand-grenades had dwindled, a chance sniper had quieted one of their number. Skare again saw them hesitate. A zigzag of despair swept over him—pain like lightning. Was it wise to go on? Wasn't he wrong after all? "Help me," groaned from his lips. At this there rode across his vision a young woman who solemnly pronounced his fate: "And it's the most important thing in your life—you take the initiative. For you'll be right."

He turned back to the men. A speech of some unknown officer who once wore the homely blue of the Civil War arose to his lips:

"Come on, dog-gone you. Do you want to live forever!" He led the way, still employing the humble fighting instruments of the private.

(Continued on page 113)

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"God knows why they all show at once! I'm not old enough to begin to look like a hag."

SYNOPSIS OF THE FIRST INSTALMENT

WHEN the story opens, Linda is ten years old—a strange little girl, brave beyond her years, and very lovely, with deep blue eyes and a straight black bang. Her mother is in complete contrast—a gay, coarse-fibered woman, a radiant blonde, whose chief concern is her beauty and the conquests it can make.

The only home they know is a succession of sumptuous hotels, where Mrs. Condon pursues pleasure, and Linda is left much alone, without friends of her own age, without schooling.

Linda adores her mother, without understanding her, or the references made to her by the other women in the hotel; but meantime, she is accepting her mother's materialistic and selfish views of life.

One night, while she is waiting up for her mother, she meets an extraordinary man, obviously ill, who talks to her of the worship and service of beauty, a strange new creed that Linda does not comprehend, but that is to influence all her life.

Linda Condon

By Joseph Hergesheimer

Author of "Java Head," "The Three Black Pennys," etc.

Illustrated by Frederic Dorr Steele

VII

IT WAS on her fourteenth birthday that Linda noticed a decided change in her mother; a change, unfortunately, that most of all affected the celebrated good humors. In the first place Mrs. Condon spent an increasingly large part of the day before the mirror of her dressing-table; but without any proportionate pleasure; or if there was a proportion kept, it exhibited the negative result of a growing annoyance. "God knows," she exclaimed discontentedly, seated—as customary—before the eminently truthful reflection of a newly discovered set of lines, "why they all show at once! I'm not old enough to begin to look like a hag."

"Oh, mother," Linda protested, shocked, "you mustn't say such horrid things about yourself. Why, you're perfectly lovely, and you don't seem a speck older than you did years ago."

The other, biting her full underlip at the unwelcome fact in turn biting a full lower lip back at her, made no reply. Linda lingered for a moment at her mother's ruffled pink shoulders; then, with a sigh, she turned to the reception-room of their small suite at the Hotel Gontram. It was a somber chamber furnished in red plush, with a complication of shades and gray-white net curtains at the long windows and a deep green carpet. There was a fireplace, with a grate, supported by varnished oak pillars and elaborate mantel and glass, a glittering reddish center-table with a great many small odd shelves below, a desk with sheaves of hotel writing-paper and the telephone.

The Gontram was entirely different from the hotels at the lakes or seashore or in the South. It was a solid part of a short block west of Fifth Avenue in the middle of the city. Sherry's filled a corner with

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its massive stone bulk and glimpses of dining-rooms with glittering chandeliers and solemn gaiety, then impressive clubs and wide entrances under heavy glass and metal, tall porters in splendid livery, succeeded each other to the Hotel Gontram and the dull thunder of the elevated trains beyond.

The revolving door, through which Linda sedately permitted herself to be moved, opened into a high space of numerous columns and benches, writing-desks and palms. At the back was the white room where, usually alone, she had breakfast, while the dining-room, discreetly lighted, was at the left. It was more interesting here than, for example, at the Boscombe; people were always coming in or going, and there were quantities of men. She watched them arriving with shoals of leather bags in the brisk care of the bell-boys, disappear into the elevator; and, if it were evening, come down in dinner coats with vivid silk scarfs folded over their white shirts.

The women were perpetually in street clothes or muffled in satin wraps; Linda only regarded them when they were exceptional. Usually she was intent on the men. It often happened that they returned her frank gaze with a smile, or stopped to converse with her. Sometimes it was an actor with a face dryly pink like a woman's from make-up; they were familiar and pinched her cheeks, calling her endearing names in conscious echoing voices as if they were quite hollow within. Then there were simply business men, who never appeared to take off their Derby hats, and spoke to her of their little girls at home. She was entirely at ease with the latter—so many of her mother's friends were similar—and critically valued the details of their dress, the cigar-cases with or without gold corners, the watch-chains

"The thing is, I've had my time and don't want to pay for it. . . . Blondes go quicker than dark women; you ought to last a long while, Linda."

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with jeweled insignia, the cuff-links and embroidered handkerchiefs.

If her mother approached while Linda was so engaged, she would pause with a faint smile, at which, now, the girl was conscious of a growing impatience. She'd rise with dignity and, if possible, escape with her parent from florid courtesies. This sense of annoyance oppressed her, too, in the dining-room, where her mother, a cocktail in her hand, would engage in long cheerful discussions with the captains or waiters. Other women, Linda observed, spoke with complete indifference and their attention on the *carte de jour*. Of course it was much more friendly to be interested in the servants' affairs—they told her mother about their wives and the number of their children, the difficulties of bringing both ends together, and served her with the promptest care; but instinctively Linda avoided any but the most formal contact.

She had to insist, as well, on paying the tips; for Mrs. Condon, her sympathies engaged, was quite apt to leave on the table a five-dollar bill, or an indiscriminate heap of silver. "You are a regular little Jew," she would reply lightly to Linda's protests. This, the latter thought, was unfair; for the only Jew she knew, Mr. Moses Feldt, an acquaintance of their present period in New York, was quite the most generous of her memory. "Certainly you don't take after your mama."

After she said this she always paused with tight lips. It was charged with the assumption that, while Linda didn't resemble her, she did very much a mysterious and unfavorably regarded personage. Her father, probably. More and more Linda wondered about him. He was dead, she knew, but that, she began to see, was no reason for the positive prohibition to mention him at all. Perhaps he had done something dreadful, with money, and had disgraced them all. Yet she was convinced that this was not so.

She had heard a great many uncomplimentary words applied to husbands, most of which she had been unable to comprehend; and she speculated blankly on them in her mother's connection. On the whole, the women agreed that they were remarkably stupid and transparent; they protested that they understood and guided every move husbands made; and this surely gave her father no opportunities for independent crime. She was held from questioning, not so much from her mother's command—at times she calmly and successfully ignored that—as from its unfortunate effect on the elder.

Mrs. Condon would burn with a generalized anger that sank to a despondency fortified by the brandy-flask. Straining embraces and tears, painful to support, would follow, or more unbearable silliness. The old difficulties with giggling or sympathetic chambermaids—Linda couldn't decide which was worse—then confronted her with the necessity of rigid lies, misery, and the procuring of sums of money from the bag in the top drawer. Altogether, and specially with the fresh difficulties of her mother's unaccountable irritation and apprehensions, things were frightfully complicated.

It was late afternoon, in November, and the electric lights were on; however, they were lighted when they rose, whenever they were in the rooms, for it was always gloomy, if not positively dark; the bedroom looked into a deep exterior well and the windows of the other chamber confronted an uncompromising blank wall. Yet Linda, now widely learned in such settings, rather liked her present situation. They had occupied the same suite before, for one thing; and going back into it had given her a sense of familiarity in so much that always shifted.

Linda, personally, had changed very little: she was taller than four years before, but not a great deal; she was, perhaps, more graceful—her movements had become less sudden—more assured, the rapidly maturing qualities of her mind made visible; and she had gained a surprising repose.

Now, for example, she sat in a huge chair cushioned with black leather, and thought, with a frowning brow, of her mother. It was clear that the latter was obviously worried about—to put it frankly—her face. Her figure, she repeatedly asserted, could be reasoned with; she had always been reconciled to a certain jolly stoutness, but her face, the lines that appeared about her eyes overnight, fairly drove her to hot, indiscreet tears. She had been to see about it, Linda knew; and returned from numerous beauty-parlors marvelously rejuvenated—for the evening.

She had been painted, enameled, vibrated, massaged; she had had electric treatment, rays and tissue-builders; and once she had been baked. To-day the toilet table would be loaded with milkweed, cerates and vanishing cream; to-morrow they would all be swept away, given to delighted chambermaids, and Mrs. Condon would declare that, when all was said, cold water and a rough towel was nature's way.

This afternoon, apparently everything, including hope, had failed. She was as cross as cross. From the manner in which she spoke it might have been Linda's fault. The worst of it was that even the latter saw that nothing could be done. Her mother was growing—well, a little tired in appearance. Swift tears gathered in Linda's eyes. She hadn't been quite truthful in that reassuring speech of hers. She set herself to the examination of various older women with whom she had more or less lately come in contact; how had they regarded and met the loss of whatever good looks they had possessed?

It was terribly mixed up, but, as she thought about it, it seemed to her that the world of women was divided into two entirely different groups; the ones men liked, and who had such splendid parties; and the ones who sat together and gossiped in sharp, lowered voices. She hoped passionately that her mother would not become one of the latter for a long, long while. But eventually it seemed that there was no escape from the circle of brilliantly dressed creatures with ruined faces who congregated in the hotels and whispered and nodded in company until they went severally to bed.

The great difference between one and the other, of course, was the favor of men. Their world revolved about that overwhelming fact. Her mother had informed her of this on a hundred occasions and in countless ways; but more by her actions, her present wretchedness, than by speech. It was perfectly clear to Linda that nothing else mattered. She was even beginning, in a vague way, to think of it in connection with herself; but still most of her preoccupation was in her mother. She decided gravely that a great deal, yet, could be done. For instance, lunch to-day.

Her mother had given her a birthday celebration at Henri's, the famous confectioner but a door or two from their hotel; and at the end, when a plate of the most amazing and delightful little cakes had been set on the table, the elder had eaten more than half. Afterward she had sworn ruefully at her lack of character, begging Linda—in a momentary return of former happy companionship—never to let her make such a silly pig of herself again. Then she got so tired, Linda continued her mental deliberations; if she would only rest, go away from cities and resorts for a number of months, the lines in turn would vanish of themselves.

The elder moved impatiently, with a fretful exclamation, in the inner room; from outside came the subdued dull ceaseless clamor of New York. Formerly it had frightened Linda; but her dread had become a wordless excitement at the thought of so much just beyond the windows; her hands grew cold and her heart suddenly pounded, destroying the vicarious image of her mother.

VIII

"I WISH now I'd been different," Mrs. Condon said, standing in the door. Her dress was not yet on, but her underthings were fully as elaborate and shimmering as any gown could hope to be. "And above everything else I am sorry for the kind of mother you have had." This was so unexpected, the other's voice was so unhappy, that Linda was startled. She hurried across the room and laid a slim palm on her mother's cool bare arm. "Don't say that," Linda begged, distressed; "you've been the best in the world."

"You know nothing about it," the elder returned, momentarily seated, her hands clasped on her full silken lap. "But perhaps it's not too late. You ought to go to a good school, where you'd learn everything, but principally what a bad, thoughtless mama you have."

"I shouldn't stay a second in a place where they said that," Linda declared. A new apprehension touched her. "You're not really thinking of sending me away?" she cried. "Why, you simply could not get along. You know you couldn't! The maids never do up your dresses right; and you'd be so lonely in the mornings you would nearly die."

"That's true," Mrs. Condon admitted wearily. "I would expire; but I was thinking of you—you're only beginning life; and the start you'll get with me is all wrong. Oh, anyway, most people think so."

"They are only jealous."

"Will you go into the closet, darling, and pour out a teeny little sip from my flask; mama feels a thousand years old this evening."

Returning with the silver cup of the flask half full of pale pungent brandy Linda could scarcely keep the tears from spilling over her cheeks. She had never before felt so sad. Her mother hastily drank, the stinging odor was transferred to her lips; and there was a palpable recovery of her customary spirit.

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"Really, Mr. Feldt, you mustn't bother," she told him in one of her few impulses of friendliness. "You see, we are very experienced."

"I don't know what gets over me," she asserted. "I'm certain, from what I've heard of them, that you wouldn't be a bit better off in one of those fashionable schools for girls. Women, young and older, were never meant to be a lot together in one place. It's unnatural. They don't like each other, ever, and it's all hypocritical and nasty. You will get more from life, yes, and me. I'm honest, too honest for my own good if the truth were known."

She rose and unconsciously strayed to the mirror over the mantel where she examined her countenance in absorbed detail.

"My skin is getting soft, like putty," she remarked aloud to herself. "The thing is, I've had my time and don't want to pay for it." Mrs. Condon had turned and was addressing Linda once more. "Blondes go quicker than dark women; you ought to last a long while, Linda." Her tone was almost complaining, almost ill-natured. Linda considered this with a troubled face. It was quite clear that it made her mother cross. "I've seen men turn and look at you right now, too, and you nothing more than a slip fourteen years old. Of course, when I was fifteen I had a proposal; but I was very forward; and somehow you're different—so dam' serious."

She couldn't help it, Linda thought, if she was serious; she really had a great deal to think about—their income among other things. If she didn't watch it, pay the bills every three months when it arrived, her mother would never have a dollar in the gold mesh bag. Then, lately, the dresses the elder threatened to buy were often impossible; Linda learned this from the comments she heard after the wearing of evening affairs sent home against her earnest protests. They were ridiculous, other women more discreetly gowned had agreed.

Linda calmly realized that in this her judgment was superior to her mother's. In other ways, too, she felt she was really the elder; and her dismay at the possibility of going away to school had been mostly made up of the realization of how much her mother's well-being was dependent on her.

Mrs. Condon, finishing her dressing in the bedroom, at times called out various injunctions, general or immediate. Tell them to have a taxi at the door for seven sharp. Have you talked to that little girl in the black velvet? Linda hadn't and made a mental note to avoid her more pointedly in the future. Get out mother's carriage boots from the hall closet; no, the others—you know I don't wear the black with coral stockings. They come off and the fur sticks to my legs. It will be very gay to-night. I hope to Heaven Jasper doesn't take too much again. Linda well remembered that the last time Jasper had taken too much her mother's Directoire wrap had been completely torn in half. There, it is all nonsense about my fading; I look as well as I ever did.

Mrs. Condon stood before her daughter like a large flame-pink tulle flower. Her bright gold hair was constrained by black gauze knotted behind, her bare shoulders were like powdered rosy marble, and the floating skirts gathered into a band showed

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marvelously small satin-tied carriage boots. Indeed, Linda's exclamation of delight was entirely frank. She had never seen her mother more radiant. The cunningly applied rouge, her shining long-lashed blue eyes, had perfectly the illusion of unspent beauty.

"Do stay down-stairs after dinner and play," the elder begged. "And if you want to go to the theatre, ask Mr. Bendix, at the desk, to send you with that chauffeur we have had so much. I positively forbid your leaving the hotel else. It's a comfort, after all, that you are serious. Kiss mama——"

However, she descended with her mother in the elevator; there was a more public caress; and the captain in the Chinese dining-room placed Linda at a small table against the wall. There she had clams—she adored iced clams—creamed shrimps and oysters with potatoes "*bordure*," alligator-pear salad and a beautiful charlotte cream with black walnuts. After this she sedately instructed the captain what to sign on the back of the dinner check—Linda Condon, room five hundred and seven—placed thirty-five cents beside the finger-bowl for the waiter, and made her way out to the news-stand and the talkative girl who had it in charge. Exhausting the possibilities of gossip, and decided not to go out to the theatre—in spite of the news girl's exciting description of a play called "The New Sin"—she was walking irresolutely through the high gilded and marble assemblage space when, unfortunately, she was captured by Mr. Moses Feldt.

IX

HE LED her to a high-backed lounge against the wall, where, seated on its extreme edge, he gazed silently at her with an expression of sentimental concern. Mr. Moses Feldt was a short round man, bald but for a fluffy rim of pale hair, and with the palest imaginable eyes in a countenance perpetually flushed by the physical necessity of accommodating his rotundity to awkward edges and conditions. As usual he was dressed with the nicest care—a band of white linen laid in the opening of his waistcoat, his scarf ornamented by a pear-shaped pearl on a diamond pin stem; his cloth-topped varnished black shoes glistened, while his short fat fingers clasped a prodigious, unlighted cigar. At last, in a tone exactly suited to his gaze, he exclaimed:

"So that naughty mama has gone out again and deserted Moses and her little Linda!" In what way her mother had deserted Mr. Feldt she failed to understand. Of course he wanted to marry them—the comprehensive phrase was his own—but that didn't include him in whatever they did. Principally it made a joke for their private entertainment. Mrs. Condon would mimic his eager manner, "Stella, let me take you both home where you'll have the best in the land," and, "Ladies like you ought to have a loving protection." Linda would laugh in her cool bell-like manner, and her mother add a satirical comment on the chance any Moses Feldt had of marrying her.

Linda at once found him ridiculous and a being who forced a slighting warmness of liking. His appearance was preposterous, the ready emotion often too foolish for words; but underneath there was a—a goodness, a mysterious quality that stirred her heart to recognition. Certain rare things in life and experience affected her like the memory of an old happiness. She could never say what they might be, they came at the oddest times and by the most extraordinary means; but at their occurrence she would thrill for a moment as if in response to a sound of music.

It was, for example, absurd that Mr. Moses Feldt, who was a Jew, should make her feel like that, but he did. And all the while that she was disagreeable to him, or mocking him behind his back, she was as uncomfortable and "horrid" as possible. While this fact, of course, only served to make her horrider still. At present she adopted the manner of a patience that nothing could quite exhaust; she was polite and formal, relentlessly correct in position.

Mr. Moses Feldt, the cigar in his grasp, pressed a hand to the probable region of his heart. "You don't know how I think of you," he protested, tears in his eyes; "just the idea of you exposed to anything at all in hotels keeps me awake nights. Now it's a drunk, or a fresh feller on the elevator, or——"

"It's nice of you," Linda said, "but you needn't worry. No one would dare to bother us. No one ever has."

"You wouldn't know it if they did," he replied despondently, "at your age. And then your mother is so trustful and pleasant. Take these parties where she is so much—roof frolics and coconut groves and submarine cafés; they don't come to any good. Rowdy." Linda studied him coldly; if he criticized them further she would leave. He mopped a shining brow with a large yellow silk handkerchief. "It throws me into a sweat," he admitted.

"Really, Mr. Feldt, you mustn't bother," she told him in one of her few impulses of friendliness. "You see, we are very experienced." He nodded without visible happiness at this truth. "I'm a jackass!" he cried. "Judith tells me that all the time. If you could only see my daughters," he continued with a new vigor; "such lovely girls as they are. One dark like you and the other fair as a daisy. Judith and Pansy. And my home—that darling mama made before she died." The handkerchief was again in evidence.

"Women and girls are funny. I can't get you there and not for nothing will Judith make a step. It may be pride, but it seems to me such nonsense. I guess I'm old-fashioned and love's old-fashioned. Homes have gone out of style with the rest. It's all these restaurants and roofs now, yes, and studios. I tell the girls to stay away from them and these artists and so on. I don't encourage them at the apartment—a big lump of a feller with platinum bracelets on his wrists. What kind of a man would that be! I'd like to know who'd buy goods from him.

"Sometimes, I'm sorry I got a lot of money, but it made mama happy. When she laid there at the last sick and couldn't live, I said, 'Oh, if you only won't leave me, I'll give you gold to eat.'" He was so moved, his face so red, that Linda grew acutely embarrassed. People were looking at them. She rose stiffly, but, in spite of her effort to escape him, he caught both her hands in his:

"You say I'm an old idiot like Judith," he begged. This Linda declined to do. And, "Ask your mother if you won't come to dinner with the girls and me, cozy and at home—just once."

"I'm afraid it'll do no good," she admitted; "but I will try." She realized that he was about to kiss her, and moved quickly back. "I am almost afraid of you," he told her; "you're so distant and elegant. Judith and Pansy would get on with you first rate. I'll telephone tomorrow, in the afternoon. If the last flowers I sent you came, I never heard of it."

She thanked him appropriately for the roses and stood erect and remote, as a man in the hotel livery helped him into a coat. Mr. Moses Feldt waved the still unlighted cigar at her and disappeared through the fan-like door to the street. She gave a half-affected sigh of relief. Couldn't he see that her mother would never marry him? At the same time the strange thrill touched her; the sense of his absurdity vanished and she no longer remembered him perched like a painted rubber ball on the edge of the lounge.

In the somber red plush and varnished wood of the reception-room of their suite he seemed again charming. Perhaps it was because he, too, adored her mother. That wasn't the reason. The familiar rare feeling lingered—like the memory of a great happiness. It seemed now as though she were to capture and understand it—there was the vibration of music; and then, as always, she felt at once sad and brave. But, in spite of her old effort to the contrary, the feeling died away. Some day it would be clear to her; in the meanwhile Mr. Moses Feldt became once more only ridiculous.

X

IN THE morning she was dressed and returned from breakfast before her mother had stirred. The latter moved sharply, brought an arm up over her head, and swore. It was a long while before she got up or spoke, and Linda never remembered her in a worse temper. When, finally, she came into the room where the breakfast-tray was laid, Linda was inexpressibly shocked—all that her mother had dreaded about her appearance had come disastrously true. Her face was hung with shadows like smudges of dirt and her eyes were netted with lines.

Examining the dishes with distaste, she told Linda that positively she could slap her for letting them bring up orange-juice again. "How often must I explain to you that it freezes my fingers." Linda replied that she had repeated this in the breakfast-room and perhaps they had the wrong order. Neither her mother nor she said anything more until Mrs. Condon had finished her coffee and started a second cigaret. Then Linda related something of Mr. Moses Feldt's call of the evening before. "He cried right into his handkerchief," she said, "until I thought I would sink."

Mrs. Condon eyed her daughter speculatively. "Now if you were only four years older," she declared, "it would be a good thing. He was simply born to be a husband." Horror filled Linda at the other's implication. "Yes," the elder insisted; "you couldn't do better; except, perhaps, for those girls of his. But then you'd have no trouble making them miserable. It's time to talk to you seriously about

(*Continued on page 90*)

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The Case of Mouser vs. Bowser

By Anne Herendeen

With Dogs and Cat by Oliver Herford

Canine fidelity: His master's voice.

Puppy-willows.

SYMPOSIUMS are the thing! The League of Nations slips a cog. Instantly the reporters are out hotfoot to garner the reactions of George W. Perkins, William G. McAdoo, Lieut.-Col. Roosevelt, etc., etc.

The suffrage pickets go to jail again. Page Mrs. Belmont, Mrs. Catt, Dr. Shaw and Alice Paul. The net result seldom advances the cause of human liberty, but the vehemence and the conflict of the opinions thus produced is somehow grateful to the senses, just as an Ornstein number pleases after a certain amount of MacDowell.

And what more "symposible" than the old and ever-new cat *vs.* dog controversy?

I began with versatile Jane Burr and every one of her personalities arched their backs at the mere mention of a dog.

Miss Burr has been psycho-analysed and she was frank.

"As a poet," she said, "I am pro-cat because of her subtlety; as a novelist, because of her reserve; as an inn-keeper, because she appreciates comfort; as a feminist, because cats are little girl-children while dogs are little boy-children; as a 'former St. Louis society girl' I shall, of course, refuse to be interviewed."

Back in town, I spent an hour in a fashionable Fifth Avenue dog shop. There I found extremely dogged opinions held, but great inarticulateness.

"What 'ave I to say for *dogs*, madam?" reproached the proprietor, "just look at the beauties!"

Only once did we strike fire.

I wondered whether, in the city, dogs were as satisfactory as cats.

"You can take a dog out walking," said the man.

"But muzzled and on a leash," I demurred.

"Is that the dog's fault?" he demanded. And went off into a terrific arraignment of the present city administration, winding up with virtually accusing Tammany of being pro-cat. Which, I suppose, is possible.

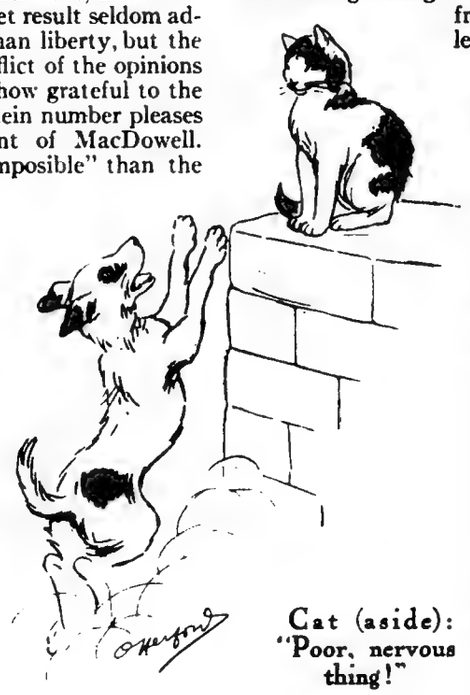
Jesse Lynch Williams, being a playwright and a novelist, is quite lucid, for a dog-person.

His objection to cats is that they don't give you anything. And he said that though it was doubtless very feudal of him, he did crave a little dog-like devotion in his life.

"What do you get out of a cat?" he wanted to know, "A chance to serve, isn't that about all?"

Which brings me to Agnes Repplier, who has gone deeply into the subject of the treatment of dogs and cats in literature, and says that, while it has always been delightful sailing for the dog, it took the cat centuries to win even such grudging adjectives as "harmless" and "necessary." The great generous Shakespeare, it appears, never vouchsafed poor pussy a single enthusiastic line.

Speaking of unappreciation, Rose Wilder Lane—who knows and writes books about everything from Henry Ford to the South Sea Islands—told me a fearful tale showing to what lengths this cat-dog feeling will drive people. It seems that two women friends took a flat together and after the lease was signed and everything, it came out, as of course it always does, that one was violently pro-cat and the other couldn't abide so much as a muff made of imported mush-wash. But they were women of singular poise and resourcefulness, so they arrived at the following agreement: Miss A., the cat-person, was to be allowed to have her kitten, on the condition—stipulated by Mrs. B., the dog-person—that it be always referred to and treated exactly as if it were a dog.



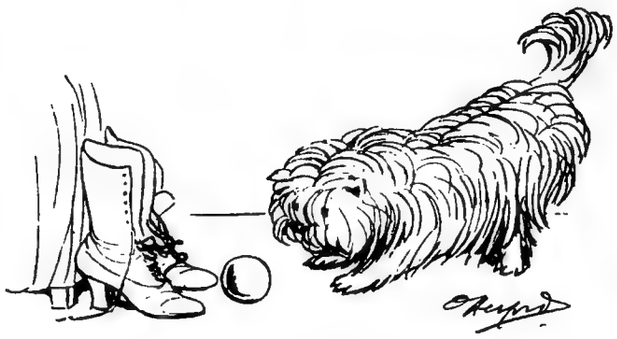
Cat (aside): "Poor, nervous thing!"

"Come, puppy, and gobble your milk," were practically the first words that fell upon this cat-dog's furry ears, knowing nothing of such silly stuff as "kitty-kitty" and "puss-puss." It was named Fido and grew to cat (excuse me) doghood. It answered to a whistle, learned to retrieve a stick and, when emotionally stirred, wigwagged its tail and emitted low growls instead of purrs.

But one fatal evening a reluctantly departing guest stood too long making his farewells with the door open and Fido went out into the big world.

In the morning they found him in the courtyard with a bit of fur missing here and there, an ear loose and a look that seemed to say: "Why didn't you tell me there wasn't any Santa Claus?" And ever after Fido acted more thoroughly cat-tish than any cat that ever mewed.

I went, last of all, to Oliver Herford. In three minutes we had abandoned every pretence to open-mindedness, and a plaintive little Pekinese, who wandered near as we talked, caught the most frightful chill right through his orchid sweater.



Canine intelligence: "Missy, play with me!"

"Since time began," said Mr. Herford, quoting himself—and who has a better right?—

"The Dog has been the friend of man:
The Dog loves man because he shears
His coat and clips his tail and ears:
Man loves the Dog because he'll stay
And listen to his talk all day,
And wag his tail and show delight
At all his jokes however trite."

"But who," said Mr. Herford, summing up neatly in a catnip ball, "ever heard of a puppy-willow?"

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The Waterloo of a Hard-Case Skipper

By William Hope Hodgson

Illustrated by Henry Raleigh and Alonzo Kimball

CAPTAIN BULLY KELLER made the first serious mistake of a triumphal career, as hard-case skipper, when he hammered little Nibby Tompkins, the ship's boy.

He used the end of the mizzen topsail halyards for this purpose, and the topsail halyards of a three-thousand-ton, steel, four-masted bark is no suitable rope to lay across the back of a boy of fourteen or fifteen. It is certainly too heavy.

At an early stage of the thrashing, young Nibby had so far forgotten himself as to assure big Bully Keller that his father would kill him. As Nibby gasped this threat out, between the violent shocks of the heavy rope, it had run literally thus:

"Wait while me feyther sees you! He'll sure kill you, you great beast!"

He had no breath left for further threats. Captain Bully Keller had seen to that, most efficiently. He had finally thrown the half-senseless boy, in a quivering heap on to the mizzen hatch, whence he had been removed later by one of the men, in a soft-hearted moment, to his bunk.

As a result of his lamming, young Nibby Tompkins was a very sick lad when the big steel bark, *Alceste*, ran in through the Golden Gate, and came to anchor off Telegraph Hill, San Francisco.

Captain Bully Keller squared the doctor with a hundred-dollar bill; and little Nibby Tompkins's illness was recorded officially as rheumatism, with the result that there were no awkward inquiries from the authorities ashore. Nor had Captain Keller anything to fear from his crew; for the plain and simple reason that each man feared him like the wrath of God, or, indeed, considerably more. All his various crews learned to fear him entirely in the period of a single passage; for he weighed sixteen stone of brawn and malignant evil, and stood six feet one inch in his gum boots.

His favorite method of becoming "acquainted" with his crews was at once effectual and memorable. On the second or third day out, he would go forward into the fo'cas'le, after the watch below had turned in and was asleep. Here he would pace up and down, taunting the sleeping men in their bunks, that no two of them had the pluck to come out and fight him; which was inevitably true, and the rough, hairy sailors would lie sweating, insisting, in a rolling chorus of snores, that each man of them was the one and only remaining relative of the seven sleepers.

Captain Bully Keller would continue his disturbing promenade of the "sleeping" fo'cas'le, expressing his opinion of the sleepers' mixed parentage, in terms and voice that could be heard and appreciated by Mr. Jackson, the pleasant bucko mate, who walked the short poop, away aft, grinning like a wolf.

Eventually, Captain Bully Keller, having lashed his sides sufficiently to require violent action as a sedative, would spring at the nearest bunks and haul a couple of men out by their hair. He would pile them on the deck of the fo'cas'le in a struggling heap, which he kicked and punched until, in desperation, they would "go" for him, fighting mad, only to be knocked out of time and place by the captain's great fists.

If they put up a good fight, he would send the steward forward, afterward, with a bucket of rum and water. But if he failed to bring them up to the fighting point, he would chase them round and round the decks, in their flannel drawers, kicking and punching them to his entire satisfaction.

Only once had he ever met his match. This was when a big Irish A. B. had jumped out of his bunk, at the first taunt the skipper had let loose, and had knocked Captain Bully Keller across the fo'cas'le with a mighty and scientific right-and-left punch. And Captain Bully Keller had immediately shown the brute's blood that was in him; for he had drawn his gun and shot the big Irishman through the shoulder; after which, although the man was disabled, he had hammered him into quietness.

There you have the man. He loved fighting. He liked a good fight; but he would fight as foul and ugly as an apache, if he thought there was any danger of some one beating him.

Very few men could say truthfully that they had ever drawn a pay-day out of any ship commanded by Captain Bully Keller. Nor could the men of his latest crew boast otherwise; for they lowered one of the boats, with enormous secrecy and fear, the same night the ship dropped anchor in the bay; and pulled for the shore, sans pay-day and sea-chests.

But had they understood Captain Bully Keller's point of view, they might have experienced less fear, and troubled less about secrecy. He had been awake while they maneuvered with much grease (out of the cook's slush-tub) to grease the boat's falls and the sheaves of the blocks, so as to insure their running silently when they lowered the boat. And he had merely grinned to himself and let them go; for the boat could be recovered in the morning; and it was a cheap way of getting labor—to have the men all run off without a cent of pay!

The only defect of the system was the difficulty it entailed of getting men. But this was solved by the longshore crimps and shanghai-houses on the water-front.

II

THE *Alceste* discharged her cargo and went across to the mudflats, to lie up and wait for freights to rise.

By this time, Nibby Tompkins was sufficiently recovered to be about the decks again, and as there was no one aboard but Captain Bully Keller, his mate, Mr. Jackson, and the steward, Nibby had a vigorous time of it, between dawn and dusk.

Each night, Nibby was further employed in the boat. It was his work to go ashore with the captain and the mate, and stand by the boat till they returned, which was often not until well after midnight. Nibby, however, occupied the time usefully enough in sleeping on the bottom boards, rolled up in a piece of old sailcloth, which he kept stored away in the boat for that purpose.

One night, however, just as Nibby was standing up, rolling himself into a sort of human sausage, preliminary to lying down for his accustomed "snooze," a voice hailed him through the dusk from the little wooden jetty to which the boat was made fast. And at the sound of the voice, Nibby both thrilled and shivered; for his father was a stern disciplinarian, almost as stern (though not in any way brutal) as Captain Bully Keller; and it was his father's voice that had hailed the boat.

"You in the boat, there! Ha! You in the boat, there! Can you tell me where

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yon ship, named *Alceste* is?" came the hail again.

"Father!" said Nibby, in a half-suffocated voice, and shed the wrapping of old sailcloth like a skin.

"It's Nibby boy!" he heard his mother's voice cry out, suddenly. "Nibby! Nibby! Nibby!"

"Hush,Mother!" said his father, quietly.

"Mother," shouted Nibby, and hauled the boat in alongside, by the painter, all his hesitation gone. "Mother!" he shouted, as he leaped up on to the jetty.

A little woman was standing there, in the dusk, beside a short, enormously thick-set, bow-legged man, with a goatee. The little woman gave out a small screech, and ran at the lad. Then her arms were round him, and she was crooning and crying, together, in sudden satisfied contentment.

The short, thick-set man came forward slowly and patted the woman gently on the shoulder. "There, there, Mother! Don't 'ee take on!" he said, in a curiously deep, gentle voice.

"You'll not be hard with him, Jo-seph?" said the woman, in a stifled, anxious tone.

"Nay, Mother, the lad's made his bed, and he must lie on it; but there's things I've to say to him. Nibby, son, do ye think it was right to your mother, to go running off like this to sea with never a word? Son, I tell you, I would have thrashed you within an inch of your life, had I caught ye three months back. I can't think ye'd any true idee how you would put your mother so in trouble, or you'd never have done the like of such a thing. And the first word we had from you was after ye reached here, tellin' how the cap'n had laced you good and proper; and well you needed it, son, I'm thinkin'. You've made your bed, and you'll have to lie on it. I come here to bring your mother; for she was breaking her heart with trouble over you. But don't think, son, as I'll stand for you backin' down from your contrac'! You've made your bed, and you'll lie in it! You'll finish this voyage, out and back to Boston, and sign off proper and get your discharge and money, and come home, and maybe you'll have learned a bit sense by then, and found the sea's not like the dime books tell about. What are you doing down in that boat?"

"I'm standin' by her, feyther, till cap'n an' mate come back from the drink

Even his father, the winner of over sixty fierce ring fights, let out his breath a little quickly. The boy's skin was furrowed in huge discolored wheals.

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saloon," said Nibby, loosing himself gently out of his mother's arms and facing his father.

"What time'll they be back, son?" asked Mr. Tompkins, in his quiet, deep voice.

"Gen'rally about midnight," said Nibby. "I sleeps in the bottom of the boat till they comes."

"Where's the ship, son?" asked his father. "Your mother's set that she must see where you sleep and eat, and what-like your clothes is, an' the like. Can we go aboard?"

"Sure, feyther," said Nibby. "Come, Mother an' Dad. I'll pull ye both out in a crack. There's hours 'fore the boat'll be needed."

Ten minutes later Nibby and his father and mother were in the somewhat gloomy, bare, iron-sided fo'cas'le of the *Alceste*.

"An' where do ye sleep, Nibby?" asked his mother.

"Here, Mother, mum," he said, and drew back the rough curtains that he had made out of an old potato-sack.

"Why, Nibby, where's your bed?" asked his mother, in a shocked voice.

"Haven't got one, Mummie," he said. "Hadn't a cent when I come aboard."

"You been sleepin' on them bare boards, all this past three months?" said his mother, and began to cry.

Joseph Tompkins flashed a quick look, that betrayed a sudden grim pride, at his son. But, "I guess you sure got a hard bed to shake up, son," was all he said, in his quiet way. Then, suddenly, as if remembering something, he ordered abruptly: "Strip, son. I'll take a look to see if the cap'n lambasted you as hard as you said in your letter."

Nibby pulled off his dungaree jumper, and then his shirt, and turned his small but muscular back for his parents to inspect. Even his father, the winner of over sixty fierce ring-fights, let out his breath a little quickly; for though it was a month since the thrashing, the boy's back was still all covered with great dull livid patches, where the flesh had not yet recovered from the crushing and bruising of the heavy topsail halyards; while in many places the skin was furrowed in huge discolored wheals.

Nibby's mother neither cried nor said anything for maybe a full minute. Then she spoke, in a queer, fierce breathless voice: "Jo-seph!" she said, "are you going to stand for that, Jo-seph?"

Nibby's father said nothing for a little. He was too shaken with an extraordinary new sort of anger—the kind of anger that shakes the she bear when her cubs are molested; but what he said, at last, in his deep voice, was just this, and he meant every word of it:

"Nibby's shore been through it, Mother; but I mean as he shall finish what he begun. I mean as he shall learn his lesson once an' always. But I'm kind-a angry too; for I don't reckon as that's a proper way to lick no lad. We'll go back ashore, wife, to the hotel; an' we'll have a word of prayer about this."

For Nibby's father was that most pungent of combinations—a reformed and deeply religious prize-fighter.

"Nibby," he said, as they left their son at the little wooden jetty, a few minutes later, "here's five doll'rs. Get yourself a bed, son, an' a shirt or two. Me an' your mother'll come down and see you here to-morrow night."

III

NEXT evening, shortly after Nibby had been left in charge of the boat, his father and mother came along the little wooden jetty, and his father hailed him.

"I've brought you some buckwheats an' bacon-pastries, Nibby," his mother told him, as he hauled the boat alongside the jetty. "They'm not what I'd call proper pastry-cake, but you wait while I gets you to home. I'll shore cook you some as you'll like fine."

"Do they ever carry passengers in your ship, Nibby?" his father asked him.

"Dunno, Feyther," said Nibby, with his mouth full of bacon pie. "Are ye thinkin' of comin' passenger for the trip home, Dad? Is Mother comin'?"

"Me and your mother has an idee of it, son," replied his father.

"I heard th' cap'n say to-day as we was goin' to ship a few runners and go up the river to Crockett on Wednesday, to load grain," said Nibby. "Maybe if you an' Mum was to come alongside in Crockett, casual, an' say as you wanted to go round to Boston, you might fix it up with the old beast. I hope you lams the soul out of him afore we gets back, Dad."

Mr. Tompkins frowned a little "Ye'll use better language, son, before your mother!" he said, quietly. "An, further, you'll understand, son, not one word as I'm yer feyther. Not one word, mind ye! You've made your bed, an' you must lie on it, an' maybe by the time ye hit Boston again, ye'll have a bit of horse-sense hammered into you. Though I'm not sayin' I'll stan' for the cap'n using you bad again, the way he done on the v'yage out here. At first, I'll own, I weakened, son, an' I wanted bad to give way to me nat'ral feelin', an' lay the cap'n out. But me an' your mother's had a deal of prayer about this. An' she reck'ns, same as me, that we can trust the Lord in all things, if we does our best to help ourselves, same time. Me an' your mother will come passengers, if I can fix it up with the cap'n; an', maybe, son, as I've said to your mother, he may prove a brand as we can pluck from the burnin'."

"I doubt he'd ship you, Dad, if he knew you was my feyther," said Nibby.

IV

"YOU'M wanted, Cap'n," said Nibby, the following Thursday, as the *Alceste* lay alongside the grain wharf, up in the little wheat-packing township of Crockett.

"Eh?" said Captain Bully Keller. "Who the 'ell wants me?"

"It's an old geezer an' his missus, up on the quay side, Cap'n," said Nibby; "Says he wants to take a passage to Boston."

The captain's eyes brightened a moment with interest and greed. If he could "nobble" a passenger or two for the run home, he would so work it that no mention of the fact ever reached his owner; and the passage-money would prove very useful to a man of his somewhat exceptional thirst.

He went up on deck, his face less unpleasant than usual. "Mornin', sir! Mornin', ma'am!" he said, as he came to the side of the vessel, close to where the old "geezer" and his wife were standing. "I hear you'd like to take the trip home with me. Come aboard. I should think we might fix it up, if you got the dollars."

"Safe right here, an' plenty of 'em, Cap'n," said Nibby's father, slapping the breast of his coat.

The big captain's hard eyes glinted again, with a quick flash of money-lust. Here was plainly an old "stick" who had the dollars and didn't mind the world hearing of the fact. He promptly named a sum far in excess of what he had meant to ask.

"I'll take you both round, sir, an' land you in Boston, safe an' sound, an' well fed, for the sum of four hundred dollars for the two of you, paid down on the nail," he said. "Will you come aboord an' look round the ship?"

They climbed down aboard and went the round of the ship, with Mrs. Tompkins striving all the time to get a sight of Nibby, without the captain noticing.

They concluded the tour of the vessel and came to a pause on the poop, where Mrs. Tompkins stood behind the huge figure of the captain, and ventured a slight signal of affection to her son, whom she could see swabbing down paintwork, near at hand.

Meanwhile, Mr. Tompkins was talking to the skipper. "You'll not be a religious man, Cap'n Keller?" he remarked.

"No, sir," said Captain Keller, firmly, "I'm not what you'd call religious."

Then he realized in a sudden flash of quick cunning that the countrified-looking couple, who proposed to take passage with him, must be given "that way." "But I've a sound respect for religion, sir—a sound respect," he added, hastily.

Here was a clear four hundred dollars going a-begging, and Captain Keller had considerably more use for gold than for his own soul. He regretted, savagely, that he hadn't seen at once the kind of people these prospective passengers were. They were just the sort of folk to be shy of taking passage with a man that hadn't a "denomination" of his own. He wished he had been less emphatic about his non-religious temperament. Perhaps he could remove the impression——

He was aware suddenly, that Mr. Tompkins was speaking again: "Me an' my missus is sure sorry, Cap'n, you ain't reeligious," he was saying. "I don't reckon as an unsaved man had oughter go to sea—no, sir, I sure don't."

"I've a sound respect for it, sir—a sound respect," repeated the captain, his great frame shaken with the anxiety of his possible loss. He could see that they felt disinclined now to sail with him. Could he think of nothing to help the scales of decision down on the side he wanted? A desperate thought flashed across him. Could he not turn "religious?" He opened his mouth to get out something or other that would revivify the fast-fading intention of these people to sail with him; but in that moment, Mr. Tompkins continued again:

"But there's hope, Cap'n; there's hope," said the ex-prize-fighter, with a glow of religious fervor in his somewhat somber eyes. "There's hope, Cap'n. I'm right glad to hear ye say you've a sound respec' for religion. Yes, sir! Maybe the day of salvation approacheth. Would you come to a bit of dinner with me an' my missus, up at the Pike Restrong? Maybe we can fix this up over a snack, Cap'n. I'd sure like a talk. I've been a great sinner, Cap'n, meself. A great sinner—and the

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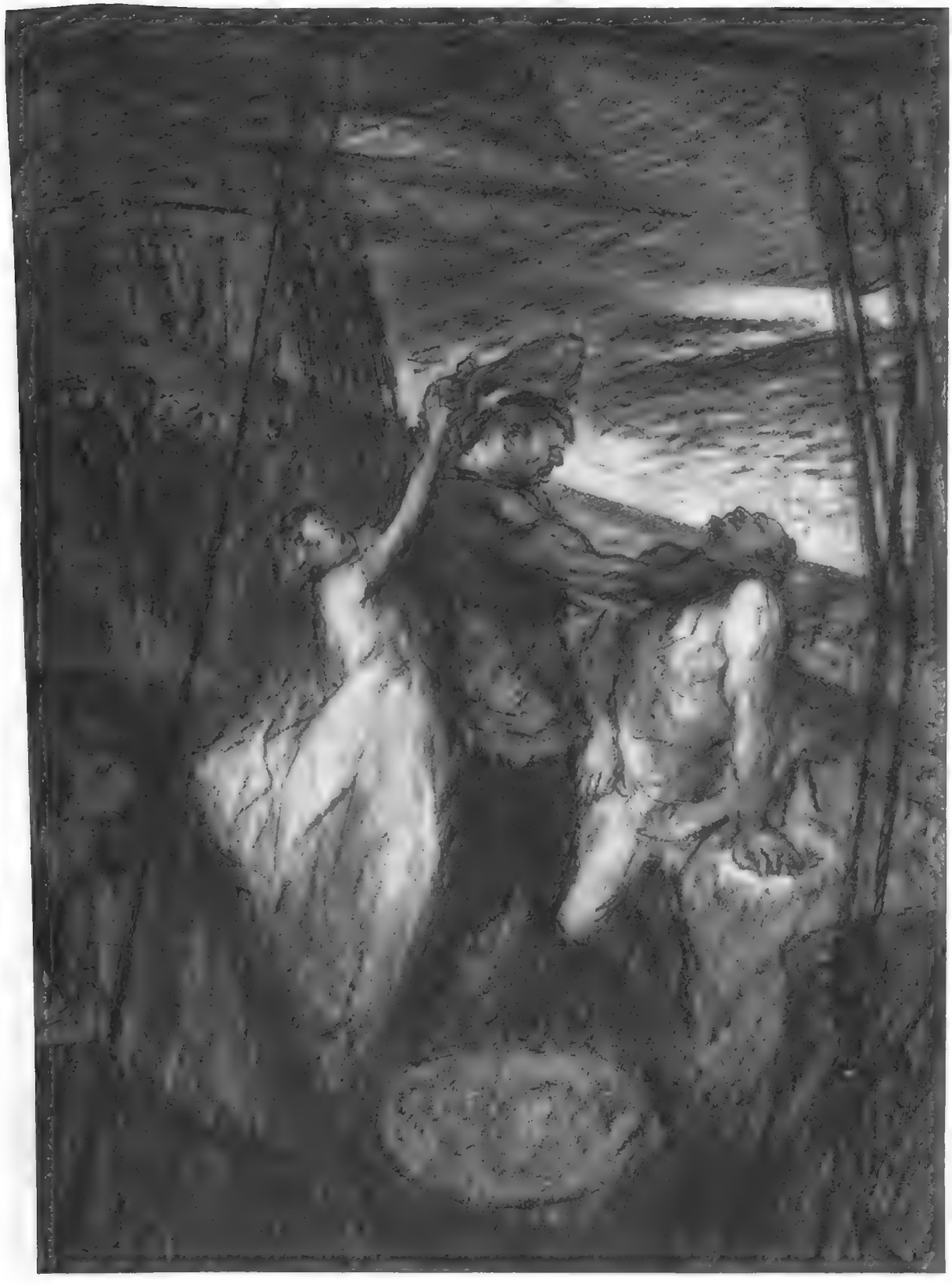

She grasped the pin itself with her two hands, just as the captain struck.

fare you say, is four hundred dollars. Very good. Maybe we can show you the path, Cap'n. It would be a pleasure to sail with you, if you was regenerate, Cap'n—a great pleasure an' a great privilege. You'll come up to the Pike at seven thirty sharp, Cap'n?"

"Sure, sir an' ma'am," said Captain Bully Keller, feeling immensely hopeful.

"Jo-seph," said his wife, as they walked away up to the township, "I shore can't feel Christianlike to that man, nohow. I shore don't feel I want to speak to him. The great brute!"

"Aye, Mother," said her husband, quietly. "I guess I understan'; but it would be a great deed to pluck such a brand from the burning. A great deed. We must put our heart bitterness behind us." His eyes still shone with the dull, steady glow of intense fervor that bespeaks the enthusiast.

V

EXACTLY what happened at that "snack," up at the Pike Restaurant, that night, I do not know; but a remarkably drunk sailor, one of the runners belonging to the *Alceste*, had an extraordinary tale to tell the next morning, which no one in the fo'cas'le believed.

He asserted that, the previous night, having spent no more than a dime on beer,

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and feeling, as he put it, just nicely hearty, he had drifted in at the doorway of the little Salvation Army hall up in Pine Street.

"Strike me!" he continued; "but them's smart chaps at their job; they are that! I'd not sung mor'n two verses of 'Whisky is the Life of a Man,' when I found myself up on the pen-tent form, with one of 'em on each side of me, prayin' like the divil. Well, mates, I got thinkin', as I *was* there, I might as well let 'em save me, an' be done wiv it, when the next thing I knows, there was the capting, right on me starboard beam, with that old codger as come aboard to-day, and his missus, one on each side of him; an' they was prayin' like billy-oh! I never stopped to see the end of it. I was that scared, I thought sure it was the rats as was comin' on me; an' I just come clear out of the place, before them as was convertin' me had done the job proper. I told 'em I wasn't well, an' I'd call again. I tell you, mates, it's gospel I'm givin' you——."

And so forth, and much more in the same style; which only excited further violent disbelief, and earnest inquiries regarding the drink saloon where he had been able to achieve so much for the strictly modest sum of one dime.

Whatever we are to think about the matter, the fact remains that Mr. and Mrs. Tompkins *did* take passage with Captain Bully Keller. But, knowing the character of the man, I can scarcely think that even the lure of the four hundred dollars passage-money makes the runner's yarn seem plausible. Yet there is the fact—Nibby's father and mother took passage with Captain Bully Keller, cash paid down!

VI

THE way of the transgressor is hard, we are informed; though the hardness is sometimes less evident than poetic justice might desire. But in the case of Captain Bully Keller, the statement fitted. His conversation became so pruned on the passage home to Boston that his own mate hardly recognized it. Further, he had to take part in lengthy religious discussions with Mr. Tompkins, until, in self-defense, he took to staying in his cabin and swearing to himself, until some sensation of self-respect returned.

This lasted a little over a week, during which, more and more, old Mrs. Tompkins found herself less and less able to bear herself in Christianlike spirit toward this latest "brand plucked from the burning." She kept remembering the view she had been given of Nibby's terribly bruised and lacerated back; and the power of forgiveness was not in her.

Meanwhile, things were happening. Mr. Tompkins, the ex-prize-fighter, grew more and more fervid in his "reeligious talks" with the captain, his gray goatee wagging earnestly by the hour, in admonition and advice concerning the ways and wiles of Satan, of whom few men had more expert knowledge than big Captain Bully Keller. Also, what I might describe as the captain's boiler-pressure was rising daily.

The lid blew off finally, and with great violence, on the tenth day out. One of the men, a stranger to Captain Bully Keller's record, and not recognizing in this much-restrained captain anything resembling human dynamite, was so ill-advised as to "answer back" the captain on some trivial point concerning the position of the ship's head, during his trick at the wheel. The result was painful to the man and necessitated his retiring to his bunk for a week to convalesce.

This proved the end of Captain Keller's enforced regeneration. Having, as it might be said, "tasted blood," he cut loose liberally, and went forward to the fo'cas'le to indulge in one of his orgies.

He was concluding a most enjoyable hammering of two of the men's heads together, when he heard the quiet voice of Mr. Tompkins, in the starboard fo'cas'le doorway.

"Cap'n! Sir! Cap'n!" he was saying in a grieved voice. "You'm backsliding, Cap'n. Take a holt on yourself, Cap'n, an' come away aft with me, an' me an' missus'll help ye wrastle in prayer, to drive the eevil sperrit outen you—come, now, Cap'n. It's never too late——"

"You get to hell out of here, 'fore I smash you, you psalm-singing, chin-wagging goat, you!" bellowed Captain Bully Keller, in his old-time voice.

Mr. Jackson, his bucko mate, away aft on the poop, heard it, and smiled the only way he could smile, which I've explained earlier. This was something he could understand. The skipper was himself again.

In the starboard fo'cas'le doorway, Mr. Tompkins, ex-prize-fighter, winner of over sixty first-class heavy-weight fights, hesitated, in conflict with the "natural eevil" which had "riz" up in him at the "brand's" remark. Then Mr. Tompkins won—quite as great a battle, in its way, as any he had ever won in the ring.

"Are you going, you—you, hymn-swiping gazoot, or am I going to lay you out stiff, to teach you to keep to your own part of the ship!" bellowed Captain Bully Keller, again.

And Mr. Tompkins, ex-prize-fighter, winner of over sixty fights, turned and walked aft slowly, without a word.

VII

"I RECK'N I'm standin' right in the shoes of law an' Providence," said Captain Bully Keller, later, in answer to Mr. Tompkins's gentle remonstrances. "I'm cap'n of this ship, sir, an' I reckon cap'in of a ship is the nearest thing to the A'mighty you'll get in this world; an' if I choose to do anything, why, I guess I'm the man as does it; an' I'm right weary o' psalm-singing'! An' likewise, Mister, this end of the ship is where you belong, an' don't you need to be told twice again, or maybe I'll forget ye're a passenger and an old wheat-sheaf, an' I'll be giving you a tonic ye'll not forget in a hurry."

"Jo-seph!" said Mrs. Tompkins's voice, at that moment, from the companionway, "can I speak with ye a moment, Jo-seph?"

"Your pardon, Cap'n," said Mr. Tompkins; "the missus wants me a moment."

He crossed the poop to where his wife stood in the companionway. "Well, M'ria?" he said.

"Jo-seph," said his wife, very small, and very white-faced with inward anger. "Ye know, Jo-seph, I've always stood for you bein' converted; an' I just thanked God on me two knees, when ye turned *reeligious*, an' quit fightin', did I not, Jo-seph?"

"That's so, wife," said Mr. Tompkins.

"Well," said his wife, "me that's for peacefulness an' godliness, an' that's helped ye to pluck many a brand from the burnin', me that thanked God when I won ye to peaceful decent ways, I say, Jo-seph, go an' fight that man, an' bring him low. I've stood here an' harked to things he's said to ye, an' I'm fair woun' up!" Her voice rose and cracked, shrilly, in a final brief command; "Fight the brute, Jo-seph! Beat him up good!"

There was a sudden roar of laughter from where the mate stood on the poop, and the helmsman grinned broadly; for they had caught the last few words of Mrs. Tompkins's injunctions.

The mate walked forward to where Captain Bully Keller stood near the break of the poop. "She's tellin' the old codger to beat you up, Cap'n!" Mr. and Mrs. Tompkins heard the mate say, in no modulated voice. "I guess, Cap'n, you've sure riled the old lady!"

Mrs. Tompkins clenched her small, rather thin hands. "Jo-seph!" she said. "Go right now an' beat him up, or you're no husband o' mine!"

"Nay, M'riar," said Mr. Tompkins, in his quiet composed way, "I've had more'n one fight wi' meself, an' I've won. An' you'll be the first to say I was right, when you'm less upset, wife. Maybe I can yet soften him."

Mrs. Tompkins turned and went down the stairs into her cabin, where she sat for an hour, staring at the bulkhead and fighting to drive out the storm that possessed her small body. And meanwhile, up on deck, Mr. Tompkins, ex-prize-fighter, continued with invincible self-command to ply the "soft word;" but with about as much effect as if he had tried "genteel conversation" with a polar bear suffering from a sense of suppressed spiritual injuries.

VIII

"FEYTHER!" came a shrill cry, early in the morning hours, just after daybreak the following morning. And then the sounds of heavy blows, and of some one sobbing, breathlessly, as each blow was struck. Then again the shrill cry of "Feyther! Feyther!"

At the first cry, Mr. Tompkins, dressed in flannel drawers and shirt, had leaped from his bunk with an agility astonishing in so heavily built a man. And now he was on the companion steps, taking them four at a time, in great muscular bounds.

"Feyther!" came the cry again, shriller.

"Comin', son," said Mr. Tompkins, in his deep voice.

Then he arrived, a quick-moving, human fighting machine, as dangerous as any angry tiger and as precise as a modern quick-firing gun.

Mr. Jackson, the big bucko mate, was thrown bodily a dozen feet along the poop deck, and Nibby was picked up, from where the mate had let him drop—for the man had been ropes-ending the lad with the end of the main brace, and Nibby was being violently sick, owing to the weight of the blows he had received.

As Mr. Tompkins held his son in a position to ease his vomiting, Mr. Jackson got up off the poop-deck and for the first time realized who it was that had attacked him.

"My beloved oath!" he shouted, and charged down on the ex-prize-fighter. "I'll gi'e you what I was givin' the kid, you

(Continued on page 99)

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200,000 Acres *and not a single* Horse

By Robert H. Moulton

FARMING two hundred thousand acres is certainly a regular job. But doing it without the use of a single horse is something else again. Yet, preposterous as it may sound, this feat is actually being performed by a Montana man. Thomas D. Campbell. This huge farm, probably the largest in the world, is a direct result of the Government's efforts to stimulate the growing of wheat during the past two years. The farm is devoted entirely to wheat, and if it produces somewhere around the country's average of twenty-eight bushels per acre, which is practically certain, it will add approximately five million six hundred and fifty-six thousand bushels to the 1919 wheat crop. At the Government's guaranteed price of two dollars and twenty-six cents per bushel, this represents the tidy sum of twelve million six hundred and fifty-six thousand dollars. Of course all this won't be net profit. But there should be enough left, after all expenses are paid, to make the venture worth while.

Photograph by Robert H. Moulton.

Tom Campbell, the Montana farmer, who sold the idea of the world's biggest farm to the United States Government.

Thomas D. Campbell is the man who conceived the idea of the world's largest wheat farm, or any other sort of farm for that matter. Originally of Grand Forks, North Dakota, more recently of Los Angeles, California, and now a resident of the Crow Indian reservation in Montana, where he stands an excellent chance of being elected chief of the Crows, Mr. Campbell has astonished the wheat-growers of the country, as well as a lot of other people, by the vastness of the enterprise under his management.

It was during the summer of 1917 that Mr. Campbell first thought of raising wheat on a large scale on unused Indian lands, and wrote to the Indian Bureau at Washington outlining his plans and asking how to proceed to lease some of the tracts. He was courteously informed by the sundry obscure clerks in the department that it couldn't be done. They cited certain rules and regulations and laws to prove their assertions.

But some thirty years ago Tom Campbell took them seriously when they told him there was no such word as "can't" in the dictionary. It is rumored that he doesn't even believe much in cantaloup or cantatas. So he tried again, the men higher up this time, and the result was a long telegram to President Wilson. Almost immediately came back a reply saying that the President was much interested in the project and had referred it to Secretary Lane, who would give the matter his personal attention.

The upshot of the matter was that a week or two later found Mr. Campbell in the presence of the Secretary of the Interior. The first thing the Secretary asked him was what kind of contract he wanted.

"Any kind," was the reply, "just so I get a chance to raise a lot of wheat."

"What do you want for yourself?" asked the Secretary.

"Nothing," Campbell replied. "I am willing to enroll with the dollar-a-year men if the Government finances the project, and if I finance it myself, all I want is a chance to break even."

The Secretary saw that he was dealing with a man and a patriot as well as an extra-size farmer, so he asked him why he didn't make it two hundred thousand acres instead of twenty thousand.

"Could you handle that many acres?" asked Mr. Lane.

"Certainly," replied Mr. Campbell, "only it will require more capital than I had figured on."

Secretary Lane said he thought that could be arranged and told Mr. Campbell to go ahead and draw up a contract. The contract was drawn and in due time bore the signatures of Secretary Lane, all the bureau chiefs and Mr. Campbell. The Indians, of course, were well taken care of under the terms of the contract. They will receive one-tenth of the crop during the first five years, and one-fifth of the crop during the second five-year period, at the end of which time the lease expires.

The next step was to finance the project, so Mr. Campbell hurried to New York, presented himself at the offices of J. P. Morgan and sent in word that Secretary Lane had asked him to call on a matter of business. Whether Mr. Morgan had received advance information of Mr. Campbell's coming or not is unimportant. The fact remains that he was immediately invited in for a conference.

Mr. Morgan listened while Mr. Campbell told his story. At the end of the story Mr. Morgan asked how much money would be required.

"Five million dollars," replied Mr. Campbell calmly, as one might say, "I'll take another bag of peanuts."

"Very well," said Mr. Morgan, "you may have it. And if that isn't enough, as much more will be available."

And so the two-hundred-thousand-acre wheat farm came into existence, with Mr. Campbell as president of the Montana Farming Corporation and general manager of the whole project.

But about the absence of horses on the farm.

All of the work is being done with tractors. Last fall, when the first ground was broken, there were fifty monster machines at work tearing up the prairie sod. This spring others have been at work. They plow on an average of one acre a minute for the working time. A record was made one day of eighteen hundred and eighty acres turned and broken. All the seeding, harvesting, etc., will also be done by tractors, and then, of course, there are the threshing-machines. Hence the absolute no-accountness of horses about this place.

One of the first problems Mr. Campbell had to solve was the number of the various kinds of machines that would be required to do the work on the entire farm. He solved this by dividing the farm into units of five thousand acres and then allowing a certain period for each operation, on each unit.

Mr. Campbell, as active as he is, couldn't reasonably be expected to personally oversee and work on two hundred thousand acres of land throughout the season. So each unit is put in charge of a competent farm manager, with a general foreman and a crew of men. Each unit also has its group of permanent and modernly equipped buildings. It is a gigantic proposition any way you look at it. And, incidentally, the man who is behind it is only thirty-six years old.

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Human Currents *of the* War

By Herbert Adams Gibbons

Illustration by Ralph T. Willis

THIS account of some of the far-reaching movements of population which the war upheaval has caused in Europe and the profound and problematic changes accompanying them is the result of a long and intimate study of the political, economic and social forces in the war. Mr. Gibbons, after two years' contact with the Balkans and the Near East as war correspondent in the Balkan wars, became professor of history and political economy at Robert College, Constantinople. Since 1914 he has been in France lecturing and interpreting America to the French soldiers for the French Government.

THE real question everywhere is whether the world, distracted and confused as everybody sees that it is, is going to be patched up and restored to what it used to be, or whether it is going forward into a quite new and different kind of life, whose exact nature nobody can pretend to foretell, but which is to be distinctly new, unlike the life of any age the world has seen already. It is impossible that the old conditions, so bruised and broken, can ever be repaired and stand just as they stood before.

—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

GOING from Menin to Ypres we were nearly half an hour in "no man's land." The name will stick. Human beings could not live there during the war. Human beings will not live there for years after the war. Along the road on the ridge of the hill a few splintered trunks of trees remain. Stumps torn up and turned turtle, sticking in the mud, offer to the wind tendrils of roots instead of branches. The fields, plowed by shells, convulsed by mines, burrowed in all directions by trenches, are pocked. The pocks, often running into each other, are pools of water. By the map we knew that villages had been scattered here and there in this once populous corner of Belgium. Now there were not even traces of buildings. In Ypres some walls were standing, but no house had kept its roof. We could not tell where the streets had been.

We passed the French frontier after dark. Suddenly the auto stopped. We got out, fearing engine trouble, and found ourselves in the main street of a deserted city.

"This was Armentières," said our conducting officer. "Before the last German offensive, forty thousand people lived here."

Thanks to the moon, we received a ghostly and ghastly impression as we wandered through the streets. We were alone. The ruins did not give up a cat. Owls and lizards had not yet come.

The No Man's Land of Peace

FROM the Belgian frontier to the Vosges, straight across France, we traveled by one road and back by another. In the fighting belt, from twenty to sixty miles wide, we went through a succession of Armentières, Lens, Douai, Cambrai, Arras, Albert, Bapaume, Peronne, Saint Quentin, Ham, Nesle, Montdidier, Lassigny, Noyon, Soissons, Château-Thierry, Rheims—why continue the list? Take the map. Look at the names of all the towns and cities in the regions where the armies fought from 1914 to 1918. Draw upon your imagination for the worst that earthquakes and fires could accomplish. And in the portions of northern and northeastern France behind the German lines picture every mine flooded, every factory looted, every farm robbed of live stock and machinery, every crossroads mined, every railway bridge blown up.

The Battle of Liberation put an end to trench warfare. Each week more cities and regions were freed. Three days after the armistice was signed the last of the invaders had recrossed the frontiers of France. From those who did not know war and the Germans, the bulletins of victory elicited the almost universal comment: "Now, we can breathe freely again. And isn't it fine that the refugees can go home!" The war was over. We could wash our hands of responsibility for the people of the invaded provinces. We did not need to have them on our minds any longer. Let every one get back to the easy, happy, care-free life of 1914! The Germans are on the other side of the Rhine, and we all did our bit to put them there. By the terms of the treaty of peace we shall tell them to stay there. France has lived her tragic days. We can forget what we have suffered, and enter into the glorious era of the new world.

Most people with a bit of money and their postition intact cherish the hope of having the inverse of Rip Van Winkle's experience. With no personal, social and

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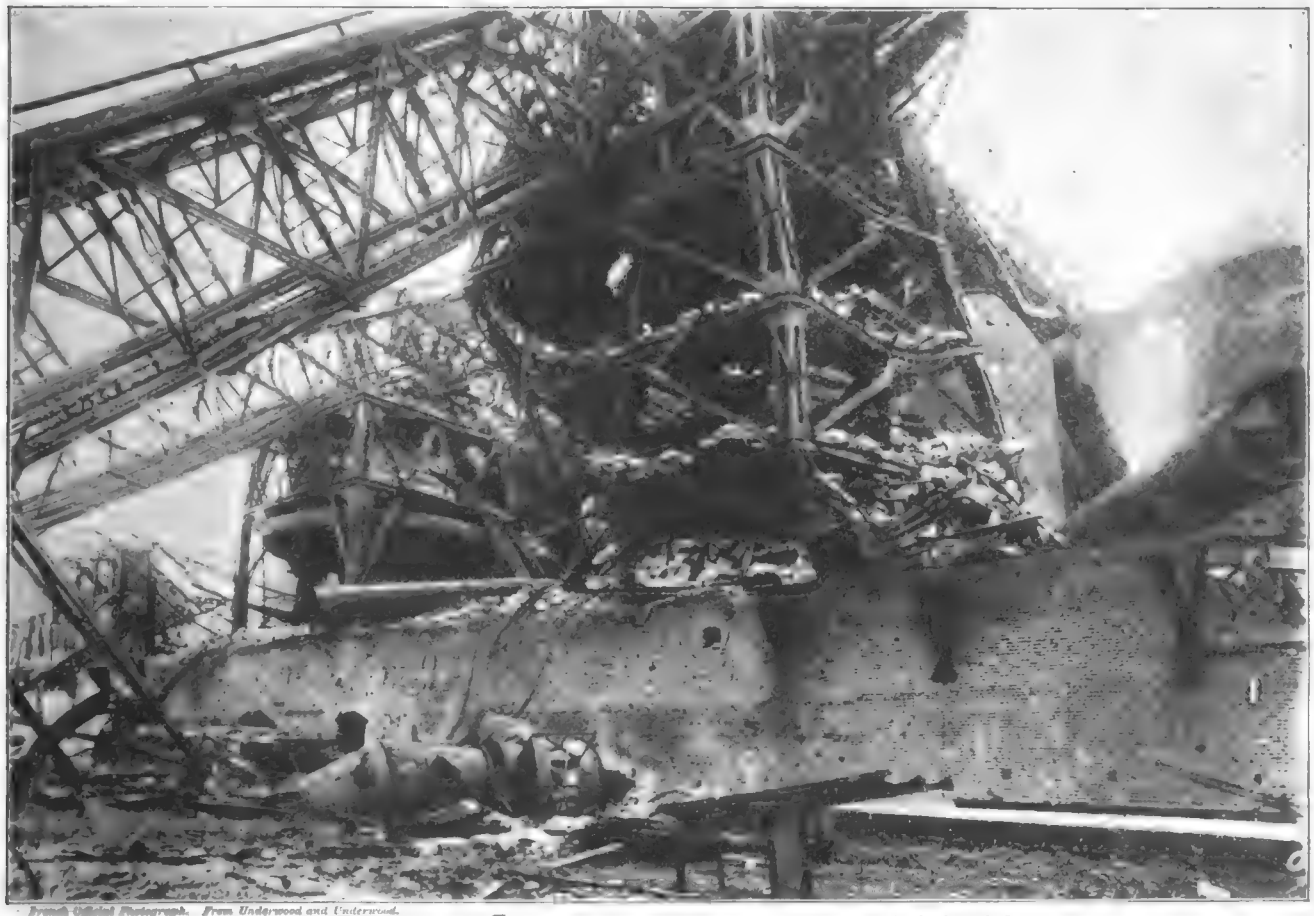
financial problems to face, or at least unconscious of having any, they expect to wipe the past four years off the slate. It isn't a new world they want at all. It is the old world—the world of the days before the Germans went amuck. They grow impatient—and angry—when the conversation is led around to social unrest and labor crises. Strikes are the result of Bolshevist propaganda, spread in the interest of Germany. Socialists and labor leaders are unrepentant pro-Germans. With so much reconstruction work to be done, and German money to put it through, unemployment is an absurdity. It shows a lack of will to work on the part of the proletariat, combined, perhaps, with governmental inefficiency. The refugee problem no longer exists. Why do not the refugees go back to where they came from?

It is easy enough to say to the million refugees and to the three hundred thousand soldiers of the north, who are being released from military service: "Go home now. Your country is freed. We have driven the Germans out." It is easy enough to say to the four million Frenchmen who were in the power of the invaders: "Get back to your work, and resume your normal life. Your country is freed. We have driven the Germans out." Whether they are city folk, town folk or country folk, the problems for demobilized soldiers of the invaded regions, for refugees, for inhabitants, are the same. To begin with, there is not enough food. One prefect told me that in his department the relief commission will have to count on distributing food for a year and a half longer. Until the machinery is replaced there will be no work in mines and factories. The factories, moreover, depend upon the mines and upon raw materials. Coal and raw materials, like foodstuffs, will be insufficient until normal transportation conditions are reestablished. How can the farmers get along without stock, poultry, seed, fertilizers, implements, wagons, horses? In the destroyed zone there are no homes to go to, no factories to work in, no trades to ply, and the task of rendering fertile again the ground over which the armies fought is dangerous as well as herculean.

Going Back Home

BUT the call of home was strong to some. In spite of the exile of years, many refugees had kept their minds fixed upon the day of victory. They were willing to put up with every hardship and to give themselves without stint to the appalling work of reconstruction. Others were eager to return for the same reasons that had prompted them to leave. When they fled before the Germans, they had felt that the unknown could not be worse or more uncertain than the life they were leading. But they did not make good in a new place. During the last months of 1918 a stream of northerners homeward bound flowed constantly into Paris. In Paris they stuck. Places on trains were limited, and it required influence or an extraordinary amount of persistence to get a pass from the military authorities. Those who managed to break through official barriers, however, regretted their success. They had gone from places where living was tolerable into conditions worse than those they had become refugees to escape.

In the middle of December a woman from the Aisne came to see me. Her face was aglow. "My husband has just been demobilized. We have a *laissez-passer* for ourselves and for my sister. We shall spend Christmas at home. But our house was looted. I must have sheets and blankets and a few kitchen utensils, perhaps also a stove. With that for a beginning we can get along. I am told that the American Red Cross is helping returning refugees in this way. Would you mind giving me a letter to them?" A few days later the woman returned. "I thought you would be interested in hearing our experience," she explained. "The American Red Cross in Paris told me that distributions were being made from centers in the liberated departments under the supervision of the local authorities. As our home was twelve miles from Laon, we should make our request there. We went to Laon. At the Red Cross an application form was handed to us. It would have to be passed upon, and we should return in four days. Four days! Had we walked out to our home and tried to sleep there, we should have frozen. There was no place to sleep in Laon. One could not buy in Laon the things we had to have. If we returned to Meaux or Paris to wait the four days, we could not get back to Laon. The military authorities take up the passes. We found a thousand others that day in the same position as ourselves. Most of them renounced going home, as we did. My husband has a place in a pottery at Limoges. We leave to-night. My sister hopes to get into the Paris tramways. Shall we ever go home? The only thing I did



French Official Photograph. From Underwood and Underwood.

Ruins of a French coal mine at Winghes.

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in Laon was to put our house up for sale."

The next morning I read in a Paris newspaper an editorial, signed by a member of the French Academy, about the vital importance of propaganda to encourage and make possible the immediate return of northerners. The Academician pointed out that reconstruction first of all depended upon getting the refugees back home. He insisted especially upon giving every assistance to demobilized soldiers who had not yet taken root elsewhere. He feared for the northern departments the disastrous influence of migratory currents.

One might say that my refugee visitor did not have much pluck, and that she and her husband were discouraged by a comparatively trifling obstacle. If that was the kind of people they were, how would they have met the bigger problems to come after securing bedding and kitchen utensils? But when one has been bearing a strain—strain of exile, strain of separation from husband, strain of worry about husband, strain of making both ends meet—and bearing it through five years, trifles count for more than big things. It is always that way in life. Governments and relief organizations pay no attention to the peculiar psychology of the human female. In this case the persistent hope of years had curbed the migratory instinct. Homegoing was abandoned in a day for lack of a sheet and a saucepan!

Where there is the impulse to go home, much could be done to surround the refugee with strong and sympathetic arms and to aid him in starting anew. Another category of refugees furnishes a more difficult problem. The migratory current has already led to moorings.

Taking Root in New Places

RECENTLY I was being shown the destruction of coal-mine shafts at Béthune. After insisting upon the diabolical plan of the Germans to ruin French industry by depriving the north of its coal, the engineer said to me: "Indemnity, yes; but getting paid for this in money is a small part of our reparation problem. We don't know how long it will take, how much it will cost, what success will meet our efforts, to restore these mines. Then we have to rebuild not only the dwellings of the miners, but also churches, schools, shops, theatres—whole towns and cities, in fact—so that we can assure the existence and normal life of our workers. Most of this has to be done before they come back."

"Will they come back?" I asked.

The engineer's face grew grave. I knew why, and did not press for an answer. It was a cold, rainy, gloomy afternoon in March. As we talked, we plowed through mud in a country that was unlovely before the Germans came. On a superb March day, just a year ago, I was lecturing at a mining center at the Department du Gard. The superintendent told me that more than a thousand miners from the Pas de Calais and several hundred from Belgium were working in his mine. "To increase our output," he said, "we have invested in new machinery and have doubled the number of our miners. The company has built a lot of new houses. When the war is over, we shall do our best to hold these people."

Walking along in the bright sunshine, I passed a row of houses among the firs on a beautiful hillside of the Cevennes. It was hard to believe that one was in a coal region. Each house had its little front garden, with a wealth of flowers, and roses climbed trellises against the wall. Yellow-haired children of all ages, playing in the road, indicated the homes of refugees from the north. I stopped to speak to a miner.

"Happy here?" he responded to my leading question. "It would be harder to leave Grand' Combe than it was to leave Béthune three years ago. My children were small then. Now they go to school, and have made their friends. Listen to their Midi accent! My oldest two are working—their first jobs. The boy is a sorter, and the girl has taken up typewriting at the office. We never knew what the sunshine was in the north, and we never had these flowers. My wife and I are homesick occasionally. I don't deny that. But we are better off here than we have ever been in our lives. Monsieur," and here he grabbed my arm in his earnestness, "I never knew life could be what it is in this place."

The miner from Béthune had discovered in another part of his own country lucrative work under easier living conditions. His growing family became anchors to hold him in the new surroundings. Had the war ended in 1915—or in 1916—he might not yet have taken root. His case is typical. In every part of France have I found refugees from northern France and Belgium whose exile has turned out to be a blessing in disguise. Nowhere, except in parts of Brittany, did refugees settle in a thickly populated country where they were in competition in the struggle for existence with the indigenous element. Normandy, the Limousine, the Isère, have assimilated easily the influx of refugees in small towns. There has been plenty of work for every one. In ports and large industrial centers jobs were waiting for men and women, boys and girls. It is probable that when war industries have ceased and the French army is completely demobilized France will experience a period of surplus labor supply. But will the migratory current from the north and northeast be remedied? If refugees could go home to find things as they had left them, yes. But with the problem of reconstruction to face, in the minds of tens of thousands the contras are likely to outweigh the pros.

British Official Photograph. Copyright, Underwood and Underwood

Peronne a few minutes after the German evacuation.

In the summer of 1914 a Belgian physician arrived at a Normandy watering-place with his wife and three little boys. He had left everything and expected to face hard days. But the mobilization had called away most of the French doctors. There was a chance to practise. For five summers I have known this physician. He has cared for my family. He used to talk about going home. Each summer I have noticed a change in him. His practise has grown marvelously. He goes about in an automobile. His boys are preparing for their "bachos" in a French lycée. A year ago his invalid wife died and was buried in France. Last September, when we saw the German line cracking and the Belgian army advancing toward Brussels, I talked to the doctor of the future of his country. He did not seem greatly interested and turned the conversation to speculation about the changes the war had made in our little corner of Normandy.

And the French physicians whom the Belgian has supplanted? After five years, will they be able to return and resume their practise under ante-bellum conditions? The Belgian is a good doctor, a very good doctor, and has won the confidence of the neighborhood. The demobilized physicians will be forced, perhaps, to start anew somewhere else. Even had no refugee come to my summer home, there would have been other Normandy doctors to take the practise of those who were mobilized.

War-Wanderings

THE refugee migratory current is only one factor, and by no means the most important, in starting other migratory currents. At the outbreak of the war France called millions of men from their homes and occupations and has kept them under arms for five years. They have seen a lot and learned a lot. They have gone from one front to another, from one depot to another, from one hospital to another. Aside from the fighting units, the mobilized workers have almost invariably been sent to factories far from their homes.

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The services of the rear have taken men in uniform all over France.

More than eighty per cent. of Frenchmen between the ages of fifty and twenty have experienced not only five years of change of occupation, but they have also lived in totally new surroundings. Farm hands, who would never have been likely to leave their villages, have gone to live in cities. City folk, whose knowledge of the country was limited before the war to Sunday excursions, have lived continuously for years in the open. And while these millions have been away, profound changes have taken place at home. Fathers and mothers and wives have died. Children have grown up. Professions and businesses have passed into the hands of others. Where the same place is waiting for the returning soldier, will he come back the same man, with the inclination and the ability to resume his old work? How many of the eighty per cent. will fit again into former places and former occupations? Do we not have to count on fresh migratory currents started by those who do not fit?

Other migratory currents, different from and not influenced by the refugee and mobilization problems, began in France during the war. The demand for labor in industrial centers became more and more insistent as the war dragged on. Profits of army contractors and manufacturers were limited only by the amount of labor they could command. So they made systematic efforts to recruit labor in agricultural districts, and the exigencies of national defense compelled the government to refrain from discouraging the movement of population to industrial centers. High wages were not the sole consideration to tempt peasants and villagers of both sexes to go to the city. The government put maximum prices on grain and butter and eggs, and controlled traffic in live stock. It is true that in some parts of France agriculture, owing to nearness to markets, brought fortunes to peasants. But where transportation was lacking for farm and dairy products, more was to be gained by going to work in munition factories. One could multiply illustrations of this phenomenon. Pamiers, in the Department of Ariège, and Grenoble and other towns in the Department of Isère, are striking examples of the trend from the country to the city as a result of labor recruiting.

The Call of the Cities

IN THE first two summers of the war we had an excellent laundress whose husband was killed at the battle of the Marne. In 1916 the woman announced that she was going to move with her children to Paris. "You ought not to do that," remonstrated my wife. "You can get higher prices and steadier work, but what you gain will be more than offset by higher rent and food. You will coop your children up in one room and be paying more for the room than you do for your little house here." The woman answered: "But in Paris I can get clothes and milk and lots of other things from relief organizations. We haven't any here." The woman moved to Paris. I saw her the other day. She says she will never go back to Normandy. Relief organizations had been good to her!

A comparison of figures of population of 1914 and 1919 reveal the forces of migratory currents. The population of France has decreased by two millions. Three million men are still mobilized at this writing. And yet the population of Paris has increased nearly a million. Other cities claim the following increases: Lyons, four hundred thousand; Marseilles, three hundred and fifty thousand; Toulouse, two hundred and fifty thousand; Bordeaux, one hundred and fifty thousand, and St. Etienne, Rouen, Limoges, Montpellier, Cette, Nice, Havre, Brest, Nantes and Grenoble from forty thousand to one hundred thousand each. The figures can not be checked up until the new census is taken. There are undoubtedly exaggerations. But we can not be far from wrong if we take these cities and a dozen other centers in estimating that the already depleted agricultural regions of France have contributed to the cities at least three million new inhabitants. What will be lost by returning refugees is likely to be counterbalanced by the marked determination of hundreds of thousands of demobilized soldiers to settle in large centers. Theatres, cafés, cinemas, paved streets, lights, tramways—the excitement, the warmth, the joy of herding together—are powerful influences. Eve's taste of the apple was not more irrevocable for mankind than the taste of city life. Few who have lived in a city want to go to the country without having in their pocket the money for a return ticket.

Ever since the armistice the influence of migratory currents has been felt in the Chamber of Deputies and in the attitude of public opinion toward peace.

Canadian official photograph. From Underwood and Underwood

Cambrai in flames as the Germans left the city.

The sufferers by the German invasion were hostile to indemnities in kind. They opposed indemnity bills which provided for the spending of the money by those who received it in restoring what the Germans destroyed. The inhabitants of the north were determined not to have a string attached to the reimbursements of their losses. The claims, their representatives in the Chamber said, were personal claims. They did not want indemnities regarded in the light of reconstructing purely and simply villages and factories and farms. In the changed economic order potent reasons may develop to militate against the reconstruction of cities on the same sites or on the same scale. It was urged that beneficiaries, therefore, must have full liberty to dispose of the sums turned over to them as they see fit.

As regards peace, there was more disposition in the early days of 1919 than in the first two years of the war to sponsor terms which the French believe will contribute to stimulate the industrial and economic life of France. Agricultural questions were put in the background. The French want France to become, as she has never before been, a great exporting nation, in manufactured products, with opportunities to compete in the world markets on equal terms with other nations. The Deputies and newspapers and chambers of commerce of a dozen departments, regarded as agricultural before the war, supported colonial development and expansion, clamored for a large merchant marine, championed a big navy program. What some foreign observers called chauvinism and imperialism, born of victory in the war, was really the result of the creation of industries in all parts of France to replace those of the north. It is true that in many regions the French fear the effect of the war upon foreign markets for luxuries, especially for wines. But is not the principal cause the unwillingness of those who have settled in cities to face the necessity of returning to the land?

War Changes and French Politics

THIS seems to be proven by the paradox of practically unanimous support for what has been termed the reactionary attitude of the French government toward peace at a time when Socialism is making rapid progress in France. The Socialist deputies in the Chamber and the Socialist newspapers, true to their faith, advocated a peace of reconciliation, and were enthusiastic about the Wilsonian theories. But the French proletariat has been imbued with the same feeling, during peace negotiations, that led the German proletariat to support the Hohenzollern government during the war—the feeling that the well-being of working classes depends in a large measure

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upon ability to export under the most favorable conditions. Refugees and soldiers have carried their doctrines into parts of France hitherto unaffected by Socialist political propaganda. In the next French elections, we shall see Socialist deputies returned from districts where up to now the Socialists polled very few votes. But this does not mean that public opinion has not been behind M. Clémenceau and his coadjutors.

The Race Muddle in France

ANOTHER symptom of the new spirit created by migratory currents is the changed attitude of the French toward emigration. The aid France received from African and Asiatic colonials was not greater on the front than in the rear. Kabyles from southern Algeria were sweeping the streets and collecting the garbage of Paris. There has been a large influx of population to munition centers and ports from Senegal, the Sudan, Algeria, Tunis, Morocco, Madagascar and Indo-China. Brest, Nantes, Bordeaux, Marseilles, Lyons, have become the world's meeting-places. French employment agents scoured Spain and Italy. Refugees from Servia were received cordially. All over France one finds farms worked by German prisoners, and garrisons and detachment of English, Americans, Belgians, Russians, Canadians, South Africans, Australians, Portuguese, Poles, Czecho-Slovaks, Armenians, Syrians and Anamites. Even the friendliest of tourists used to feel instinctively the xenophobia of the French provinces. Hostility to strangers has given way to a welcome for all. Spaniards and Italians have already bought farms and settled down. In some agricultural regions I have noticed an Italianization similar to that of parts of New England.

The French realize their weakness to-day, and the fearful handicap for the future, due to depopulation. A great increase in natality, even if it could be counted upon, would not remedy this situation for many years. The colonial and foreign elements introduced into the country during the war will be needed after the war. Other parts of France than the north have suffered nearly as much from internal migratory currents as from the death toll of the war. It must not be forgotten, also, that there were several hundred thousand Germans and Austro-Hungarians in France before the war whose business ability and energy contributed to the prosperity of France. And the return of Alsace-Lorraine threatens to create a migratory current viewed with anxiety by thoughtful Frenchmen. The German element is being expelled from the regained provinces. A propaganda is on foot, which will have to meet with success if France is to hold what she has taken back, to turn eastward again the emigrants who left Alsace-Lorraine after 1871 out of loyalty to France. This may lead to ruin for some places in France. The thriving textile town of Elbeuf, on the Seine between Rouen and Havre, is an example. Its working population is composed of Alsatians. If the Alsatians leave towns like Elbeuf, the migratory current will spell disaster in the same way as the revocation of the Edict of Nantes did under Louis XIV.

Consequently, the French can not afford to look with disfavor upon the settlement of soldiers and other foreigners in France. Most of all, they place their hopes in the Americans. My friends, say "We need your blood and energy. We need your ideas. We have lost so many of our own youth that there are splendid openings for young Americans. And they can marry well here." The Frenchman who talks this way has no doubt that his country is the best in the world and he is sure of the attraction to the foreigner of his superior civilization. He is encouraged by the marriage of some French girls to English and American soldiers, who have announced their intention of remaining in France. But he does not realize that for the Englishman as well as for the American, the new worlds, mostly under the rule of Anglo-Saxondom, furnish opportunities for youth far greater than France and without the handicaps of crushing taxation and obligatory military service.

Will not Franco-American marriages mean a loss instead of a gain to France? I have met many American officers and soldiers who have married or intend to marry here. But not one of them has told me that he is going to settle in France! There are stories in the French press of two hundred thousand Americans remaining here after the demobilization. The wish is father to the thought. While French *intellectuels* nourish the hope of new blood in France, our presence here is awakening the impulse to emigrate to America that the French have never before experienced as have the people of more densely populated European countries. The contact with American soldiers is starting a migratory current, yes, but away from France, not toward France. The younger generation of French soldiers, who fought side by side with the Americans, and the boys in the villages where our soldiers have been encamped, have had the idea instilled into them of America as the land where one is free from long military service, and where one can earn by the labor of his hands triple or quadruple what one could hope to gain by any kind of work in France. The pay of our soldiers was twenty times that of the French soldiers. In the many places where we put up warehouses and laid out ports and railway tracks, the French saw American carpenters earning, with board and lodging thrown in, wages larger than the salary of a city postmaster, a chief of police, a sub-prefect, a judge of the Court of Appeal, or the rector of a university.

New Currents in America

THE American Expeditionary Forces will leave few stragglers in Europe. Our boys will go home with new and broader vision, but with the idea they brought here confirmed—that the United States is God's country. Migratory currents of American origin, born of our intervention, will take place within the borders of the United States. Will not army and industrial mobilization have results in America similar to those we have observed in France? The tearing of boys and men away from their homes, and keeping them away for a long period of time, will lead to wide-spread changes of habitation. The intensification of industries will increase the population of cities and denude agricultural districts. Schemes that have been set forth for putting the soldier on the land are not going to meet with great success. Over against the rare soldier from the city who, having learned to live in the open, does not want to return to his prison, we must put the country soldier to whom constant association with large numbers of men has been a revelation of what life may be. And must we not look for the migratory currents created by war industries to arouse an interest we have never before had in world markets, thus causing us to change radically our foreign policy?

In the wake of the American Expeditionary Forces may come a new migratory current from Europe to America, more formidable than we have yet had to cope with. The devastation of northern France and a part of Belgium was not unique. Poland, Lithuania, Eastern Prussia, the countries of the Danube and the Balkans, Russia and the Ottoman Empire, have been ravaged. Races are still set one against the other. The financial burdens laid upon every European country are so appalling that there is little difference in the economic situation of victors, vanquished and neutrals.

The Dilemma of Victory

THE victors are confronted with this dilemma: If they attempt to get their war expenses out of Germany, they will have to continue to keep under arms all of their young manhood. If they do not demobilize soon, they can not hope for a speedy return of normal economic conditions. Great Britain, France, Italy and Belgium have to choose between the burden of bearing arms and the burden of paying most of the cost of the war themselves. In either case, a migratory current to escape the inevitable aftermath of war will be started. During the past generation, Germany not only held a rapidly growing population, but was a large importer of labor. Italians now find another outlet. If Germany, as a result of the war, finds herself deprived of her sources of wealth—iron and coal and world markets for manufactured products—and saddled to boot with taxation that means economic slavery, millions of Germans will try to emigrate. In spite of the glorious future promised by the Conference of Paris to emancipated races of Austria-Hungary and Russia, one has the right to be skeptical. We may juggle with frontiers as we will. But we can not get away from the economic laws that were more powerful than armies and statesmen in forming the political organic units of 1914. Experiments in creating new states are likely to increase rather than diminish emigration from Eastern Europe to America.

Congress proposes to prohibit immigration during a period of four years after the signing of peace. Is a blanket measure of this character what we want and what we need? Yes—if we can now dispense with Europe's contribution to our material development. No—if increase of population by immigration is still helpful to us. It is an error to think that prohibition for a limited time will save us from undesirable elements. After four years, the best and most energetic of the new migratory current will have found its way elsewhere. Would it not be wiser to permit immigration, but make our regulations more stringent?

We have always handled the problem of entry into the United States stupidly and illogically, annoying to ourselves and to the immigrants. The war has shown us the way, and provided us with the means, of suppressing the absurdity of wholesale detention at Ellis Island. As a war measure,

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we are demanding a passport, with the *visé* of an American consular official, of every person who proposes to put foot on American soil. It is possible to continue this machinery after the war. We can limit the granting of *visés* to desirables. The applicant's desirability can best be determined by investigation on the spot in Europe.

The Parliaments of Great Britain and the British Dominions are as keenly alive as we are to the necessity of being ready for a strong migratory current from continental Europe. London has gone farther than Washington, and seems inclined to follow a path that will lead to tremendous consequences for Europe. It is proposed at Westminster to forbid enemy aliens to enter British territory for an indefinite period and to deport Germans, Austrians and Hungarians who are settled in the British Empire. If this proposal is carried out, other nations, notably Brazil, may follow the precedent set by the British. Deportation of Germans from British territory would create a forced migratory current as great as that which is already flowing out of Alsace-Lorraine and Prussian Poland. It is unlikely that the ousted Germans will find it possible to settle in their country of origin. Where will they go, and in what direction will the migratory current from Germany flow? Will public sentiment in America bar Germans and influence Central and South American countries to adopt the same policy? Upon the answer to these questions depends, in a very large measure, the influence of the war of 1914–1918 upon twentieth-century Europe. Nothing is more certain than that we can not bottle up, under adverse economic conditions, the eighty million Germans of Central Europe in a German state narrowed down to its ethnographical limits. Even if we gave back to Germany her colonies, they would not support a large white population. Do we not have to choose, then, between sharing with the German race the development of Africa, the two Americas and Australia, and seeing the Germans overflow into Eastern Europe and Asia?

In December, 1914, in the office of a great electrical manufacturing concern of Berlin, I was interviewing one of the chief promoters in Germany of *rapprochement* with Great Britain. I had come to get his version of the causes of the war. "Why is Germany fighting?" he cried, jumping up from his desk. "I can put it in one sentence. We were nervous to the breaking-point over the Westward Ho! preparation of the Slavs." In expanding his thesis, the German explained the war by migratory currents. Russia was pressing Germany. So Germany had to press France and Belgium. Great Britain was afraid she would be pressed in turn. I suppose that if I had met this manufacturer-philosopher again after we had entered the war, he would have explained our intervention in the same way! Some Americans did. Were not we to be attacked next?

Would it be a strange ending for a war caused by German fear of a Slav migratory current westward, to have a German migratory current eastward? Not at all! The greatest wars in Europe were due to migratory currents from the east and north seeking a way out to the Atlantic and Mediterranean. We read that "civilization" was saved every time by the races of the west and south stemming the migratory current. The French claim to-day that they must go back to the Rhine, as they have done in the past, in order to prevent a renewal of German aggression. But the Eastern menace is relative. The Germans have gone eastward to stem the Slav tide. And at the time of her war with Japan did not Russia try to gain the sympathies of the world by claiming that her presence in Vladivostok and Port Arthur was essential to save Europe from the yellow peril?

"The world is not changed," says the pessimist with a sigh. "History repeats itself. Human nature is always the same." Platitudes! What is being said over and over again in Paris salons is, I am told, being said just as often on the other side of the Atlantic. Let us put over against them the words of Phillips Brooks, as much gospel truth to-day as when they were spoken a generation ago from a Boston pulpit. In the backward and forward movement of migratory currents in Europe, racial elements have been steadily absorbed or united to form increasingly larger political organisms. In the overflow to extra-European countries, new nations have been created. Racial antagonism and intense nationalism are the aftermath of wars only to superficial observers who can not see farther than the end of their noses, only to opportunist statesmen who mistake passing symptoms for permanent conditions.

A mother once said to me: "I have come to dread the day my babies learn to walk." "Why?" I asked. "Because they can go away from me," she said. The *status quo* is a comfortable condition. But it exists in infancy and decrepitude. Between the beginning and the end of life, there is the migratory instinct. When this world of ours hears the trumpet of the Angel Gabriel, and not until then, shall we be in a position to no longer reckon with evolution.

French Official Photograph. From Underwood and Underwood.

It is to compensate for the destroyed mines of France that the coal-regions of the Sarre Valley have been taken from Germany in the Peace Treaty

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The "Hand of God"

By Bonnie R. Ginger

Illustrated by Arthur I. Keller

WHEN that Saturday afternoon ex-lieutenant Mark found thirty dollars in his pay-envelope, he took it tremblingly to little Jackie Allbee and asked him to tell him, honest, for the love of mercy, was it a week's wage or a practical joke?

Jackie Allbee, who drew a humble twenty per, eyed the thirty dollars and smiled an odd smile untinged by a hint of envy. "Why shouldn't you get a raise, Mark? Don't you desire to be married?"

"Ah!" Mark blushed joyfully. "That's it, Jackie — this is no thirty dollars; it's a marriage license, it is! She won't say now that we can't afford to be married, will she?"

"She can't," said Jackie. He had ceased to regard the money and was eying the magnificent dimensions of Mark, who appeared to have grown even bigger since his year with the A. E. F. in France. Little Jackie was accounted an odd one about the Blodgett-Gavvers works, where he had only lately come, and it was whispered of him that he wrote some sort of stuff, and some one, who suspected the worst, even said it was verses. He performed his duties for the Blodgett-Gavvers without undue inefficiency, and Mark of the muscles had taken to him from the first.

It was on a right instinct that Mark had brought him this breath-taking pay-envelope, for Jackie had said immediately, "Don't you desire to be married?" That showed Jackie's sympathetic powers.

And "married" was the word ringing in Mark's heart when, later that same afternoon, he sped trystward across-town from his home to Her boarding-house. It was his night to dine there. He did not know how passers-by turned and smiled at him, seeing the hugeness of him, and his bright young face with its bringing-the-good-news-from-Ghent expression.

The boarding-house was of that painstakingly refined type which clings to its refinement with the pertinacity of ivy to a church. It was it which had taught Aggie —Aggie was She—all those notions about refined Neighborhoods and Interesting People and the like, notions which were standing more and more in the way of their marriage.

Mark would have considered any neighborhood endued with refinement just by the fact of Aggie's presence in it. It perplexed him that she should set so much store on people like those at the boarding-house, but he seldom complained, for his one desire was to please her. Perhaps he entertained the desire too exclusively for either his good or hers. It can happen so.

It was wonderful, considering that he had a very distinct mind of his own, how the big fellow was dominated by the slip of a thing he was now hurrying toward. Already he could see her as her eyes fell on that thirty—he could hear her excited exclamations—and he already thrilled with that great protective feeling he always had with her. It was then he really remembered how big and strong he was—like a sort of traffic-squad. He was not lovely of feature like a traffic-squad, but his expression was quite beautiful. And particularly now, with that thirty giving off its radio-active marriage-license emanations from his new black vest.

And so at last he turned the corner of the block where she lived.

As his eager gaze sped to the house opposite, he stopped short, glued to the sidewalk. Before the house was an auto, on the housesteps was Aggie, and just saying good-by to her was a slim young fellow whom Mark at once recognized as young Gillette, nephew of Aggie's employer downtown.

Then she ran into the house, and the auto glided up-street.

Mark's mind was blank. But his submind was busy. "That fellow had on silk socks and a two-dollar necktie," pronounced this subcerebral organ distinctly. Not that these articles had been visible on the slim young man; they had just emanated, as a few moments ago the thirty had emanated from Mark's vest. But the bills were not radio-active now; they had winked out like a burned carbon.

Occupied with thoughts of the most extremely intensive nature, he crossed the street and rang the boarding-house bell. And in the parlor he waited, sitting on one of the stiff, small chairs, with much the effect of the "Penseur," if that person should happen to cogitate upon imitation Chippendale instead of his own bronze base.

Mark did not mind men admiring Aggie; he even tried not to mind when now and then they took her to lunch. He did regret the prohibitive distance between his place of work and hers. He was also deeply in love, and troubled because she would come to no agreement, but only said: "No, Mark, we can't marry—it takes so much!"

So he just worked. Sometimes he wondered if he could make enough money before Refinement and the Love of Nice Neighborhoods stepped in and took her from him.

And now, when the money had come, had come also this fellow with the automobile and the two-dollar tie.

Mark did not know that Aggie had come down-stairs and was looking at him from the doorway.

She wore her new hat and the made-over dress. The dress was properish, the hat daring. Her hair was calm and staid, her expression excited and elfish, also scared. From under her skirt peeped silken ankles and provocative buckled pumps. She was breathing fast, and she gazed at Mark as a chemist gazes at the retort in which his fluids are going to produce unknown, ungaged reactions.

And then he heard her little excited laugh, and leaped from the Chippendale. Without running, she somehow was at his side, and her hands were in his.

"Mark—guess! I've got a surprise for you!"

"Oh! Have you? I've got one for you, too—but mine can wait." Ten minutes ago he wouldn't have thought that.

"And mine can't! We're not going to eat here—we're asked out! I knew you'd go, and I——"

He interrupted her. "Who asked us?"

"Why, Mr. Gillette—young Mr. Gillette. He brought me home in *Mr.* Gillette's auto. You'll go, Mark? It will be such fun——"

"No," said Mark. "I won't go. No."

"Now, Mark——"

"Why should young Gillette ask me, Aggie? He's never said ten words to me. You go, of course. But I won't."

"Then I won't either." She put her hand on his sleeve. "Only it seems such a pity to miss the fun. And if you never did say ten words—just the same, he likes you. He said so."

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"You've been out with him already?"

"Yes, Mark, I have," she said with dignity. "Day before yesterday. I haven't seen you since to tell you."

"Oh." For a long minute that "Oh" threatened many things. But she vanquished it.

"I wanted you to go, Mark. It was on your account I wanted—I thought you'd enjoy it. I suppose I'm like other girls—I wanted to show off—I'm proud of you."

He wavered at this. After all, she could have gone without him—other girls did such things. "Will any one else be there?"

"Yes, an artist, and a girl who sings——"

"Oh, Lord!"

"Now, you know you can't pretend you're bashful, Mark. And then, they're not like the boarders here, you know. They're different—they're Bohemian."

"Bohemian!" he exclaimed. How in the world could one connect Aggie with anything Bohemian?

"Oh, not wild, or that sort. But, Mark, you complain that the people here at the house are stiff. Well, these we'll meet to-night aren't stiff—you see; I've met them already; they came down to the place yesterday, looking around. I've changed my views a lot, Mark. Listen." And she drew him to the sofa and sat close to him, pleading her argument. "People like you and me—we work so hard, we have no time to get these—to have this contact—you know what I mean——"

"No, I don't. I do know that if I had you——"

"But Mark—" She laughed and took a thread from his sleeve—"This suit is lovely—I never saw you look better. I know some of the boarders are stiff, but still they know interesting things, such as you and I are too busy to learn—books and lectures—intellectual things."

Oh, yes, Mark knew their intellectualities, and their habit of imparting them at table. Mark didn't object—why should he, who was himself so receptive? But that was what baffled him: he was as eager to talk as to listen, sometimes, and yet they never listened to him. It pained them when he said he went to night-school, and when he talked about the People's Forum and the Zoo. He remembered how they stickled for language, and he tried to organize his verbs, and not to say zee-bray and mee-moyers and artchytecture. He tried to meet them half-way. But they never met him at all. It was as if they didn't dare to hear about new things—they stuck to the old safe, refined things—and Mark, spacious of mind and heart, was baffled.

But if, as Aggie seemed to think, there was another sort of intellectual people who were free and easy—why, maybe it would be rather a good thing to meet them. And it might get Aggie's mind off this overworked refinement notion of hers. For he understood that Bohemians lived in any neighborhood they liked, and did what they liked, and didn't give a whoop what any one else thought about them.

In short—and of course—he said he'd go.

Of course, the time for the great news of his raise in salary was psychologically postponed anyhow. He'd tell her to-morrow when she would really listen, when it would have its effect alone. She promised to go with him to the Zoo to-morrow.

"So!" said Mark slowly. "The 'Hand of God,' is it? I see. I see. I'm *beginning* to see."

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When Aggie chose the refined boarding-house she acted consistently. As a girl in a small town she had always been called refined; people said she had cultivated tastes. She had, and they embarrassed her when she reached the city, and particularly the boarding-house. In fact, she disposed of their evidences as she fell under the influence of the more intellectual boarders. She gave away the water-color plaque of roses in all hues; she secreted the burnt-wood; she did away with a volume called "Home Chaplet of Favorite Verse," and replaced it with a volume from the library which she did not understand, but which the bachelor boarder who had recommended it offered to expound. They all liked to expound to her, and she was flattered enough to listen respectfully. Besides, she really did want to learn.

But there was something in her besides ambition—human weakness, woman weakness—the thing that made her like Mark—big, crude, honest fellow—that made her like his big, loving protectiveness, thrilling her because she could so dominate this dominant young male. It was the woman in her, desiring to be desired by the strongest and malest. And she did honestly want him to go to-night. Somewhere in her the thing that was not ambition and compromise responded to the thing in him that held compromise in scorn.

Aggie was like a sort of little skiff, anchored securely to the propriety she set such store by, and then going out to the very end of the rope to dance unendangered on the tide of the nearly improper.

And that, too, was a human weakness, and not only a woman one, either.

IS ONE big restaurant different from another? No, and particularly if you do not know the others. Mark was inclined to like this one, and the little party of six they made, away off in a corner near the laboriously tropical shrubbery. The food absorbed him at first, for he had a magnificent appetite; but he was also interested in the other people and what they said. And here was Bohemia, of which he had heard, and in which he had not expected to mingle in this free and easy way. He liked the way they had incorporated him and Aggie, as it were, into their midst, and it seemed so friendly, he did not mind not understanding very well what they were chattering about. He'd catch on later, and just now, as was usual with him when he was having new impressions, he was rather silent. But he was predisposed to be pleased.

It was true that the young lady beside him—the one Aggie told him "sang"—embarrassed him by calling him Mr. Hercules, Junior; by a rather lavish admiration of him, both verbal and ocular, and by begging him to tell of his experiences with the A. E. F.—which he wouldn't do. The third man of the party sat on his other side, and Mark thought he had never met a more extraordinary person. He was rabidly cynical of everybody and everything present and absent, to the immense amusement of those present; but although he joined in every topic, and sometimes in several at once, he at the same time managed to convey little personal individual comments to Mark alone, and somehow Mark began to feel an odd, intangible friendliness under the fellow's cynicism.

The last member of the party was an absolutely silent young lady of flawless beauty, who sipped champagne and seemed to ponder within some remote, unseen sanctuary of thought, and at times her large blue eyes remained fixed upon the young giant opposite her for moments together. Her expression was unreadable.

Champagne was new to Mark, and he liked it, rather. Aggie, of course, abstained entirely, sipping crèmes de menthe instead, which looked daring but had no effects. There was enough stimulation for her in just being here, and she was in that curious state so characteristic of her, of riding out at the rope's length on the perilous, fascinating tide—only to-night the rope was longer than it had ever been before.

AS THE courses progressed, Mark noted her with growing wonder. He had never heard her say such witty, excited things—he did not know she could say them. She was a different Aggie. At first he liked the variation, but presently he was not so sure about it. Why did she laugh so gaily at a story—a very funny story it was—which ordinarily would have won from her only a prim and downcast gaze? Was it because young Gillette told it?

After all, Mark was human. And it was Gillette who was doing all this, who was giving so easily, effortlessly, this glittering feast with its music and lights and glamour. Perhaps he should have seen it was rather forced and tawdry and hectic, but just then he didn't. He was new to such things, and he was young, and it was red blood that ran in his veins.

Mark was not envious, and least of all did he wish to envy the man who was his host; but in spite of himself and his ideas of what seemed decent, he could not like young Gillette—and the more he tried, the farther away he got. And he was annoyed at himself because of it.

Gillette's manner toward Mark seemed to blend recognition of him as Aggie's friend with welcome for him on his own account. And Mark tried to believe in that seeming blend. Gillette was a good-looking man after a clean-scrubbed, fastidious fashion, and he used, with enviable carelessness, words which Mark knew by sight but not by usage. He called the girl who sang and the silent girl by their first names, and his manner to them was in contrast with his manner to Aggie. With her, as if in spite of himself, he was solicitous, and his gaze kept wandering to her and lingering, against his will. Mark noted this. To be sure, Aggie was looking simply wonderful to-night, and other people looked at her, even more than at the beautiful silent girl, and he was proud of that.

But sometimes Gillette's eyes lingered on Mark, too—as if unconsciously. And in that gaze there was something subtly contemptuous and hostile—the thing that's in a man's heart when he looks at the fellow who owns something he wants. When Mark had caught this gaze upon him a couple of times, he gave up trying to like his host. It began to seem unnecessary that he should like him.

And gradually, subtly, he began to feel detached from the party. This was partly due to his neighbor, the cynical chap.

"Look at her," this personage was saying sotto voce, directing Mark's attention to the silent girl. "Perfect, isn't she? But do you know, her brain-cavity wouldn't make a seed-trough for a canary-bird."

"What?" said Mark, staring at the young lady. "I thought—why, she looks so serious—you don't mean——"

"Well, say something to her. Ask her what she thinks of the Japanese policy, or the Bolsheviki, or Bergson's philosophy."

"Whose philosophy?" asked Mark. The cynic laughed.

"O, you big infant! Don't ever ask people *who* or *what* or *whose*—you guileless caveman, you! Ask 'em what they think of it—and if you don't know what it is yourself, keep it dark. Or else don't try to play the game."

"What game?" demanded Mark, looking at him.

The cynical one tilted his head and smiled. "There, don't look at me like a gun-turret on a battle-ship. Game? Why, the Social Game. Aren't you playing it? We are. I am."

"Well, if you mean trying to butt into society, I'll tell you I'm not," said Mark succinctly. He had flushed. His odd friend laughed again, with a corner of his eye glinting admiration at the young giant he was teasing.

"I know. If we were out in the alley, you'd biff me a couple. And then I'd see those muscles of yours in action. Are you very angry?"

"It was a damn queer thing to say," said Mark.

The other seemed increasingly gratified with his experiment. "I meant society intellectually, you hasty man. Of course we're all above mere wealth—I don't think! But as for saying something 'damn queer,' you must either say or do something damn something-or-other, you know, or else your stay on this particular plane will be brief. And you have your physique. Aren't you going to play it up?"

"You mean—I haven't any intellect?" said Mark. A dull red had spread to his very hair.

"YOU mistake, man. But just consider that girl there you thought was thinking, because she didn't talk. Why should she think, when she can *look?* And therefore she looks—and she does it industriously—she never stops for a single minute; she knows she doesn't dare. She looks beautiful—what more could be asked of her? And you, now—why, you're simply a twentieth-century wonder, man! And why aren't you playing up your beauty of form as that girl plays up her beauty of face? Don't glare so—I mean particularly well by you. I like you."

"Thanks," said Mark.

"Now, don't be offended." This remarkable person leaned toward him suddenly. "I meant that. I'm a misanthrope, because my pictures don't sell. I suppose I'm a sham. Most of us are—most of *us*, I say. Our set. Why, we're the imitation, we're not the real doers of real things. That's why we stick together, and daren't go away from our own atmosphere—the light would show us up. We get a lot of what we call free interest and independent thought quite second-hand—we don't go out and find interesting things for ourselves, down in the ordinary and unatmospheric. We let the real Big Fellows do that for us, and we trot after. And the nearer to the Big Fellow, the better we look, of course. Do you know why that brainless girl there is one of us? Why her

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own aunt is Margaret Magister, the great novelist. Do you think we'd pass anything that was niece to a celebrity like that? The girl on the other side of you stands ace-high with us because at her reception (in a studio-flat) last month Madame Canburgh, the contralto, came for fifteen minutes. Why, wild horses couldn't tear us loose from that girl now. And over there at the table third from ours is Mimi Miggs, who visits the Giltmans, who have the house on the Avenue and the imported-from-an-English-castle staircase. Didn't you see us all crane our necks and grin at her when she came in? And she grinned at us the same way. You stare at me, my ingenuous friend, but I tell you, a friend for friendship's sake is scarcer than hens' teeth. We exchange values—atmospheres just like currency. The values must be equal: If I work in a shoe factory, and you do old-French folklore, your atmosphere and mine won't exchange; you couldn't pass mine on to your friends, for even if it interested you it would not interest them, and they would not accept it. That's why we cling together—our currency depends on it."

"You're certainly in a bitter mood," said Mark, looking at him thoughtfully, however. "And what do you suggest I should do? I have no swell aunt, and I don't visit at a house on the Avenue. I have been in houses on the Avenue superintending the cement-work for the Blodgett-Gavvers."

"Well, forget Blodgett-Gavvers and start a health-cult. With that open face and those muscles, you'd go farther in the social planes than the rest of us, working day and night."

If Mark could have replied to this astonishing bit of advice, he did not have the chance. Suddenly some other people were joining them, two men and a girl. Or, rather, the girl did not so much seem to join them as to add them to her. She was one of those breezy, conversational persons who always have a story they want to tell right off, for they've always just come from somewhere, where some one told something or did something perfectly exciting. She took a seat beside Aggie, as if she had always known her, and she also cast several swift, frank glances at Mark. Her vivid personality outshone every one else. The silent beauty was forgotten, and little Aggie's vivacity became like the tinkle of a glass beside a riotous piano.

"She's Annabel Lamotte," whispered the cynic to Mark. "She's a creature of impulse, and she's fallen in love with you at sight."

An odd aloofness was coming into Mark's genial face. How was it that the whole feel of everything had so changed? He was suddenly analytic of these people, whom he began to see quite differently. And when he saw the vivid young lady eying him admiringly, he resented those glances which seemed to label him as sort of Exhibit A. Her line was animated mimicry, and she was already in the midst of an anecdote.

"You know—I was at the Museum to-day," she was saying breezily. "Uncle Joe's here—we saw the whole thing—and I took him to see the Rodins. If any of you have an uncle or anything that will look at the Rodins, do lend him to me. I could live and die in that gallery; couldn't you?" she said to Aggie, who nodded eagerly. "But there were two women—from some village, you know—doing the Museum, of course; and they had stranded in front of the 'Hand of God.' If you could have heard their struggle to get that thing into their heads . . . 'Maria, you know we learned about it at the Club last winter. It's considered beautiful. But I sort of forget just why.' 'Well, Tishy, I don't know. I can't say's I like it—I just can't get used to these naked things

"I could choke those eyes out of you!" he said softly. "Get out of here before I do it!"

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anyhow.' 'I know, but the Museum bought it.' 'Well — in New York they just do anything. And I can't say's I honestly like this nakedness you see everywhere. Good can't come of it, *I* say.'"

The girl mimicked cleverly, and they were all laughing—all except Mark, who did not laugh simply because he did not know what it was about. And suddenly he saw that they were all laughing, and he only was unamused. Even the silent beauty was almost smiling. And then Mark saw Gillette looking at him with eyes that were at last openly contemptuous, derisive, pitying. And beside Gillette was Aggie, flushed and excited, laughing in that queer, unfamiliar way—at the story he only did not find funny.

And he was eating the food Gillette paid for. He was this man's guest.

He rose from the table. He was not excited, he did not even flush. At least he had come there on no motive of self-aggrandizement. He meant to speak only to the cynic, but his voice was heavier than he knew, and they all heard.

"Currency—yes, you're right. Currency. Value given for value received. But you've got to give equal value. And I didn't give any. I'm the sponge, the tight-wad, the cheat. Well—I didn't exactly understand. I do now. And I'm going."

He gave one deep, long look into Gillette's startled eyes, and without a word or a look at any of them he strode, huge and inexorable, from the crowded, glittering room.

The only one of them not smitten speechless was the vivid young lady. "What perfectly delicious *gaucherie!* Wasn't he like a big statue? But what did he mean?"

The cynic, too, rose, grinning to himself as if well pleased in his verifications. "No, not *gaucherie—verité.* An honest man! Thanks for a great evening Gillette—but the stimulating member of your party has gone, and I, too, will go." And he left.

It was adroit of Gillette to say, as he helped Aggie into the auto where at last she could hide her humiliation and anger: "Perhaps he's not used to champagne? Ah, then, it may have got hold of him—probably he thought he'd better get into the air. No one will think any the worse of him, you know. A fellow like him can do anything he wants, and he'll look convincing." Otherwise, adeptly, he reassured her about the one thing he knew was uppermost in her agitated mind—the appearances.

AS FOR Mark, he walked the long miles home, and his mood grew no lighter as he walked. But the thought upon which he now dwelt with such concentration was not the party, or the restaurant, or even Gillette; it was Aggie—that strange Aggie, so unlike the one he knew. so unnatural and hectic—he even did not want to see that Aggie again. He did not even love that one. So he tried hard to believe. They were farther apart that night than the cross-town space between his home and her refined boarding-house.

But love is not displaced so easily. Also it works miracles sometimes more curious than creditable.

In the morning—late, after a night's sleeplessness, Mark got up in yet another and still more unusual mood. And first of all it took him to the phone. The phone was at the drug-store two blocks away, and he almost ran.

Aggie had an aunt in Elizabeth, and sometimes she went over there of a Sunday. Mark knew there would be no trip to the Zoo to-day, but if she thought of slipping away from him and taking her anger to the aunt in Elizabeth, he must see her before she left. He must say certain things.

The landlady answered the phone. Miss Aggie had already gone away, but if he, Mark, called, he was to be informed that she was visiting her aunt, and wouldn't be home till evening.

So, then, she was deeply wounded and humiliated. He could appreciate that now. It was one of the things he meant to say, because Mark was big enough to say he was sorry. And he was sorry, not that he had left the party, but for the manner of leaving. He knew how she felt about anything conspicuous.

AND, besides, he had left her to the consolations of young Gillette—who would jump at the chance, with that smooth, solicitous way of his. For one moment the thought came to him that perhaps she had not gone to Elizabeth, but was somewhere with him. But no, she was the soul of truth, she would not deceive him. He did believe that.

And suddenly he was possessed of a great, eager desire to try to please that very Aggie whom last night he thought he did not even love—the ambitious, culture-seeking Aggie, whose ambitions now wore for him the guise of ideals. Maybe he was wrong about this thing—and maybe that cynical artist-chap was just a sore-head and an exaggerator. And maybe he, Mark, had not been without envy last night. Suppose he gave this culture-business a really fair tryout?

It was the age-old primitive male in him, wanting to please the beloved female, to pour in her lap the baubles she wants, and for her sake to see the baubles as true and real. And this desire is never diminished when there is a rival ready and eager to offer the same gifts.

He'd begin at once. He'd go to lectures with her, to organ-recitals; he'd look in antique-windows; he'd learn these cultivated things. And here was Sunday before him—he wouldn't even wait for her; he'd start in alone, now.

And then that busy sub-mind of his enunciated again from its mysterious regions. It brought out a word which only it, and not his real super-mind, had gathered up last evening. That word was *Rodins.* Only his sub-mind spelled it Ro-dans.

That was it—he'd go to the Museum and see the Ro-dans. The sun should not set on his ignorance of whatever those darned things were.

He did not know that as he journeyed on the bus-top up the Avenue, Aggie was in Gillette's automobile, across on the Jersey shore.

He would have liked to stay hours in front of—and all around—the "Mares of Diomedes." But he tore himself away, and even past the "Age of Bronze"—whose title he did not read—and went on up to make a conscientious tour of the picture-galleries. For was he not on the trail of those Ro-dans? You might have thought his willingness to accept everything as beautiful was pathetic, but I think it was beautiful to be so trustful of the Museum.

And he was enjoying himself enormously. In front of some of the pictures he quite thrilled—I shall not say which pictures, not meaning to compromise him; and that is not the point, anyhow. The point was his capacity for thrilling at all. With that capacity, one may learn to love. Without it, all is tinkling brass. Mark already loved art and beauty and culture, but nobody knew it—he did not know it himself.

He was standing before a large canvas when he felt a touch on his sleeve. He turned about and confronted—of all people in the world — little Jackie, of the Blodgett-Gavvers.

"Good Lord!" he said.

Jackie grinned his wide, slow grin, and waved his hand in the direction of the canvas. "Do you like it?" he asked.

"Why, I don't know." Jackie showed no surprise at seeing him in a picture-gallery, and somehow that pleased Mark. "Do you?" he asked.

"I like some others better."

"Say, Jackie, do you come here a lot?"

"Most every Sunday."

"Do you? I'm just beginning. Say, I'm awful glad to run on to you, Jackie. I wonder if you'd go with me to see the Ro-dans?"

"The Rodins? Rather! I put in most of my time with them. Come on down-stairs."

"Oh—are there pictures down-stairs? I thought the guard said——"

Jackie paused and glanced at Mark. "Oh," he said, without a tinge of amusement or even surprise, "the Rodins are sculptures, Mark. He did statues. You'll like 'em better than pictures when you see 'em, though. I'm mighty glad you *don't* know 'em—there's something coming to you, and I'll love to help you get it. You're out for the real things, you are."

AND, somehow, he had such a friendly, open way of saying this, Mark was not even embarrassed. Yes, he did like Jackie, from the first day he came to the Blodgett-Gavvers! Jackie was a friend, he was.

Group by group, from the foot of the gallery to the top, the big giant and the little verse-maker made their slow way. Sometimes, as Jackie unfolded with his phrases of love and comprehension the beauties of these carvings, other people stopped to listen, and also learned. Mark did not even know there were other people. He knew that he was learning undreamed things—learning them from one who really knew, because the love of them for themselves was in his heart, and not for the prestige his knowledge would gain.

Little Jackie, too, was unaware of the other listeners. And so, past the great bronze "Adam" and the "Eve," he brought Mark to the culminating marble, the "Hand of God."

He unfolded to Mark the miracles within it: the music that was in the lines of the beautiful pure limbs, the poetry that was the marvelous oneness of these two innocent beings inseparable and yet distinct, each at the threshold of a separate life, yet each to live for the other, and having nothing, yet having everything—each other.

"So!" said Mark slowly. "The 'Hand of

(*Continued on page 105*)

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There was no particular reason why he should look out of the window, and Leslie reached for the buffer and began to polish her nails.

John R. Fires an Expert

By William H. Hamby

Illustrated by Wilson C. Dexter

JOHN R. WATTS, president of the Western Trading Company, took the armful of letters from his box and piled them on the writing-table in the post-office lobby. As he culled through them, laying aside the more important ones, a rumpled individual, who looked as though he might have just got out from an influenza quarantine, after an absence of two weeks from his wardrobe, brought a single letter from the general-delivery window and leaned on the end of the table while he read it. John R., scowlingly reading a letter postmarked Mineral Wells, Texas, and signed Ben Hilman, did not notice the one-letter man.

John R. wore a Prince Albert coat, a wide-brimmed soft hat, and weighed two hundred and twenty-five without being fat. He might have posed for a whisky drummer, a Western gunman, a Southern colonel, an auctioneer or a Congressman. But that he did not pose at all was evidenced by the readiness of strangers to share their kicks with him.

"If that wouldn't make you sore!" The rumpled individual was angrily crushing the letter in his hands. "If there is anything that makes me mad, it's a damn fool who answers the wrong questions."

John R. looked up at his wrathful neighbor. "Stranger," he said feelingly, "I never open my mail that something doesn't make me sore." He saw that the fellow had clear, straight gray eyes and a smooth, well-cut chin.

"I left my trunk," the young man explained, seeing John R's interest, "with a storage company in Denver. A month ago I wrote them to send it to El Paso. Three days later I wired them if it was not already shipped, to send it to Santa Fé. I've been trying ever since to discover *where* they shipped it. And here the blithering fools reply:

"Our records show that your trunk was shipped October twenty-fifth, as per instructions. We are sorry if it has failed to reach you, etc."

John R. gave a grunt of understanding. He got letters every day that answered the wrong question—or none at all.

"I have never known but three people who could write letters," remarked the stranger.

"Who were they?" Nothing interested John R. more than letters. Most of his business started by mail.

"One was a girl who worked in a kodak shop; the other is now a millionaire."

"And the third?" asked John R.

"Has lost his trunk," replied the stranger, frowning.

"And his job and his temper?" queried John R.

"Temporarily." The fellow smiled in spite of his grouch.

The president of the Western Trading Company began to bunch up his letters. "I wish you would drop around to the Pine Tree Hotel at eight o'clock this evening and ask for John R. Watts. I'd like to talk to you."

JOHN R. was sitting with his feet in the window, a big black cigar pointed at the ceiling, when there came one distinct knock at his door. That was the man of the lost trunk. Other people knocked two or three times.

"Come in," he called without stirring. "Have a chair, Mr. Roderick—Clem V. Roderick, isn't it?" John R. had looked him up.

"Yes." The young man nodded.

A grin wrinkled John R's large face. "After talking with you this morning, I got to looking into our correspondence. I'm afraid some of the letters we send out are as bad as some we get."

"Fully," Roderick nodded with conviction. "I've seen a few of them."

"What is the matter with them?" This was interesting to John R.

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"No other slang expression ever coined conveys so much as the saying—'He is all there,'" replied the young man. "That means that he gets what you say and considers it for exactly what it is worth. In its reply to letters, the Western Trading Company is not 'all there.'"

John R. cleared his throat, ran his hands into his trousers pockets, and puffed meditatively toward the ceiling. "I guess you've hit the nail on the head all right. I'm no good at letters. I'm like a stump speaker—lots better on foot than with a pen in hand. Out on a trade I'm as fluent as a Chautauqua lecturer; but when I go to dictate a letter my mind balks like a one-eyed mule with the malaria. I've had a notion for a good while I was losing a lot of money on account of the way the office end of my business is run. But I don't know what to do about it. Two months ago I put in Joe Collins, who recommended himself most highly." John R. grimmed as he puffed his cigar. "Joe led me to believe he was the correspondence wonder of the world. But I can't see much difference." A frown wrinkled his big, rough face.

"The idea of a business letter," remarked Roderick, "is to let a three-cent stamp save a railroad ticket and a week's salary. In a business office there are usually just two faults with the correspondence: the way the letters that come in are read, and the way those that go out are written. Letter-reading is fully as important as letter-writing. Few men read their letters—that is, understandingly. If their eyes don't skip, their minds do. To read a letter intelligently you must know not only what the writer says, but why he says it; what he tried to say and why he could not say it; and what he left out and why he did it."

John R. shook his head guiltily. "I admit I'm no letter sharp like that. Wish I had somebody that was."

"Teach your office force to do it. I got a jolt a long time ago that taught me to really read letters." Roderick twisted his mouth wryly. "I had an old uncle in Indiana who used to write the most disjointed recital of the pip among the chickens, the glanders in the horses, and the sickness among Sally's relatives.

"ONE day I got one of these long rambling letters, read about half-way through, skipped the rest, and wrote him my usual dry-rot sort of cheer-up reply." Roderick rubbed his jaw with his left hand and looked ruefully at Watts. "I discovered afterward the last three lines of that letter asked me to come over and help the old gentleman make out his will. He wanted to leave me a thousand-acre farm. He died two weeks later without the will being made."

John R. laughed. "I wonder if I've lost any farms like that." He had just been thinking of that three-hundred-thousand-dollar Hilman ranch in Texas, and wondering if that would get away from him. He had done his best, so had Joe Collins, to get Hilman to show at least a glimmer of interest in the alfalfa land up by Sacramento. If he could only get the old crank to come to see it!

"I don't know whether you have lost any farms," replied Roderick, "but you probably have lost the price of several."

"Say—" John R. straightened up and thrust his large head forward as when clinching a bargain. "You take the job of teaching my people to write good business letters."

"I don't know whether it could be done." The young man's blue eyes squinted speculatively. "But I could teach them not to write such blamed bad letters—and," he grinned, "I can teach them to read what letters they get."

"That will help," said John R. with relief. "I'll start you in at twenty-five a week."

"Fifty," corrected Roderick.

John R. hesitated. "Better start in at the bottom and work up."

"I've already worked up," said the crumpled young man with the uncrushed eyes. "All I need is to find an employer who is 'all there.'"

"All right." John R. grinned again. "I'm there. Go to it your own way, in your own time. But don't forget, as I said to Joe Collins, that a fifty-dollar man is fired twice as quick as a twenty-five-dollar man if he does not make good."

"And kept twice as long if he does," added Roderick.

II

LESLIE MARTIN hung her coat and hat—a handsome coat and a becoming hat—in the closet and went to the desk railed off at one end of the outer office. She gave merely a glance at the pile of letters on her desk; reached in the drawer to the right, took out a powder-puff and touched a spot at either end of her pink mouth—there was an interesting quirk in each corner; relocated the hairpins in her soft brown hair; and then in a very abstract, impersonal way sat for five minutes polishing her nails with a buffer.

This was not vanity, but rebellion. Even as a poor, long-legged, scraggly little kid, whenever Leslie got thoroughly mad at the way the world was being run, she used to go put on her Sunday dress. It was a ten-cent calico then, but it was her one defiant fling at Fate.

Leslie could fight if she had to. Since she was twelve years old she had earned her daily bread and annual raiment by hard work. She had saved enough, working in a kodak shop at eight dollars a week, to take a business course. This was when she was eighteen. She had been a stenographer now for six years, and a good one. She had worked up to about the best position in town—head stenographer for John R. Watts, at thirty dollars a week, and had taken a vast delight in the nice things that thirty dollars would buy, but an even keener pride in the importance of her job. She really was handling most of the Western Trading Company's business, and had a hovering, quivering sort of anticipation of being made secretary.

But that was before Joe Collins came and took possession of the office to the left and about everything else around the establishment. The worst of it was, Leslie could not specify any real grievance. There was nothing for her to fight about. John R. had a right to employ Collins to dictate his letters. And Joe was friendly enough to her—friendlier than she liked.

It was just—she bit her lip and gave the thumb nail a final harsh rub with the buffer—that she felt sort of shabby in her spirits. The glory had gone out of her work.

Collins never magnified anybody's job but his own. Since his arrival she had become a sort of corresponding janitress whose business it was to keep the mail cleaned up. Joe conveyed the impression that she was a very kiddable young woman, but congenitally lacking in intellectual pep.

The Western Trading Company was a peculiar and prosperous concern, built up around the genius of John R. Watts for barter. It handled anything anywhere. It bought and sold on occasion, but most of its business was the exchange on commission of the property of one dissatisfied mortal for that of a worse dissatisfied mortal. It would trade a bankrupt stock of dry-goods in Iowa for a cotton-gin in Texas—or the location of a beauty-parlor in San Diego for a patent quilting-frame in Nashville. It had for exchange ranches that pastured forty thousand head of sheep, and others that could be entirely shaded by two fig-trees, a grape-vine or an umbrella.

Leslie was not only head of the six stenographers, but as the company's diplomat and information bureau she had charge of the outer office.

When Clem V. Roderick sauntered in about ten o'clock she gave him a classifying look. There were two kinds of men—those who kidded and those who kicked. "And," she often shrewdly soliloquized, "those who kid outside the ring, kick inside it." But this rumpled-looking stranger with the gray eyes did not seem to fit the usual classifications.

She put up her hand to relocate a hairpin. Her hair was the sort that a girl does not have to keep her hands off of.

"Is Mr. Watts in?" asked Roderick.

"No, he has just stepped out. Is there anything we can do for you?"

The young man slid into a chair as though to consider her question. His clothes appeared tired, and there was an impersonal look in his eyes as though he speculated in space rather than merchandise.

Leslie wondered whether he wanted to trade for a second-hand book-store or sell a bee-ranch.

"I wrote to the company some time ago," remarked the young man, looking indifferently over the stenographer's dark head at a picture of the girl who uses Zazo tooth-paste, "about a whale-boat."

"I don't recall the letter," said Leslie, "but I'll look it up in the files."

"No," the young man shook his head wearily and shifted his eyes to the window. "Needn't bother; the boat sank last week."

"Too bad. Was it yours?"

"No," he shook his head.

There was no particular reason why he should look out the window, and Leslie gave a comprehensive shrug, and reached for the buffer and began to polish her nails.

"I told them all about it in my letter." The young man rose nonchalantly. "The boat belonged to a millionaire in Frisco who kidnaped his stenographer and took her on a long cruise. Is Mr. Collins in?"

"That's his office," she nodded to the left.

After the door closed the buffer moved more and more slowly across her third fingernail. Leslie was vacillating between curiosity and suspicion. "I wonder if he was kidding," she speculated. But in a moment she went at the letter-files.

"Hello," Collins called over his shoulder as Roderick entered. He was making

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entries in a book of trade offers. "Have a chair. I'll be through here in a minute." He had not looked around.

"So will I," replied Roderick, who stood with his back to the door.

Collins dropped his pen and turned. "Why, what's the rush, old scout?"

Collins had curly hair and a talkative disposition. He knew men at a glance. He was sorry he had turned around, for this one was no great shakes—no style, no snap.

"What can we do for you?" Joe shed his brisk blandness on the unworthy as well as the rich.

"About six weeks ago—" Roderick still stood by the door—"I wrote you a letter of inquiry about a farm——"

"Oh, yes. You want a farm where you can raise stock—one with running water and good outbuildings, that you can buy on a small payment." Collins was one of these premature persons who always know what one is going to say before it is said. Saved lots of time that way.

Roderick shook his head. "No, it was a ginseng farm I wanted to trade for a duck ranch. You never answered the letter."

Collins shook his head. "I never saw it. Some of the rest must have got it."

"No," the young man replied. "I addressed it to you personally. I got your name from a girl you used to know—she's still in love with you. I told you about her in the letter, but I have forgotten her name."

"Let's see," Joe Collins rubbed his forehead in a businesslike gesture. "What did I say about the farm in my reply?"

"You said—

"Dear Sir—Yours of the twelfth received and contents noted. Your proposition shall have our best attention.

"I thought from the reply," finished Roderick, "perhaps you had missed the part in my letter about the girl—and the ginseng; and that you mistook me for a mail-order subscription agency."

Roderick was smiling as he left the office. "They will get acquainted with the letter-files anyway," he said to himself. "Curiosity is first cousin to correspondence."

III

JOHN R. WATTS went into the office at the left to wait for Joe Collins. John R. always was the first down. Usually he brought the mail from the post-office, ran through it, and was gone before the office force arrived. Most of the correspondence he left to Miss Martin and Joe Collins. Those letters which required his personal attention he laid to one side and scrawled in a big bold hand on the envelope or a loose sheet of paper, what he wanted said.

But this morning there was a matter to be discussed personally. He was walking the office with a letter in his hand—your born trader can not sit still—when Collins came in.

"Joe, what about this Hilman trade?" Underneath John R's story-telling good-humor was an unexpected aggressiveness that sometimes broke suddenly.

"Why, I don't know." Collins was a little wary of that tone. "Isn't it coming on all right?"

"It isn't coming on at all." John R. frowned, and continued to walk the office rapidly, his heels whacking the floor like horses' hoofs on a bridge.

"You need to save breath more than anything else."

"This is the biggest thing we ever had. It means a clear hundred thousand, if it goes through; and I'm sure if I could get Hilman to come and look at the alfalfa land, I could put it across. But we haven't got him interested enough even to turn in the saddle when we shoot. We've been firing letters at him for three months, and that's how much interest we have stirred up." He flung the letter on the desk. Collins picked it up and read, slightly abashed:

Gentlemen—In reply to your recent communication, Mr. Hilman requests me to say that he is very busy just now; but later, perhaps, he may consider your proposition, and if he becomes interested in it will communicate with you.

Resp., Ben Hilman,
per J. L. Wise.

"I thought," remarked John R., his eyes narrowing until the wrinkles showed around them, "that when you recommended yourself to me, one of your long suits was to *make 'em pay attention.* I believe you told me you could write a business letter that would make a blind man learn the raised alphabet just to get to read it."

Joe squirmed a little. A fellow does not like to have his past professions quoted to him. "Naturally, of course, Mr. Watts, I can not handle all of the Western Trading Company's correspondence. Leslie does a great deal of it without consulting me. Now, I wouldn't say one word against Leslie for anything in the world—she's one peach of a little girl—and she's a right good stenographer. But believe me, she can't write a business letter. I've been trying to coach her, but——"

"Well," cut in John R., "there's something wrong around here somewhere. I don't know what it is, but I know what it costs. I'm spending a pile of money advertising — and I get lots of replies; but an inquiry ain't worth a ding-busted sou if it don't lead to a trade. And it's worth a thundering sight less than nothing if it sends me or one of my men on a false scent seven hundred miles to look at a flea-bitten forty acres, listed at twenty thousand dollars."

With that John R. strode out of the office, the tails of his Prince Albert coat flapping warningly.

Leslie sat down at her desk with a "my goodness" shrug at the pile of letters to be answered. John R. had pawed over them like an overfed horse mussing a bundle of oats. It was not the work—she could dictate a smooth, correct letter, and could turn off a lot of work in a day. But Leslie considered it her main job merely to keep up with the correspondence—that is, to see that every letter was promptly answered and correctly filed. And an auditor of correspondence—if there is one—could not have found any fault with her there. But she read the letters in a routine way and replied from a stock vocabulary—a sort of barrel of pickled business phrases—and she had no enthusiasm for it. That was why John R. had come to realize that he was not getting the right results from his office department, and had brought in Joe Collins, who had recommended himself as the correspondence wonder of the West.

As Leslie reached for the buffer again, Joe Collins came out of his office and leaned on the rail.

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"Hello, little one." Leslie was five foot six and weighed one hundred and twenty-eight—not nearly big enough to enjoy being called little one. "You're looking as good as sweet cider this morning," went on Collins; "you sure know how to do your hair, girlie."

"Yes, I know several things that are not written down in the books." Leslie did not even look up from polishing her nails.

"Say"— Joe could see when his kidding was beginning to skid—"the old man was in this morning, clawing the air over some letters you had written. I'm afraid there might have been a little chair in the front office vacant if I hadn't stood up for you. I put in every good word I could and promised I'd show you how to write 'em hereafter.

"Here's the idea." Joe threw out his right hand with a giving gesture. "We get an awful lot of junk here. To get results we've got to cull out the long, rambling stuff and concentrate on the people that really mean business. In business you've got to know who and what counts and let the rest go hang.

"Now, I know men—know 'em from the ground up. I know what they want to say when they don't say it; I know what they are trying to say before they get started—I can read the first five lines in a letter and tell all the rest. In the future, we got to work together more. I'll take all the important letters and tell you how to shape up the reply."

"I suppose," said Leslie, "we'll discharge John R. altogether."

"Now, little one," said Collins wheedlingly, "don't get huffy. This is for your own good—I'm trying to save your job."

The mention of her job was a sore point to Leslie. She lifted her brown eyes for a moment—and they looked black. "You need to save breath more than anything else."

And Collins, badly peeved, went back into his office. As he sat down, he slapped his desk with the palms of his pink hand. "That's gratitude for you. Ain't that just like a woman!"

LESLIE'S lips shut tighter and her hand moved with little angry jerks as she unfolded the letters. One she found unopened. It was adressed to her personally. The square envelope looked interesting, but the letter-head was a disappointment. It was from one of those "Buy Diamonds on Credit" concerns. It was a long typewritten letter which began:

> Don't you want a diamond? Haven't you always had a secret longing to possess a beautiful stone; and have never felt able to gratify that desire?

Leslie read the first two paragraphs, wadded the letter up and flung it into the waste-basket, saying disgustedly: "And so forth, and so forth and so on. Oh, yes, I know you, all right. No ten-dollar-a-month instalments for me."

At three o'clock the telephone rang sharp and long.

"Is this Martin?" It was a long-distance call. "This is Openyar & Strauss, Diamond Merchants," said an aggressive voice. "Did you get our letter this morning?"

"Oh, yes," drawled Leslie. "I got it all rightie."

"Well, why in the dickens haven't you called us up?" This was a man who "kicked." "We have waited all day for that information."

"What information?" Leslie was getting interested.

"What information?" bawled the wire. "What information? And you got our letter! *Good night!*"

Leslie hung up the receiver angrily, but immediately scouted into the waste-paper basket and unrolled that rumpled letter. There, on the second page, after all the preamble about diamonds, was this:

> We are very anxious to get confidential information about J. C. Myers of your city. If you will go to your banker and ascertain if he is in good financial standing, and telephone us before noon, Thursday, we will make you a present of a lovely two-carat diamond.

Leslie put her hand up to her hair and then rubbed her forehead between her eyes with the ends of her fingers, as though hunting for wrinkles. "Well, of all the—luck!"

THE next morning among the letters to the Western Trading Company marked for Leslie to answer was one written with a pencil on cheap note-paper. It was in the cramped scrawl of an illiterate farmer—one of the rambling sort that mixes personal details and family troubles into a business letter:

> dear sur, i got forty akers and a cane mill and 9 head of sheep—an a rite smart sprinklin' of fence posts and some barbed wire, i been stayin' with my sister-in-law but she aint such a hell of a good cook. if i can trade for a grocery store, I been thinkin of—

Leslie quit there and dictated a reply:

> DEAR SIR—We have listed your farm for trade. Am sending you a list of grocery stores for exchange. If you will indicate the one that you prefer, we will begin negotiations.
>
> Sincerely yours,
> THE WESTERN TRADING COMPANY,
> per L. M.

Two days later Miss Leslie found on the top of the pile of letters a sheet bearing the same ignorant scrawl, and penciled across the top in John R's most aggressive hand:

"What does this mean? Don't you read the letters before you answer them? What are you paid for?"

An angry flush burned up into Leslie's face. It was the first time she had been called down like that. She was angry—worse, she was mad. She would quit—that was what she would do.

But she read the ignorant fellow's reply:

> dear sur, ain't you got no sense. i didn't say nuthin' about your tradin' my farm for a grocery store, i think you better get somebuddy to ans your letters that noes oats when their head is in the sack.

After thinking it over, Leslie decided to let her coat and hat still hang in the closet. She knew of no other place she could get thirty a week—or even twenty. She turned through the files to the original letter and read it through. At the end the fellow had not asked them to trade his farm, but wanted the address of some widow who was a good housekeeper and might be willing to marry him, if he did trade his farm for a grocery store.

She wrote a note of apology to the farmer, gave him the addresses of three widows who were not opposed to matrimony, and then proceeded with the rest of the mail.

About three o'clock Roderick sauntered in. She did not know his name, and if it hadn't been for his eyes she would not have recognized him as the same man who had asked the other day about the whaleboat. He wore a new suit of rough tweed, a checked cap and a very becoming tie. The smile of his gray eyes made his "Good afternoon" a real salutation.

"I would like to trade an automobile for a little farm somewhere," announced the stranger, slipping restfully into a chair.

"We have a lot of farms." Leslie put up her left hand to push a hairpin a little deeper into the soft coil, while she reached with her right for a list of farms and began to read:

"Here's a forty-acre farm in northern Arkansas, three-room house, twenty acres in cultivation. A twenty-acre place in Colorado. A fifty-acre tract in Texas."

Roderick waved his hand disparagingly. "Don't they ever have any interesting farms? Are they all merely forty acres and a fence? You'd think that once in a while somebody would write in and tell you something interesting about his farm—that it has an old oaken bucket, or a sweet-gum tree in the front yard on which a Bald Knobber had been hung. They might even say a spring bubbles up out of the sand, or the meadow-larks build nests in the fence-corners. An automobile is right interesting." He shook his head whimsically. "I don't want to trade it for a mere patch of dirt or rocks."

"I don't blame you." She had leaned her elbow on the list and rested her chin in her hand, an eager look in the brown eyes. He had touched her secret ambition—or one of them. He had plucked at the hem of a vision that had hovered around her few idle hours.

"I don't blame you," she repeated. "If I had an automobile, I would not trade it for the best farm in Arkansas. If one is right careful," an estimating look came into her eyes, "how much does it cost a month to keep up a car?"

There followed a most animated and fascinating discussion of little cars and bigger ones—of economical cars and handsome ones.

Much of our ambition is made up of what we have not had. Leslie had walked a lot in her life and had never had anything that looked like riches. How she longed to be the one at the wheel and say—"Won't you have a ride with me?"

The young man smiled at her enthusiasm. "Now, if you had a car to trade, you could write an interesting letter about it."

She nodded. "I think I could."

"A good business letter," he observed, "ought to tell something interesting—interesting to the man who gets it. I used to be secretary to an oil company in Oklahoma," he remarked, "and some of the letters I got were so dry they would curl the hair on a bald man's head. They told everything except what we wanted to know. We had to discover that by accident. And we had to read the letters with both eyes open to do it. One of the most important things in business is to know what the other fellow means and wants."

Leslie smoothed the corner of her mouth

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with the tips of her fingers. There was really a fetching little quirk at the corner of her lips.

"What would you say to that letter?" She handed him one she had been about to answer when he came in.

He read it swiftly but carefully. A man in southern Nebraska wanted to trade his farm and stock for a small piece of land somewhere in a warm climate.

"The most important thing in that letter is there," he pointed to a casual sentence: "'I want to trade all the stock with the farm, except ten head of sheep.' That ten head of sheep is your cue. He likes sheep. Offer to trade him a farm that you can play up as the long-lost home for sheep."

"Say—" Leslie's brown eyes looked admiration—"you are some business sharp, aren't you? That is just what I'll do."

"You know," remarked Roderick casually, "I worked out a system that helped me a lot both in answering letters and referring to them afterward. As I started to read a letter I had at hand a blank like this"—he quickly outlined one on a sheet of paper—

"1. Who is he?

"2. What does he want to know?

"3. What does he want?

"4. What does he offer?

"After I had read the letter through, I filled in the answers to those questions. That guided me in replying. And then I pinned this answer sheet to the letter before I filed it."

IV

LESLIE sat tapping her white teeth with the butt of her fountain pen as she studied a letter. It was one of the forty or fifty "less important" ones which Joe Collins had dumped on her desk for her to answer.

This was one of those long, involved communications, dictated by a man who seemed to forget every few minutes what he intended to say, and think of something else. Questions were scattered all the way through it like cockleburrs in a cotton-field.

She reached for one of the question blanks, which she had had typed from the rough sketch left on her desk that morning by Roderick. Under the heading—"What does he want to know?" she jotted down his inquiries as she came to them. The letter went rambling along:

I don't know whether we will want anything to do with Thompson building or not. I'll see Daniels to-morrow and if they are still thinking of the trade, how much do you want as commission for handling it? And will you see Davis or had I better write him? The offer I got from the other people seemed fair enough, but I'm not satisfied that Burton will stick to his agreement. Wasn't he mixed up in that Utah deal? etc., etc.

"Well, of all the splatter!" Leslie ejaculated to herself. "That man's brain must look like a scrambled egg." But she went earnestly at it. For two weeks she had enjoyed her work in spite of Joe Collins. She had discovered that business correspondence is something more than keeping the letters cleaned up and all marked "answered." It had become a sort of game with her to see what was really in them. This question form which she had been filling out and pinning to all the longer letters had aroused a curiosity which gave zest to her work.

When she had worked her way all through the letter, she called one of the stenographers and

"Get your saddle and bridle and hit the trail fast," John R. ordered.

dictated a reply from the question form she had carefully filled. It helped as much in replying as reading, for the grouping of the questions gave an orderliness and clearness to the answers.

A few days later she got a letter signed by the same man, addressed to "Per L. M.:"

You certainly read my letter. You did not miss a question. But your reply sounded like extracts from the United States Census report. Don't you ever think anything interesting?

Leslie tore that into bits. It was a personal letter and she had a right to. She threw the bits angrily into the waste-paper basket. Somebody was trying to kid her. She guessed it was Joe Collins.

The same sort of thing happened a little later. A shoemaker, evidently a foreigner, wrote from Riverside that he wanted to trade his shop for something "that he could make a living at." After two letters in which she suggested several small businesses they had for trade, he wrote:

Aw—I couldn't make no living at them businesses. It makes me tired just to read about them. Do strawberries and prunes taste alike to you?

Leslie was fighting mad. She had wasted all that time and effort. She would let Joe Collins know what she thought of his funny business.

With head up and eyebrows arched, she walked into his room and tossed the letter on his desk. "I thought you had been a shoemaker," she said cuttingly. "I hope your soles aren't as bad as your jokes."

Joe was puzzled and perturbed. But the letter she left—that was a call-down for her, wasn't it, though! He felt, as a loyal employee, he must show it to John R. The boss would see why they did not get results in all cases. Of course, he'd beg John R. not to fire Leslie. Good kid—doing the best she could. But for heaven's sake, don't blame me with her work—etc., etc.

Leslie grew suspicious of all the mail, for that pest did not stop. Instead, he sent in sometimes two or three letters in one morning. They came from everywhere—and about everything. And after she had done her best to work up the trade suggested, there was always a come-back about the sort of letter she was writing. Sometimes it was a compliment. Oftener it was some comment on letter-writing. It made her furious, but she grudgingly confessed there was more sense in these retorts than she had credited to Joe Collins. She grew to be afraid to write any of the old pat business phrases for fear of a sarcastic come-back.

Leslie was working harder than she had ever worked in her life, and John R. gave her more frowns and shook his head more and more over the office business. She had almost forgotten her ambitions in a desperate effort merely to hold her job.

"If I can't earn thirty a week here, where I know the business, where could I earn forty?" Leslie had really got into the question habit lately.

The last week in April, John R. was out of town. He had gone half across the continent to look over a stock of merchandise that was offered in trade for an Arizona ranch. Joe Collins was also away for three days. Leslie had all the mail to answer. She got one letter from Texas that made her very suspicious. It looked to her like another sell. It read:

Western Trading Company:

GENTLEMEN—What the hell do I care about your alfalfa land? I've got three hundred thousand acres of the best grazing-land in Texas. I may sell out; but your pocket-handkerchief patch of rube-whisker land around Sacramento wouldn't interest me.

BEN HILMAN.

(Continued on page 108)

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The Queerest Thing in the World

By Alfred Sinclair Clark

Decorations by C. B. Falls

Not even the giraffe is as queer as genius.

WHAT is the queerest thing in the world? It all depends upon the point of view. The Germans thought nothing could be queerer than the reluctance of other peoples to invite them right into the house and then meekly stand about to receive orders. Men regard summer furs as queer; so do women regard men's bleak stiff collars. Greenwich villagers think Cape Cod natives delightfully queer; Cape Codders *know* the villagers are queer, but they emphasize it with another word beginning with "d". When you ponder about them, you realize that whiskers are queer. Relatives often are. So is a day-old calf. Even queerer than all these is a giraffe, which seems to have grown on and on like a German sentence without being able to stop. But not even the giraffe is as queer as genius.

Almost everything else that is queer can be explained. Even the giraffe. A French naturalist says that giraffes once had short necks which were inconvenient in an arid region where tender growing things were just out of reach. The giraffes stretched and stretched. Finally after several thousand years, they got the sort of neck they wanted.

Genius defies explanation. A great many wise men have said wise things about it, but they do not explain it. Heredity and environment help it to grow, but they can not create it. If they could, the son of Mary Arden and John Shakespeare would have been a butcher and the son of Elizabeth Browning might have written "Hamlet."

Nor can education make genius. When Jean Chapelain was a little boy, his mother decided to make him a great poet. Dante and Homer were to go into eclipse. For twenty years Chapelain worked over an epic. They get excited over things like that in France, and all Paris fermented with joy. But the poem was merely dull. To-day Chapelain lives only as a melancholy example of what education can not do.

The rarity of genius is another queer thing about it. It is the radium of the mental world. If you could find one genius to every 99,999,999 who were not, it would be rare enough. That would give us seventeen or eighteen geniuses living to-day. But the person who could name that many might be safely classed as an optimist. It makes the Brontë case extraordinary. One genius would have been astonishing to that remote parsonage on the Yorkshire moors. Yet here lived two sisters, both of them so touched with the divine fire that even to-day people wonder which was the greater.

Genius is a dangerously fascinating subject to novel-writers. Usually the attempt to create one ends in dismal failure. The novelist tells you over and over that his hero is a genius. This is helpful information; yet one wonders why it is that these geniuses so seldom do or say anything remarkable.

A notable exception is found among the new books in the musician who is the hero of Romer Wilson's "Martin Schuler" (Holt). He is a hero without a conventional virtue. But this ought not to make him unpopular as he is a German. A lovable German hero nowadays would be as great a shock as a handsome rhinoceros.

You don't want to admit that *Martin Schuler* was a genius. You don't like the things he does. He used every one who could help him, men who gave him money and adulation, women who gave him love. He turned callously from them when they had no more to give. He had been kind to let them give their all to him. Despicable as you think him, however, there is such power and brilliance in the story that you must admit the hero was a genius.

You first see *Martin* in Heidelberg, where he dreamed among unpretentious folk, like the *Lili* whom he tossed aside as a child flings away a used toy, like the dying poet *Werner* whom he patronized. In Leipsic *Martin* won fame and renown by pandering to the grosser public taste. Then he climbed to the greater pinnacles of Berlin, after kicking himself free from the bothersome worship of *Hella* and *Steinbach* who had ceased to be necessary to him. Like Byron and Goethe, he needed feminine inspiration. In Berlin he found *Sophie*. *Martin* was not treacherous in his love-affairs. "I forgot Hella von Rosenthal as easily as a fledgling forgets its mother," he said to *Sophie*. "I may forget you." *Sophie* rather liked this superman way of wooing and she assured him that everything he did was right.

"Martin Schuler."

If *Martin* had not been a genius, he night have basked happily in the sunshine of popular favor. But at the height of his career, he remembered the youth who had gazed out of a high window upon the quaint old town of Heidelberg. He had had great thoughts then; he had lived in kinship with Wagner and the masters. He saw his success for what it was, a thing of tawdry tinsel.

He ran away to the Black Forest, where there welled within him the unexplainable uprush of genius, the strange inspiration that seemed to dictate his music. It came from a force in the middle of his brows, so mighty that it pained him. And yet he could not stop. Once he wrote feverishly for twenty hours on end. He was a man possessed. He hardly knew good work from bad; he was a creator and not a critic. "His one idea was a slow upward motion bursting at the end into a million falls."

The opera that he wrote was performed in Berlin on June first, 1914, the last night of *Martin Schuler's* life. The beauty and grandeur of his own work swept him outside himself. All of him, the evil as well as the good, the abasements and the earnestness, all were in that perfect music that tore at the hearts of those who understood. He died in the glory of his visions.

Probably one should call the book extraordinary rather than great. But it is great in this one achievement—the creation of a genius. There are several other characters in recent fiction that might be classified as geniuses but they are all pale figures beside *Martin Schuler*. More likeable, if much less real, is Johann Bojer's *Peer Holm* in "The Great Hunger" (Moffat, Yard).

Peer was a Norwegian engineer who could not be content with idleness because something relentless within him drove him on to the eternal wrestle with nature. It was "the great hunger" that pulled him out of dire poverty, made him willing to turn his back upon love and laughter and light. And it was this same force that lured him to risk his fortune and beggared him of wealth and health in middle age. Yet in this later poverty, he found the content that had been denied him in his youth.

More of a genius than *Peer* is *Tricotrin* in Leonard Merrick's "When Paris Laughed" (Dutton). He is a poet, but

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you never have great faith in his verses. He was, however, a genius in the art of living, a genius in escaping work. He is quite the gayest of all our heroes, even in the moments when he gloomily contemplates suicide, for you know that within an hour or two he will have forgotten all about his woes and that he will be launched upon some prankish rascality to sponge a dinner from a provincial editor or from a business man from Lyons intent upon seeing the gay side of Paris.

Tricotrin personifies the Latin Quarter as it was before the war. It will be a long time before laughter will ring out as of yore in that Bohemia that was so much more light-hearted and joyous than all other Bohemias. Precariously did *Tricotrin* live there. Only now and then did he succeed in wheedling a good dinner by his preposterous inventions. More often he dined glumly upon lentils and herring, or nothing at all. Always, he knew, was there a refuge for him in his uncle's factory, a position that would put real clinking coins into his pocket. Would he forsake for a mere livelihood his beloved comrades, artists all, or the laughing girls for whom he had such tempestuous if fleeting passions? He would not.

Tricotrin lived to write poetry and to dodge what practical men call work. When a real job loomed ahead of him and he thought that he would have to leave *Pitou*, *Didier* and *Lajeunie*, *Kiki*, *Yvette* and *Delphine*, no self-respecting labor union could have countenanced the hours that *Tricotrin* spent in devising fantastic shifts to avoid what seemed to him degradation. A rascal, but so naive and true to himself that you hope to meet him again.

In "The Secret City," by Hugh Walpole (Doran), the genius is *Semyonov*, a genius of evil. Here is a story of Petrograd in revolution that will have, for the sensitive reader, as much fascination as any novel of the year. It transports him to Petrograd and makes him aware of the dark forces of evil that seem to lurk under the frozen Neva; it makes him smell the pungent sea odors; it makes him see the processions that stream in sunshine and in rain, down the Nevski.

Although *Semyonov* so mysteriously dominates the story, it is *Vera* who engages your affection, very stately and beautiful, storm-tossed by contending winds of love and pity, love for big *Jerry Lawrence* and pity for the unkempt *Markovitch*. And you like little *Nina*, now tempestuously gay, now tempestuously angry, and the silent peasant who walks reassuringly now and then into the picture, "in his mild blue eyes power, wisdom, prophecy, a figure apart and symbolic."

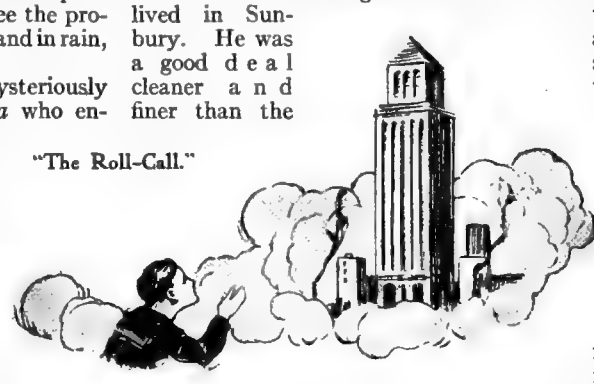
In life one does not care much about knowing sinister people. But they have a peculiar fascination in novels. *Semyonov* is one of the most luring. He is not an ordinary villain. He covets no man's property; he commits no punishable crimes. Like *Iago*, he lives to torture, to play like a cat with a mouse upon the passions and weaknesses of less able men and women.

Like many sensualists, *Semyonov* had, rather late in life, fallen desperately in love. With the death of *Marie Ivanovna*, something snapped within him. He did not want to live any longer. He wanted death. Perhaps that might bring *Marie* to him. But he was too proud for suicide. So he played with death by torturing the pitiful *Markovitch*, hinting day after day at horrible things, then soothing his victim. He knew that some day *Markovitch* would be driven to kill him. He tempted him daily. Then he would placate the man he had almost driven mad. It was a game that only a genius could have invented and played, perhaps only a Russian genius. It is amazingly done, but it is only one of many long vistas down which we gaze into the inscrutable world that is Russia, "a world of loneliness peopled only by ideas."

After roaming about among Germans, Norwegians, French and Russians, one wants to get back to people who talk English. Luckily we have two youths waiting for us to notice them, both touched with this magic finger of genius. They are *Henry Calverly, 3rd*, in Samuel Merwin's "Henry is Twenty" (Bobbs, Merrill); and *George Edwin Cannon*, in Arnold Bennett's "The Roll-Call" (Doran). *Henry* had something more than mere talent in writing short stories; *George* was a rather extraordinary architect.

One wonders whether Mr. Merwin had been reading Frederick Myers' chapter on genius before he wrote about *Henry*. Mr. Myers thought that a genius was as much greater than the normal man as the normal man was greater than a lunatic. Some people like Lombroso and Nordau, have had just the opposite idea. They thought geniuses were more like degenerates. *Henry Calverly* has the uprushes of power that Myers describes. *Henry* had two beings inside of him. People built that way have an uncomfortable time of it.

Henry was a wholesome boy, even if he did shock the Chicago commuters who lived in Sunbury. He was a good deal cleaner and finer than the people who laughed at him. They could not understand his moods, his fits of glowering anger and his radiant bursts of creative energy.



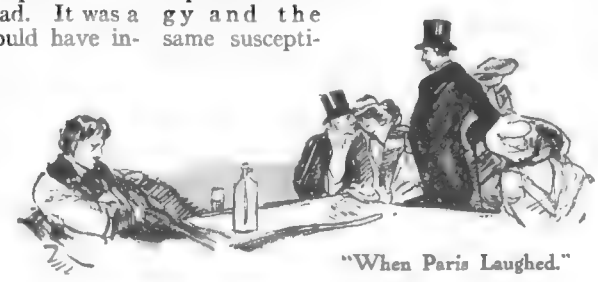
"The Roll-Call."

But *Henry* was not nearly so eccentric as some geniuses. One wonders what Sunbury would have thought of Gerard de Norval who rambled through the streets of Paris leading with a blue ribbon a live lobster.

Henry could write, especially when he was in love. *Corinne Doag* stimulated him to write a true story of the business men's picnic that led *Henry's* feet into the devious paths of country journalism. It was *Cicely Hamlin* however, who really inspired *Henry—Cicely* and unmerited disgrace.

Henry had his revenge in good measure in the biting bitter stories that he wrote to pillory all the reprobates who frowned so heavily upon him.

Arnold Bennett's latest hero had the same explosive energy and the same susceptibility to feminine attractiveness. *George Cannon*, however, could not be roused by all girls. There was *Marguerite Haim*, to whom *George* was secretly engaged, *Marguerite* was the mothering sort of girl but she had no ambition. It was preordained that the engagement should be broken.



"When Paris Laughed."

But *Lois Ingram*, exotic, passionate, given to moods of savage glumness—she inspired *George*. She was unconventional and savagely ambitious. That was what *George* liked. If *Marguerite* had sweetly suggested that he enter the competition to design the biggest town hall in the world, it would not have thrilled him. But with *Lois* it was different. She had merely to put the idea into his head and he was off impetuously.

He knew that he was too young to win, that he did not know enough about architecture. And yet he knew that he should go in for it.

The uprush of genius seized him, aged him, exhausted him. But he won, both the competition and *Lois*. And against the sky in the Midlands finally rose the tremendous building of his dreams as a boy, with the great tower, massive and supreme, his sign that he had written upon the city that was whirling

"like an atom in the icy spaces between the stars."

"The Roll-Call" is not another "Old Wives' Tale" but it is a brilliant portrayal of London and Paris life in the decade before the war, with just a glimpse of the stupendous catastrophe that plunged the world into stark tragedy.

These six stories are stimulating, novels that rouse and stir you as you read them. They will be read next year as well as this. They make you realize the unending fascination of genius.

It is the queerest thing in the world, the most unexplainable. It burns now in the mind of a tax collector's son in ancient Rome, now in a tent-maker of Persia, now in a livery keeper's son in London, now in a mixer of pills in a dreary Norwegian town.

Like the wind, it "bloweth where it listeth." It is a fire that may not be quenched, either by failure or success. And whether we know it or not, its rays light the paths of all of us.

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The BRANDING-IRON

By Katharine Newlin Burt

Illustrated by Charles Sarka

CHAPTER ELEVEN
(Continued)

JOAN opened the door and stepped out into the chill dampness of the March night. The white arc of electric light beat down upon her as she came forward and it fell as glaringly upon the figure of Pierre. He had pushed forward from the little crowd of nondescripts always waiting at a stage exit—and stood, bareheaded, just at the door of her motor drawn up by the curb. She saw him instantly and from the first their eyes met. It was a horrible moment for Joan. What it was for him, she could tell by the tense pallor of his keen, bronzed face. The eyes she had not seen for such an agony of years, the strange deep iris-colored eyes, there they were now searching her. She stopped her heart in its beating, she stopped her breath, stopped her brain. She became for those few seconds just one thought—"I have never seen you. I have never seen you." She passed so close to him that her fur touched his hand and she looked into his face with a cool, half-disdainful glitter of a smile.

"Step aside, please," she said, "I must get in." Her voice was unnaturally high and quite unnaturally precise.

Pierre said one word, a hopeless word, "Joan." It was a prayer. It should have been "Be Joan!" Then he stepped back and she stumbled into shelter.

At the same instant, another man, a man in evening dress, hastily prevented her man from closing the door.

"Miss West, may I see you home?"

Before she could speak, could do more than look, Prosper Gael had jumped in, the door slammed, the car began its whirr and they were gliding through the crowded brilliant streets.

Joan bent forward and was rocking to and fro.

"He called me 'Joan,'" she gasped over and over; "he called me 'Joan.'"

"That was Pierre?" Prosper had been forewarned by Jasper and had planned his part.

She kept on rocking, holding her hands on either side of her face.

"I must go away. If I see him again I shall die. I could never do that another time. O God! His hand touched me. He called me 'Joan' . . . I must go."

Prosper did not touch her but his voice, very friendly, very calm, had an instantaneous effect. "I will take you away."

She laughed shakily. "Again?" she asked and shamed him into silence. But after a while he began very reasonably, very patiently.

"I can take you away so that you need not be put through this unnecessary pain. I can arrange it with Morena. If Pierre sees you often enough he will be sure to recognize you. Joan, I did not deserve that 'again' and you know it. I am a changed man. If you don't know that now I have the heart of—of devotion, of service, toward you, you are indeed a blind and stupid woman. But you do know it. You must. Otherwise you wouldn't have let me come to see you as lately I have been coming."

She sat silent beside him, the long and slender hand between her face and him.

"I can take you away," he went on presently, "and keep you from Pierre until he has given up his search and has gone West again. And I can take you at once—in a day or two. Your understudy can fill your part. This engagement is almost at an end. I can make it up to Morena. After all, if we go we shall be doing Betty and him a service."

Joan flung out her hands. "Oh," she cried, "what does it matter? Of course I'll go. I'd run into the sea to escape Pierre." She leaned against the cushioned seat, rolled her head from side to side like a person in pain. "Take me away," she repeated, "I believe that if I stay I will go mad. I'll go anywhere—with any one. I will trust you again. Only take me away."

CHAPTER TWELVE
The Two-Bar Brand

PIERRE stood before the cheap bureau of his ugly hotel bedroom, turning a red slip of cardboard about in his fingers. The gas-jet sputtering above his head threw heavy shadows down on his face. It was the face of hopeless, heartsick youth, the muscles sagging, the eyes dull, the lips tight and pale. Since last night, when the contemptuous glitter of Joan's smile had fallen upon him, he had neither slept nor eaten. Jasper had joined him at the theatre exit, had walked home with him, and, while he was with the manager, Pierre's pride and reserve had held him up. Afterward he had ranged the city like a prairie-wolf, ranged it as though it had been an unpeopled desert, free to his stride. He had fixed his eyes above and beyond and walked alone in pain.

Dawn found him again in his room. What hope had sustained him, what memory of Joan, what purpose of tenderness toward her—these hopes and memories and purposes now choked and twisted him. He might have found her, his "gel," his Joan, with her dumb, loving gaze, he might have told her the story of his sorrow in such a way that she, who forgave so easily, would have forgiven even him, and he might have comforted her, holding her so, and so showing her utterly the true, unchanged, greatly changed love of his chastened heart. This girl, this love of his, whom, in his drunken, jealous madness, he had branded and driven away, he would have brought her back and tended her and made it up to her in a thousand, in ten thousand, ways.

Pierre knelt by his bed, his black head buried in the cover, his arms bent above it, his hands clenched. Out there he had never lost hope of finding her, but here in this peopled loneliness with a memory of that woman's heartless smile, he did at last despair. In a strange torturing way she had been like Joan. His heart had jumped to his mouth at first sight of her. And just there to his shoulder where her head reached, had Joan's dear black head reached too. Pierre groaned

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aloud. The picture of her was so vivid. Not in months had the reality of his "gel" come so close to his imagination. He could feel her—feel her! O God!

That was the sort of night he had spent and the next day he passed in a lethargy. He had no heart to face the future now that the great purpose of his life had failed. Holliwell's God of comfort and forgiveness forsook him. What did he want with a God when that one comrade of his lonely young human life was out there, lost by his own cruelty? Perhaps she was dead. Perhaps the wound had killed her. For all these years she might have been lying dead somewhere in the snow, under the sky. Sharp periods of pain followed dull periods of stupor. Now it was night again and a recollection of Jasper's theatre-ticket had dragged him to a vague purpose. He wanted to see again that woman who had so vivified his memory of Joan. It would be hateful to see her again, but he wanted the pain. He dressed and groomed himself carefully. Then, feeling a little faint, he went out into the clattering, glaring night.

Pierre's experience of theatre going was exceedingly small. He had never been in so large a playhouse as this one of Morena's; he had never seen so large and well-dressed an audience; never heard a full and well-trained orchestra. In spite of himself, he began to be distracted, excited, stirred. When the curtain rose on the beautiful tropical scene, the lush island, the turquoise sea, the realistic strip of golden sand, Pierre gave an audible oath of admiration and surprise. The people about him began to be amused by the excitement of this handsome, haggard young man, so graceful and intense, so different with his hardness and leanness, the brilliance of his eyes, the brownness of his skin. His clothes were good enough, but they fitted him with an odd air of disguise. An experienced eye would inevitably have seen the appropriateness of flannel shirt, gay silk neck-kerchief, boots, spurs and chaperejos. Pierre was entirely unaware of being interesting or different. At that moment, caught up in the action of the play, he was as outside of himself as a child.

The palms of stage-land stirred, the ferns swayed, between their tall vivid greenness, came Joan with her tread and grace and watchful eyes of a leopardess, her loose wild hair decked with flowers; these and her make-up and her thinness disguised her completely from Pierre, but again his heart came to his throat, and when she put her hands to her mouth and called, his pulses gave a leap. He shut his eyes. He remembered a voice calling him to supper—"Pi-erre! Pi-erre!" He could sniff the smoke of his cabin fire. He opened his eyes. Of course she wasn't Joan, this strange, gaunt creature. Besides, his wife could never have done what this woman was doing. Why, Joan couldn't talk like this; she couldn't act to save her soul. She was as simple as a child, and shy, with the unselfconscious shyness of wild things. To be sure, this "actress-lady" was making believe she was a wild thing and she was doing it almighty well, but Joan had been the reality, grave and still, part of his own big, grave mountain country, not a fierce man-devouring animal of the tropics. Pierre lived in the play with all but one fragment of his brain and that remembered Joan. It hurt like a hot coal, but he deliberately ignored the pain of it. He followed the action breathlessly, applauded with contagious fervor, surreptitiously rid himself of tears and, when in the last scene, the angry jealous woman sprang upon her tamer, he muttered, "Serve you right, you coyote!" with an oath of the cow-camp that made one of his neighbors jump and throttle a startled laugh.

The curtain fell and while the applause rose and died down and rose again and the people called for "Jane West! Jane West!" the stage-director, a plump little Jew, came out behind the footlight and held up his hand. There was a gradual silence.

"I want to make an interesting announcement," he said. "The author of 'The Leopardess' has hitherto maintained his anonymity, but to-night I have decided to give you his name. He is in the theatre to-night. But this announcement will surprise him. I have had permission for some time to choose my own moment. I have chosen this The name is already familiar to you as that of the author of a popular novel, 'The Cañon'—Prosper Gael."

There was a stir of interest, a general searching of the house, clapping, cries of "Author! Author!" and in a few moments, Prosper Gael left his box and appeared beside the director in answer to the calls. He was entirely self-possessed, even looked a little bored, but he was very white. He stood there bowing, a graceful and attractive figure, and he was about to begin a speech, when he was interrupted by a renewed calling for "Jane West!" The audience wanted to see the star and the author side by side. Pierre joined in the clamor.

After a little pause, Jane West came out from the opposite wing, walking slowly, dressed in her green gown, jewels on her neck and in her hair. She did not look toward the audience at all, nor bow, nor smile, and for some reason the applause began to falter as though the sensitive mind of the crowd was already aware that here something must be wrong. She came very slowly, her arms hanging, her head bent, her eyes looking up from under her brows, and she stood beside Prosper Gael, whose forced smile had stiffened on his lips. He looked at her in obvious fear, as a man might look at a dangerous mad-woman. There must have been madness in her eyes. She stood there for a strange, terrible moment, moving her head slightly from side to side. Then she said something in a very low tone. Because of the extraordinary carrying quality of her voice the question was heard by every one there present:

"*You* wrote the play? *You* wrote the play?"

She said it twice. She seemed to quiver, to gather herself together, her hands bent, her arms lifted. She flew at Prosper with all the sudden strength of her insanity.

There was an outcry, a confusion. People rushed to Gael's assistance. Men caught hold of Joan, now struggling frantically. It was a dreadful sight, mercifully a brief one. She collapsed utterly, fell forward, the strap of her gown breaking in the grasp of one of the men holding her. For an instant every one in the audience saw a strange double scar that ran across her shoulder to the edge of the shoulder-blade. It was like two bars.

Pierre got to his feet, dropped back and hid his face. Then he was up, and struggling past excited people down the row, out into the aisle, along it, hurrying blindly down unknown passages till somehow he got himself into that confused labyrinth behind the scenes. Here a pale, distracted scene-shifter informed him that Miss West had already been taken home. Pierre got the address, found his way out into the street, hailed a taxicab and threw himself into it. He sat forward, every muscle tight; he felt that he could take the taxicab up and hurl it forward, so terrible was his impatience.

An apartment-house was a greater novelty to him, even, than a theatre, but, after a dazed moment of discovering that he did not have to ring or knock, but just push open the great iron-scrolled door and step into the brightly lighted steam-heated marble hall, he decided that the woman at the

Pierre gave an audible oath of admiration and surprise.

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desk was a person in authority and to her he addressed himself, soft hat gripped in his hand, his face set to hide excitement.

The girl was pale and red-eyed. They had brought Miss West in a few minutes ago, she told him, and carried her up. She was still unconscious, poor thing. "I don't think you could see her, sir. Mr. Morena is up there and Mr. Gael, and a doctor. A trained nurse has been sent for. Everything in the world will be done. She's such an elegant actress, ain't she? I've often seen her myself. And so kind and pleasant always. Yes, sir. I'll ask, if you like, but I'm sure they won't allow you up."

She put the receiver to her ear, pushed in the black plug, and Pierre listened to her questions.

"Can Miss West see any one? Can an old friend," for so Pierre had named himself, "be allowed to see her? No. I thought not." This, with a sympathetic glance at Pierre. "She is not conscious yet. Dangerously ill."

"Could I speak to the doctor?" Pierre asked hoarsely.

"The gentleman wants to know if he can speak to the doctor. Certainly not at present. If he will wait, the doctor will speak to him on the way out."

Pierre sat on the bench and waited. He leaned forward, elbows on knees, hat crushed in both hands, and the woman stared at him pitilessly—not that he was aware of her scrutiny. His eyes looked through his surroundings to Joan. He saw her in every pose and in every look in which he had ever seen her and, with a very sick and frightened heart, he saw her at the last, pass by him in her fur coat, throwing him that half-contemptuous look and smile. She didn't know him. Was he changed so greatly? Or was the change in her so enormous that it had disassociated her completely from her old life, from him? He kept repeating to himself Holliwell's stern, admonishing speech: "However changed for the worse she may be when you do find her, Pierre, you must remember that it is your fault, your sin. You must not judge her, must not dare to judge her. Judge yourself. Condemn yourself. It is for her to forgive if she can bring herself to do it."

So now Pierre fought down his suspicions and his fears. He had not recognized Prosper. The man who had come in out of the white night, four years ago, had worn his cap low over his eyes, his collar turned up about his face, and, even at that, Pierre, in his drunken stupor, had not been able to see him very clearly. This Prosper Gael who had stood behind the footlights, this Prosper Gael at whom Joan, for some unknown cause, had sprung like a woman maddened by injury, was a person entirely strange to Pierre. But Pierre hated him. The man had done Joan some insufferable mischief, which at the last had driven her beside herself.

PIERRE put up a hand, pressing it against his eyes. He wanted to shut out the picture of that struggling girl with her torn dress and the double scar across her shoulder. If it hadn't been for the scar he would never have known her—his Joan, his gentle, silent Joan! What had they been doing to her to change her so? No, not they. He had changed her. He had branded her and driven her out. It was his fault. He must try to find her again, to find the old Joan—if she should live. The doctor had said that she was desperately ill. O God! What was keeping him so long? Why didn't he come?

The arrival of the trained nurse distracted Pierre for a few moments. She went past him in her gray cloak, very quiet and earnest, and the elevator lifted her out of sight.

"Were you in the theatre to-night?" asked the girl at the desk, seeing that he was temporarily aware of her again.

"Yes, ma'am."

She was puzzled by his appearance and the fashion of his speech. He must be a gentleman, she thought, for his bearing was gentle and assured and unselfconscious, but he wore his clothes differently and spoke differently from other gentlemen. That "Yes, ma'am," especially disturbed her. Then she remembered a novel she had read and her mind jumped to a conclusion. She leaned forward.

"Say, aren't you from the West?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"You weren't ever a cowboy, were you?"

Pierre smiled. "Yes, ma'am. I was raised in a cow-camp. I was a cowboy till about seven years ago, when I took to ranchin'."

"WHERE was that?"

"Out in Wyomnig."

"And you've come straight from there to New York?" She pronounced it "Noo Yoik."

"No, ma'am. I've been in Alasky for two years. I've been in a lumber-camp."

"Gee! That's real interesting. And you knew Miss West before she came East, then?"

"Yes, ma'am." But there was a subtle change in Pierre's patient voice and clear unhappy eyes so that the girl fell to humming and bottled up her curiosity. But, just as soon as he began to brood again she gave up her whole mind to staring at him. Gee! He was brown and strong and thin! And a good-looker! She wished that she had worn her transformation that evening and her blue blouse. He might have taken more interest in her.

A stout, bald-headed man, bag in hand, stepped out of the elevator and Pierre rippled to his feet.

"Are you the doctor?"

"Yes. Oh, you're the gentleman who wanted to see Miss West. She's come to, but she's out of her head completely—doesn't know any one. Can you step out with me now?"

Pierre kept beside him and stood by the motor, hat still in his hand, while the doctor talked irritably, "No, you certainly can't see her for some time. I shall not allow any one to see her, except the nurse. It will be a matter of weeks. She'll be lucky if she gets back her sanity at all. She was entirely out of her head there at the theatre. She's worn out, nerves frayed to a frazzle. Horribly unhealthy life and unnatural. To take a country girl, an ignorant, untrained, healthy animal, bring her to the city and force her under terrific pressure into a life so foreign to her, well! It was just a piece of damned brutality." Then his acute eye suddenly fixed itself on the man standing at the curb listening.

"You're from the West, yourself?"

"Yes, sir."

"Knew her in the old days—eh?"

"Yes, sir." Pierre's voice was faint and he put a hand against the motor.

"Well, why don't you take her back with you to that life? You're not feeling any too fit yourself, are you? Look here. Get in and I'll drop you where you belong."

Pierre obeyed rather blindly and leaned back with closed eyes. The doctor got out a flask and poured him a dose of brandy.

"What's the trouble? Too much New York?"

Pierre shook his head and smiled. "No, sir. I've been bothered and didn't get round to eating and sleeping lately."

"Then I'll take you to a restaurant and we'll have supper. I need something myself. And, look here, I'll make you a promise. Just as soon as I consider her fit for an interview with any one, I'll let you see Miss West. That helps you a whole lot, doesn't it?"

But there were other powers, besides this friendly one, watching over Joan, and they were bent upon keeping Pierre away. Day after sickening day, Pierre came and stood beside the desk and the girl, each time a little more careless of him, a little more insolent toward him—for the cowboy would not notice her blue blouse and her transformation and the invitation of her—gave him negligent but discouraging information.

"Miss West was better, but very weak. No. She wouldn't see any one. Yes, Mr. Morena could see her, but not Mr. Landis, certainly not Pierre Landis of Wyoming."

And the doctor, being questioned by the half-frantic Westerner, admitted that Mr. Morena had hinted at reasons why it might be dangerous for the patient to see her old friend from the past. Pierre stood to receive this sentence and after it, his eyes fell. The doctor had seen the quick, desperate moisture in them.

"I tell you what, Landis," he said, putting a hand on Pierre's shoulder, "I'm willing to take a risk. I'm sure of one thing. Miss West hasn't ever heard of your inquiries."

"YOU mean," Pierre asked, quickly, "that Morena's making it up—about her not being willing to see me?"

"I do mean that. And no doubt he's doing it with the best intentions. But I am willing to take a risk. See those stairs? You run up them to the fifth floor. The nurse is out. Gael is in attendance. That is, he's in the sitting-room. She doesn't know of his presence, hasn't been allowed to see him. Miss West's door—the outside one—is ajar. Go up. Get past Gael if you can. Behave yourself quietly and, if you see the least sign of weakness on the part of Miss West, or, if she shows the slightest disinclination for your company, come down—I'm trusting you implicitly—as quickly as you can and tell me. I'll wait. Have I your promise?"

The doctor smiled at the swift, leaping grace of his Western friend's ascent. He was anxious concerning the result of his experiment, but there was a memory upon him of a haunted look in Joan's eyes that seemed the fellow to a look of Pierre's. He rather believed in intuitions, especially his own.

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CHAPTER THIRTEEN
The Home Trail

AT THE top of the fourth flight of steps, Pierre found himself facing a door that stood ajar. Beyond that door was Joan and he knew not what experience of discovery, of explanation, of punishment. What he had suffered since the night of his cruelty would be nothing to what he might have to suffer now at the hands of the woman he had loved and hurt. That she was incredibly changed, he knew. What had happened to change her he did not know. That she had suffered greatly was certain. One could not look at the face of Jane West, even under its disguise of paint and pencil, without a sharp realization of profound and embittered experience. And, just as certainly, she had gone far ahead of her husband in learning, in a certain sort of mental and social development. Pierre was filled with doubt and with dread, with an almost unbearable self-depreciation. And, at the same time, he was filled with a nameless fear of what Joan might herself have become.

He stood with his hand on the knob of that half-opened door, bent his head and drew some deep, uneven breaths. He thought of Holliwell as though the man were standing beside him. He stepped in quietly, shut the door, and walked without hesitation down the passageway into the little sunny sitting-room. There, before the crackling open fire, sat Prosper Gael.

Prosper, it seemed, was alone in the small silent place. He was sitting on the middle of his spine, as usual, with his long thin legs stretched out before him and a veil of cigaret smoke before his eyes. He turned his head idly, expecting, no doubt, to see the nurse.

Pierre, white and grim, stood looking down at him.

The older man recognized him at once, but he did not change his position by a muscle, merely lounged there, his head against the side of the cushioned chair, the brilliant, surprised gaze changing slowly to amused contempt. His cigaret hung between the long fingers of one hand, its blue spiral of smoke rising tranquilly into a bar of sunshine from the window.

"The doctor told me to come up," said Pierre gravely. He was aware of the insult of this stranger's attitude, but he was too deeply stirred, too full of suspense to be irritated by it. He seemed to be moving in some rare, disconnected atmosphere. "I have his permission to see—to see Miss West, if she is willing to see me."

Prosper flicked off an ash with his little finger. "And you believe that she is willing to see you, Pierre Landis?" he asked very slowly, insult in every syllable.

Pierre gave him a startled look. "You know my name?"

"Yes. I believe that four years ago, on an especially cold and snowy night, I interrupted you in a rather extraordinary occupation and gave myself the pleasure of shooting you." With that he got to his feet and stood before the mantel, negligently enough, but ready to his finger-tips.

"My gel! My Joan!"

Pierre came nearer by a stride. He had been stripped at once of his air of high detachment. He was pale and quivering. He looked at Prosper with eyes of incredulous dread.

"Were you—that man?" A tide of shamed scarlet engulfed him and he dropped his eyes.

"I thought that would take the assurance out of you," said Prosper. "As a matter of fact, shooting was too good for you. On that night you forfeited every claim to the consideration of man or woman. I have the right of any decent citizen to turn you out of here. Do you still maintain your intention of asking for an interview with Miss Jane West?"

Pierre, half blind with humiliation, turned without a word and made his way to the door. He meant to go away and kill himself. The purpose was like iron in his mind. That he should have to stand and, because of his own cowardly fault, endure insult from this contemptuous stranger, made of life a garment too stained, too shameful, to be worn. He was in haste to be rid of it. Something, however, barred his exit. He stumbled back to avoid it. There, holding aside the curtain, in the doorway stood Joan.

This time there was no possible doubt of her identity. She was wrapped in a long, blue gown, her hair had fallen in braided loops on either side of her face and neck. The unchanged eyes of Joan under the broad brows looked up at him. She was thin and wan, unbelievably broken and tired and hurt, but she was Joan. Pierre could not but forget death at sight of her. He staggered forward and she, putting up her arms, drew him hungrily and let fall her head upon his shoulder.

"My gel! My Joan!" Pierre sobbed.

Prosper's voice sawed into their tremulous silence.

"So, after all, the branding-iron is the proper instrument," he said. "A man can always recognize his stray, and when she is recognized she will come to heel."

Joan pushed Pierre from her violently and turned upon Prosper Gael. Her voice broke over him in a tumult of soft scorn:

"You know nothing of loving, Prosper Gael, not the first letter of loving. Nobody has learned that about you as well as I have. Now listen and I will teach you something. This is something that *I* have learned: There are worse wounds than I had from Pierre, and it is by the hands of such men as you that they are given.

(*Continued on page 74*)

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An Americanization class in the Barrett plant in Chicago

AFTER PEACE—?

An open forum devoted to the problems of world reconstruction

THE war has thrown the old world with its old ideas, old prejudices and old institutions into the melting-pot. All our old life has become fluid, molten material from which the world-smiths of these times must hammer a new world. For this we need strong arms, strong hearts, and minds open to the new forces that are abroad to-day. And for all these we need the fullest discussion of the tasks before us. Such a discussion EVERYBODY'S has been trying, since long before the end of the war was in sight, to stimulate in these pages, in which each month some important phase of the reconstruction job has been presented.

IN THESE United States of ours—"one nation indivisible"—there now exist several distinct nations within a nation, with a total population greater than that of Roumania; greater than that of Poland, Bohemia or any of the new nations of Europe; greater than that of any of the nations of South America, except Brazil; and as foreign to us as any of these. For not one of their people can read a public notice, a safety warning, a law, a thrift or bond appeal, an agricultural bulletin, a newspaper, or answer a questionnaire or read or write anything in the language of the United States. More than that, about half of the people of these foreign nations within our borders can not speak or understand anything spoken in the English language. These things alone would make them as foreign to us and as remote from our lives and from our national ideals, hopes and purposes as if they were Fijians or Illiaks. Two-thirds of this gathering of strangers are indeed from other countries, and to the barrier of deafness and dumbness and blindness in our language are in these cases added the deeper obstacles of alien traditions and customs. All this may seem natural and excusable, but one is bound to choke over the fact that more than one-third of this stranger population in our midst is made up of our own people, born among us.

According to the best estimates, about ten million, or more than one-tenth of our population over ten years old, can not read or write English—a number greater than the whole population of Canada; greater than the whole population of the South in the Civil War; greater than the combined populations of fifteen of our States. And of this number, fully half can neither read, write nor *speak* English. In some cities, such as Passaic, New Jersey, or Fall River, Massachusetts, these strangers number a sixth or more of the population.

If this enormous population, alien in speech or literature or custom, were merely "a population," merely *living* among us, that would be one thing to think about. But all of this ten million are also *working* among us, trying to build some kind of life for themselves. And in so doing, they have brought themselves into a closer relationship with us than we are often willing to admit, even if we are aware of it. More than fifty-eight per cent. of the people who make our steel and iron, more than seventy-two per cent.

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of those who make our clothes, more than eighty-five per cent. of those who refine our sugar, are foreign born. And nearly all of them can not read or write English, and at least a quarter of them can not read or write their own language. Six hundred and twenty thousand of the million who mine our coal are foreign born, and four hundred and sixty-five thousand of these come from non-English-speaking races, with but the slightest ability, if any, to read the English language.

What of all this?

You may think of this vast army—an army that, marching double file day and night, would take months to pass the White House—as a menace, a weakness, an invasion. You may think it the deepest mistake that it was ever allowed to set foot on our shores. It may hurt your national pride, your racial conscience, or it may rouse your anger to think of it. You may think anything you [illegible] about it, but nothing can erase the fact that this inarticulate alien nation is here among us, all strangers in a strange land, as we or our ancestors were, and, like them, guiding their lives and actions and ideals by the conditions they have to face in making a living and gaining the happiness that is their human right. However alien in speech or thought, however separated from us by illiteracy or inarticulateness, they are one with us in this: that they are toilers for what they conceive to be the happiness of themselves and their children, and the conditions they have to face in seeking this happiness will determine what kind of men they are to become.

Whatever we think of them, whatever we think of their possibilities, we can not forget the fact that we, among whom they live and who have made the institutions by which they live, are ourselves the conditions they have to face. It depends altogether upon us whether this stranger army is to be a menace or an asset; whether it is to believe in us or hate us; whether it is to be with us or against us in the fight for a healthier, happier, more secure United States.

That in the past we have done all too little to make them one with us seems now to be attested by the fact that they are leaving us for their native lands, war-torn and inhospitable as they seem, at the rate of more than one thousand a day. More than a million are said to have taken steps to leave, carrying with them not only more than four billion dollars, but who knows what cynical contempt for the country that could not give them something more lasting.

We are rapidly awakening to this fact. The next session of Congress will take the first step to assume as a nation the duty which this army of strangers imposes upon us.

It will appropriate about fifteen million dollars a year to educate all native and foreign illiterates among us, no matter what age over sixteen, "in the English language, the fundamental principles of government and citizenship and the elements of English pertaining to self-support and homemaking, and in such other work as will assist in preparing them for successful living and intelligent American citizenship."

Congress will do this, and it will do more. But all that it can do will not amount to much unless it has the active cooperation of every American, especially of those Americans who come most closely in touch with the foreigners for whom all this work is intended. And no American comes more immediately in touch with them than those who employ them and provide them with their first and most important foot-hold in our life, a job, and who need more immediately than any others their loyal cooperation, their skill and their intelligence. This means the American business man. That he has begun to lend a hand in this great work may be seen from the following article.

The Business Man and Americanization

By Grace Humphrey

STARTING last July as a part of the war service of the Chicago Association of Commerce, the work of their Americanization Committee is continuing as after-peace service, and with notable results.

"Will you," the committee asks of the business man, "permit us to cooperate with you in your industry? Make a survey—find out how many non-English-speaking men and women you have in your employ, how many are naturalized or waiting for their second papers. Give us a class-room, appoint an executive to work with us, and we and the Board of Education will do the rest."

At last report there were in Chicago one hundred and fifty Americanization classes a week, with new ones opening all the time, and a waiting-list of one hundred and thirty-five industries ready to start. The firms interested include some of the great business enterprises of the city—the International Harvester Company, Armour, Hart Schaffner & Marx, the Barrett Roofing Company, and many another, nationally known. Some classes meet in well-equipped schoolrooms, some in employment offices, others in stock-rooms or at the end of a corridor. One is in a locker-room with partitions only half-way up and the machinery rumbling away overhead. Another meets in the men's smoking-room, and one in a lunchroom, with four hundred cups knocking against four hundred saucers during a lesson on the city council of Chicago.

Instead of inviting the tired foreigner to the class, with all the effort of dressing up and going out at night, these classes go to the foreigner. They go to him and his job, they take him in his working clothes and during his working day. For they meet at the oddest of school hours—from eleven-twenty to noon, or half-past twelve to one; from one to two, before the second shift begins, the last forty-five minutes of the day—whenever the schedule of the factory permits.

Some classes that began on the men's time soon changed to half and half. Superintendents fitted the lesson-time into their plans. At the cost of hours of office work, they rearranged their shop gangs of threes and fives to release an entire group for the English class, with no idleness resulting. One manager commandeered a shipping-room, another gave his private office, when crowded factories had no available place. In countless ways, little and big, they help the committee by their generous cooperation. And in a few weeks' time they see what Americanization is worth to their industry.

Said the foreman in a pump factory: "I notice such a difference already. After sixteen hours in the English class, my workers take orders much more intelligently."

"Some of our people are doubling their output," commented the superintendent of one of the International Harvester plants. "You can see what that means to the factory when we're rushed with overseas orders."

"But how can you turn out more work? Your machinery runs no faster."

"True," was his quick reply, "but it doesn't stop so often."

When the Commonwealth Edison Company had arranged for classes in every one of their plants the superintendent asked in despair: "But what can be done for our street gangs? They need it most of all!"

And promptly came the reply: "We'll open public schools."

The men's interest in Americanization more than equals that of the employers. From week to week classes grow, as one man brings in his friends, one worker the rest of his shop gang. They beg for a longer lesson period. They ask for three days a week instead of two. Changed to the night shift temporarily, men frequently hunt up the teacher to explain—"Two, three weeks I go, then I come back." And more than once men too sick to work have come for the lesson-time and gone home again.

"Why didn't you ever do this before?" was asked of the Polish employment superintendent at the National Malleable Castings Company where a survey showed a thousand and thirty-one non-English-speaking employees.

"Why, no one suggested it to us!"

And no one suggested it to their men, either. "I live in your America fifteen years," said one of their workmen, "eight years in this factory, but I only learn now to read and talk your English."

"But I," said the next man, "I here thirty-two years. My two boys they speak English, one in France, one on a ship. Now when they come from France, I talk to them, I have my boys again."

Indeed, the crying need in Chicago was not for pupils, nor for interested employers, once a definite program was presented, but for trained teachers. In Americanization classes success or failure depends on the individual teacher as truly as in a kindergarten. She must be chosen with more thought and care than for any other department of our schools. She must have technical skill to teach, she must have sympathy and vision, with the put-yourself-in-his-place view-point. Such

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Aberdeen proving-grounds, where they study the flight of shells and test the big guns.

WONDERS *of the* WAR

"Putting Them Over"

By John H. Van Deventer

THIS wonder-of-the-war story is about wind-tunnels and jump-cards, corkscrews and flaming dips, ballistics and baseball. Corkscrews and baseball are old acquaintances, but the other things are new to most of us.

If you stand directly back of a modern long-range gun, if you have good eyes and watch intently, and if the light is just right and you have luck, you *may* catch a glimpse of the shell flying through space. It is traveling at the rate of a mile in two seconds at the time that you see it.

At no time during its twenty-mile flight is this cigar-shaped projectile behaving in an orderly manner. It detests a straight line. Modern field and siege fire is at ranges requiring high-angle fire, and so, like the baseball center-fielder, the gun must aim high in order to bring the projectile all the way home. Up it goes in a curving arc sufficient to carry it over the summit of the highest mountain, up, up, up, until the pull of the earth overcomes the punch of the gun and then down, down, down in another great curving arc at the final extremity of which is the trench or supply depot or emplacement that has been marked for demolition.

WHEN a shell leaves the muzzle of a gun, it seems undetermined just which way to go. It wabbles. At one instant its nose points above the line of flight; at another, below it; again to the right, and then to the left. It is spinning also about its axis faster than does the rotor of a steam turbine. After a bit it seems to gain confidence and the wabbling ceases. But the spinning continues and other complications ensue. Perhaps there is a wind blowing. It may be a following wind, or a cross wind; in either case it materially changes the line of flight. The air resistance does its bit also to add to the vagaries of flight, and at high-angle fire the amount of this air resistance changes every second with the changing density of the atmosphere. The higher the shell goes the thinner or less dense the air that it pushes against becomes. Temperature and humidity each takes a hand in the game as well. On extremely long-range work the rotation of the earth in the interval of the time of flight of the shell plays its part, so that it makes a difference whether the shot is fired toward the east or toward the west. So varied are these different factors and so much does each factor vary in itself that when one considers them it seems not merely remarkable, but almost *miraculous*, that artillery fire can be accurately controlled.

And this brings us to the ballisticians, with their jump-cards, their chronographs, their wind-tunnels and their insatiable appetite for supermathematics.

The ballistician is the man behind the man behind the gun. His job is to explore the realms of physics and mathematics for laws wherewith to control the flight of shells. The artilleryman builds upon the foundation that this scientist provides. No country has more than three or four first-class ballisticians.

They are born with high foreheads and phenominal mathematical bumps. Astronomers, especially talented ones, are particularly fitted to predict the orbits of these man-made comets. England and America drafted their most talented astronomers to fill the war need for ballisticians.

The designing of superguns doesn't win a war. Germany proved that. Getting the most out of the guns that you have is the secret. The big job for the ballisticians was to give the existing guns a longer reach. They did it. They stretched the ranges of our guns anywhere from fifteen to thirty per cent., and increased the accuracy of fire at the new ranges over that of the old.

You know how a man must fight his way against a ninety-mile-an-hour gale. If wind pressure at ninety miles an hour is an obstacle, think of what the modern shell encounters flying at the rate of eighteen hundred miles per hour. At this velocity the resistance of air becomes almost that of a solid substance.

To find what shape of shell would most easily bore its way through this densely compacted air, the ballisticians built wind-tunnels. These were tubes in which a blast of air of the required velocity could be directed against model projectiles of various shapes and the resistance measured by a torsion balance. That shape which gave the least resistance would give the longest-range shell, providing that it gave stability and did not excessively wabble.

To measure the wabble, they devised what are known as "jump-cards." These are cards placed at intervals extending in the line of fire and through each of which the projectile passes. The hole that it makes in each card tells whether the projectile is wabbling or not at that instant, and, if so, in what direction. If it does not wabble, each hole will be perfectly round and the same diameter as the shell. If it wabbles, the hole will be oval, with the long axis in the direction of "yaw."

MODERN long-range shells are cigar-shaped. They taper both at the front and at the rear. This tapering of the rear end is called "boat-tailing." You have noticed that racing automobiles have torpedo-shaped sterns. A square-tailed shell or automobile is actually held back at high speeds because of the vacuum created behind it by the velocity of its movement. Tapering the tail leads the air gently and easily into the hole that the shell or the racing car bores in the atmosphere and thus lessens vacuum's impeding grip on the flying object.

One of the many curious experiments made with the purpose of securing long range and reducing air resistance resulted in a "flaming" shell. The fore part of the shell contains a mixture of phosphorus and copper oxid, which is ignited as the shell leaves the gun; not, strange to say, for the purpose of setting fire to the enemy's works or trains, but simply to increase the range. Experiments have shown increased ranges

(Continued on page 111)

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I'd be scared to death without WEED TIRE CHAINS

Take Warning

Put on your
WEED
TIRE
CHAINS
When the roads and pavements are slippery and uncertain.

"When I've got them on the tires I know where I'm at—but when I leave them off I don't know what's going to happen.

"Look at that fellow over there—see! He didn't put on his chains Took a chance—thought he was some careful driver. He got what was coming to him—a dished wheel and a nice big bill for repairs. Lucky nobody was hurt.

"Did you ever notice that us fellows who know our jobs—taxi drivers and paid chauffeurs—hardly ever have an accident because we have learned to be careful and never take chances. But look out for the average driver. He is inclined to be "stuck on" his driving. Hits it up—cuts corners—neglects his brakes—doesn't anticipate a skid. He gets into trouble himself and other road users don't feel safe when he is about.

"I'd be scared to death on slippery, greasy pavements and muddy roads if I didn't have Weed Tire Chains. Bet your life *I don't take any chances.*

"At the first drop of rain I haul them out of the tool box and put them on *all four tires.* Then I'm dead sure of myself—I know where I get off at.

"Weed Chains prevent an awful lot of accidents"

American Chain Company, Inc.

BRIDGEPORT CONNECTICUT

In Canada: Dominion Chain Company, Limited, Niagara Falls, Ontario

Largest Chain Manufacturers in the World

The Complete Chain Line—All Types, All Sizes, All Finishes—From Plumbers' Safety Chain to Ships' Anchor Chain

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Clicquot Club

Pronounced Klee-Ko

GINGER ALE

JUST like you thirsty folks to leave the crackers, while you drain every drop of this golden, bubbling ginger drink. It's the beverage of unvarying perfection—made from purest juices of lemons and limes, purest of Jamaica ginger and cane sugar, and water that gushes cool and sweet from a wonderful crystal spring. Buy by the case from your grocer or druggist. Serve on every thirsty occasion.

THE CLICQUOT CLUB COMPANY
MILLIS, MASS., U. S. A.

The BRANDING-IRON

(*Continued from page 69*)

The hurts you get from love—they heal. Pierre was mad, he was a beast, he branded me as though I had been a beast. For long I couldn't think of him but with a sort of horror in my heart. If it hadn't been for you, I might never have thought of him no other way forever. But what you did to me, Prosper, you, with your white-hot brain and your gray cold heart, you with your music and your talk throbbing and talking and whining about my soul, what you did to me has made Pierre's iron a very gentle thing. I have not acted in the play you wrote, the play you made out of me and my unhappiness, without understanding just what it was that you did to me. Perhaps if it hadn't been for the play, I might even have believed that you were capable of something better than that passion you had once for me—but not now. Never now can I believe it. What you make other people suffer is material for your own success and you delight in it. You make notes upon it. Pierre was mad through loving me too ignorantly, too jealously, but what you did to me, was through loving me too little. That was a brand upon my brain and soul. Sometimes since then that scar on my shoulder has seemed to me almost like the memory of a caress. I went away from Pierre, leaving him for dead, ready for death itself. When you left me, you left me alive and ready for what sort of living? It has been Pierre's love and his following after me that has kept me from low and beastly things. I've run from him, knowing I wasn't fit to be found by him, but I've run clean and free." She began to tremble. "Will you say anything more to me and to my man?"

Prosper's face wore its old look of the winged demon. Before he could speak, "Hush," said Joan, and with that hush she dealt him a wound that he did not deserve, "I will tell him myself."

Prosper broke in, "Joan, you must be silent. I will not have it. It is not for him to hear—" then, seeing that it was useless to try to save her from this agony, he stopped with a bitten lip and she went on swiftly.

"Pierre, I left you for dead and I went away with this man, and after a while, because I thought you were dead and because I was alone and sorrowful and weak, because, perhaps, of what my mother was, I—I—" She fell away from Pierre, crouched against the side of the door and wrapped the curtain round her face. "He told me you were dead—" The words came muffled.

Pierre had let her go and turned to Prosper. His own face was a mask of rage. Prosper knew that it was the Westerner's intention to kill. For a minute, no longer, he was a lightning channel of death. But Pierre, the Pierre shaped during the last four difficult years, turned upon his own writhing savage soul and forced it to submit. It was as though he fought with his hands. Sweat broke out on him. At last, he stood and looked at Prosper with sane, stern eyes.

"If that's true what you hinted, if that's true what she was tryin' to tell, if it's even partly true," he said painfully, "then it was me that brought it upon her, not you—and not herself but me." He turned back to Joan, drew the curtain from her face, drew down her hands, lifted her and carried her to the couch beside the fire. There she shrank away from him, tried to push him back.

"It's true, Pierre. It's true. Only he told me you were dead. But you weren't—no, don't take my hands. I never did have dealings with Holliwell. Indeed, I only loved you. But you must have known me better than I knew myself. For I am bad. I am bad. I left you for dead and went away."

He had mastered her hands, both of them in one of his, and he drew them close to his heart.

"Don't, Joan. Hush, Joan. You mustn't. It was my doings, girl. All of it. Hush!"

He bent and crushed his lips against hers, silencing her. Then she gave way and clung to him, sobbing.

After a while, Pierre looked up at Prosper Gael. All the patience and the hunger and the beauty of his love possessed his face. There was simply no room in his heart for any lesser thing.

"Stranger," he said in the grave and gentle Western speech, "I'll have to ask you to leave me with my wife."

Prosper made a curious, silent gesture of self-despair and went out, feeling his way before him.

It was half an hour later when the doctor came softly to the door and held back the curtain in his hand. He did not say anything and, after a silent minute, he let fall the curtain and moved softly away. He was reassured as to the success of his experiment.

He had seen Joan's face.

THE END.

Success

By Theodosia Garrison

WHEN Love and I came out of the night
To the wind and the sun and the high bird's call—
With the highroad before us wide and white—
He did not heed me at all.

He loosed my hand to salute the day—
He was one with the wind and the soaring lark—
He called me to follow along the way.
—*We had walked so close in the dark*

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"One every five minutes"

"It's proberly only a little indispepsha—give her one of these Life Savers."
Bills for pills for trifling ills become hole-ly unnecessary when you get the Life Saver habit.

LIFE SAVERS

THE CANDY MINT WITH THE HOLE

When your blood-pressure rises, take a Life Saver and cool off. When children are cross and fretful, give them Life Savers. Pure sugar and pure flavors, everything good in Life Savers. A hole roll for a nickel anywhere, any time. Be sure to get genuine Life Savers. You can tell them by the little round hole that goes clear through.

MINT PRODUCTS COMPANY
New York Montreal

Four Holesome Flavors:
PEP-O-MINT
WINT-O-GREEN
CL-O-VE
LIC-O-RICE

5c

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POETRY *of the* WAR

"Highlanders, Fix Bayonets!"

By Mary Carolyn Davies

Decoration by Rutherford Boyd

HIS mother never liked that record played.
He liked it, Don, he always seemed to be
Putting that record on, and listening
As if there were some one whispering at his shoulder,
Standing there, slyly whispering in his ear,
While the record whirred and the song filled all the room.
And after the sound ceased, he still would stand,
The sunlight on his yellow hair, and dream
As lads do; and then set the needle and
Hear the whole record thunder through once more.
It was a gallant-sounding thing, that one,
And though I am an old man and should be
Leaving such things to my grandchildren now,
I liked the manly sound of it myself.

"LISTEN, grandfather," he would say. His voice
Was changing that last summer. We would wait.
A whirring sound came first; and then the sharp
Command rang out in a clear, rousing tone,
Startling, as if upon a battle-field
A harsh commander gave his men the word:
"Highlanders, fix bayonets!" And then a hush,
And after that the song:
A loud, full-throated, wondrous fighting-song,
Line after line of hurrying words, to put
New fury into tired fighting-men.
"Terror of death in that blinding run—"
Yes, but if there was blood, too, in the song,
And lust of shedding it, why, that's what war is;
It can't be helped. I always told her that.
"Look to the shields of the conquering foe,
Crouching again for another blow!
But see the rush of a hundred clans!
Fight as you did at Prestonpans—
Highlanders, fix bayonets!"
I could see
The thrill go running through Don at the words.
He always seemed to like that record played.

SHE didn't though, but womenfolk are queer.
She shuddered when the thirsty words sprang out.
She seemed to see the battle-field, the men
Running to thrust their bayonets through the bodies
Of other laughing, swaying, shouting men,
She told me. They've too much imagination,
Women.

SHE'D watch that bright-haired laddie stand,
A sort of premonition in her eyes,
A fear, the kind of fear that Mary might
Have had, once, watching the young Christ at play.
They are a strange race, mothers, so unlike
The rest of all us common folks, that we
Can only stand aside and wonder at them.

SHE used to ask the boy for other songs,
Half guessing at the names, not really caring
What record was put on, if only that one
Would be forgotten for a little while.
If she were ever in the other room
And heard the strident bars of it beginning,
That curious look would come into her face;
Her hands would fumble at the kitchen work;
And if she had been speaking to a neighbor,
Her words would slacken and repeat themselves,
Until the record stopped, and she was freed.
And when the stern command rang out, each time
She cringed, as if some general had spoken
Aloud there in her well-kept house, and brought
His war into her quiet, sunny kitchen.

BUT when war really broke, and he came asking,
With all his bright youth burning in his eyes
To a flame that made her own eyes blind to see—
Proud through her frightened tears, she was the first
Of all the stricken mothers in our town
To say, "Yes, go, my boy, and God go, too,
And keep you brave and trusty at your post,
And keep you safe for me to hold again
When we have done our duty, and have brought
Peace back to this poor world." And till he went
She never faltered, but her head was high;
Her hands were busy for him. When he said
"Good-by" the last day, at our little station,
She laughed out as she kissed him, smiling still
Until his train was hidden by the bend.

SHE kept her courage through the heavy months
And when no letters came, she was the one
To find new reasons for each fresh delay.

SHE kept her courage when the message came,
The wire from Washington, that he was killed.
And when she saw his full name in the long
Pitiful roll of honor of the dead,
—I mind his name came half-way down the list,
It was between a Shehan and a Shultz,
With "Killed in Action" written over all—
"He did his duty to the end," she said,
"There is no prouder death than this of his;
He died to make the countries all more safe
For women and children, like the lad he was,
Thoughtful of others weaker than himself."
And that was all she said, but afterward,
With frightened sobbing catching at her breath,
She broke the shining record into bits.

AND I have never heard it played again.
But sometimes, when we've music of an evening
I vaguely wish, among the softer strains
Of this one's waltz or that one's minuet,
That I could hear once more the thundering swell,
The strong, harsh, sudden vigor of that song.
There was something in its swing to stir men's blood.
I liked the manly sound of it myself.

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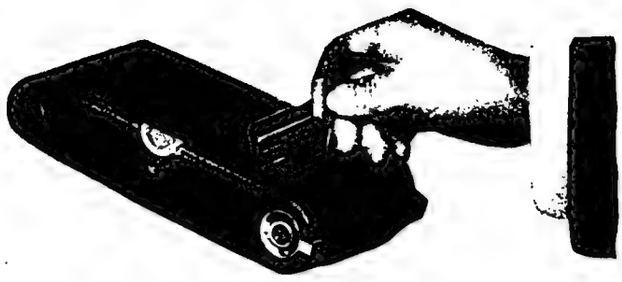

The date on the Film

In just a few years you will ask:

This picture of John, was it made before or after the war? And this of little Mary taking her first toddling steps—how old was she then?

How those snap-shots, made on our trip to the Yellowstone bring it all back to us, except the date,—when *did* we go?

Grandmother before the fireplace with her knitting, growing old gently and gracefully—how old was she? It is so annoying not to remember.

Time plays the mischief with memory—but with the *date on the film* you may laugh at his tricks. All folding Kodaks and folding Brownies are now *autographic* and, with autographic film, provide the means for dating and titling each negative as you make it. It is all done in a few seconds, is as simple as "pressing the button" and though it may not seem so at the moment, *a date is always worth while.*

And there is no extra charge for autographic film.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY

Kodak catalog free at your dealer's or by mail.

Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City*

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AFTER PEACE—?

(*Continued from page 71*)

teachers are rare, but Chicago's Board of Education has them, and as supervisor of this new work a remarkable young woman, Miss Frances K. Wetmore.

All of these teachers have had their special training. Two appointments a week for two months, or sometimes every day for a fortnight, Miss Wetmore's course of lectures and discussions, of field work and observation in the factories, has been given eight times already and plans are making for its extension on a big scale. Out of all proportion to the supply grows the demand for Americanization teachers.

Where a manager finds a large part of his employees waiting for their second papers, the class work is civics and American history, questions for naturalization and citizenship. But there are many groups where the men aren't ready for this. They must first have some English. When no books were available that exactly met this need, the Americanization Committee promptly began making its own textbook, which they are publishing in illustrated lesson sheets, half in script and half in print, with sentences about everyday objects, coat and shoes and hat, instead of the classical primary lesson on the cat on the mat. Sometimes there are special lessons on the work of a factory, prepared by the teacher and one of the foremen—the tools used, the articles made, and how a particular process helps give the finished product. And always there are talks on the signs about the plant—fire signals, safety-first notices and danger signs.

Starting in a new industry is no difficult matter now, for Americanization is in the air these days. But if the committee runs up against a doubting employer, they have three, not arguments, but facts, to offer: Fewer accidents, quoting the famous fifty-four per cent. reduction in the Ford plant, and the New York State reports that seven accidents out of ten occur with non-English-speaking workmen. Already one Chicago firm can boast that the English class has lowered its accident insurance.

Secondly, increased efficiency, and of this Chicago's industries are providing ample proof. Here's a statement from the Barrett plant. Look at these figures of the McCormick Twine Mills and the Deering's. What the Ryerson superintendent said sums up the whole matter: "Anything that adds to our men's intelligence makes them more efficient and worth more to the firm."

And the committee tells a story of one executive who received a questionnaire from some bureau in Boston asking the results of their Americanization work. To each of the long list of questions he had written Yes, Yes. But it was only the third week in that factory. Had he really proved all those things—accidents, output, efficiency and the rest? "Well," came his answer, "we're going to. No doubt in our minds about that. And I want to make the best possible showing for the English class—we're strong for it!"

And last, the baffling question of labor turnover. Carried out to the *n*th degree of success, the committee would not claim that Americanization will solve this problem, but it may help. The manager of the United States Ballbearing Company, for example, finds that he can now transfer men from room to room, instead of firing one group and hiring outsiders, for the teacher has been giving English and shop methods all in one, and after her talks on the different departments the new work isn't wholly Greek to the men. In a fortnight the labor turnover for a certain floor was a fifth of its former percentage.

Already Americanization has averted one strike, threatened in a great tailoring shop when the armistice suddenly ended the war contracts and made necessary changes in the work. When the excitement was at its height, the question was settled by a stocky young Pole's reminding the workers that if they struck they'd have no English class; and they stayed.

But most of all the employers of these foreign-born are enthusiastic over the closer relation with their men which Americanization is bringing. Here's a Russian, who a few weeks ago couldn't sign his name, writing about the flag. The superintendent visits the English class, is interested in his improvement, and presently recognizes him about the plant. The men are becoming individualized, and that makes for friendliness, instead of the impersonal attitude of a great organization.

"Our dream," said one manager, "is that Americanization will banish the foreign-language foreman and the interpreter in our employment office—two great barriers between us and our men. Only think what it means that now I can make an announcement to them myself!"

"It means," commented another, "a closer relation all along the line. Closer relations in our factory will result in better feelings, just as closer relations in our community life will result in better citizenship."

More than one Chicago firm has offered to pay, and pay generously, for this teaching provided by the Board of Education. But there are some things in a democracy that can't be paid for in dollars and cents. For all the business man reckons its benefits in money and output, Americanization, says William A. Bond, chairman of the Committee of the Association of Commerce, is only a means to an end—getting rid of all the barriers built by diverse languages, and making possible, eventually, a national solidarity where native-born and foreign-born, in common understanding and appreciation, shall work together for the welfare of us all.

The New Pan-Americanism

By John Barrett, Director General of the Pan-American Union

READJUSTMENT after the war, as proved by the action of the Peace Conference, concerns the relationships of nations as much as it does the individual welfare of their peoples. One of the greatest responsibilities and opportunities before the United States is its association with the other countries of the western hemisphere. This fact looms large when it is realized that the world war has done more than any other international influence, since the declaration of the Monroe Doctrine nearly one hundred years ago, to promote what may be termed "Pan-American solidarity." In other words, the nations and peoples of the western hemisphere are starting out on another century of cooperation with more friendly feelings than have existed since they first began working together under the inspiration of President Monroe's declaration of 1823.

There is no plan of international cooperation, unless it be a world union, that can more strongly appeal to the average man of North and South America than that of a union of the American republics, devoted to the development of commerce and trade, friendship and intercourse and permanent peace among them. It is not generally realized that a practical working union already exists, and that it has already accomplished far-reaching results for the best interests of all the American republics. Basing conclusions as to the future on the record of the past, the potentialities are enormous. Let us, therefore, first take a brief glance at what has actually been done.

WITHOUT endeavoring to trace in detail the gradual development of Pan-Americanism from the days of the pronouncement of the Monroe Doctrine, let us consider what has taken place in the last twelve years—which has been the most active period of the last thirty years. The First Pan-American Conference was held in Washington in the Winter of 1889-1890, and was presided over by James G. Blaine, then Secretary of State. In attendance were the plenipotentiaries of all the independent American Governments. Its one chief tangible result was the organization of the International Bureau of the American Republics, now known as the Pan-American Union. The Second Pan-American Conference, held in Mexico in 1901, continued this organization and enlarged its powers. The third conference, held at Rio de Janeiro in 1906, however, marks the beginning of the present progressive era of Pan-Americanism. This famous gathering was attended by Elihu Root, then Secretary of State of the United States, and the ablest representatives of all the other American republics. It passed resolutions calling for the reorganization and enlargement of the scope and work of the International Bureau. The fourth conference was held at Buenos Aires in 1910, at which the action of the Rio de Janeiro conference was confirmed and the name of the International Bureau of the American Republics was changed to Pan-American Union, as better expressing its lofty purpose.

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AS SURE AS SOLDER

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In 1910, through the munificence of Andrew Carnegie and the contributions of all the American governments, the magnificent Pan-American building was erected in Washington as the home of this international organization. This structure, often described as a Temple of Peace and Commerce, has been classed by a great French architect as "combining nobility of expression, beauty of architecture, and practical usefulness more than any other public building in America." *Significant, however, above everything else, is the fact that it houses a going, practical League of Nations which has done and is doing an immense work for the preservation of peace among its constituent nations.* It has a large staff of international experts conducting a great correspondence, preparing reports and editing bulletins which spread accurate information about each country of the western hemisphere among them all.

The most impressive feature of this building, however, is the Council Chamber or Governing-Board room, where meet regularly on the first Wednesday of every month the Secretary of State of the United States, as chairman ex-officio, and the diplomatic representatives in Washington of the other American republics. There they sit, elbow to elbow, and shoulder to shoulder, and discuss, each on an equality with the other and in perfect frankness, the administration of the Pan-American Union and the adjustment or solutions of Pan-American problems. It is indeed remarkable that, *since this Council began meeting around that table, there has been no war between any two American republics, while undoubtedly the moral influence of the Union and of this Council directing its affairs has helped to prevent several wars.*

When Arthur Balfour, the great British statesman, and General Joffre, the hero of the Marne, were given receptions in the noble salon of this building by Secretary Lansing, they both were profoundly impressed by this council chamber and by the photographs of the Council in session. They both nodded approval when the thought was brought out that if there had been before the war a similar building, and a similar organization—that is, a Pan-European Union, a similar council chamber in London or Berlin, in Paris or Vienna—the great world struggle might possibly have been averted!

Although this International Council of the American Republics has not actual authority, delegated by the various governments, to prevent war, it has accomplished much for peace through moral influence and through general respect for the union of nations and peoples as expressed in a board of this character. One of the important questions and problems of the future is the advisability of so enlarging the powers and responsibilities of this Council that it shall have the right to initiate mediation or arbitration in the event of serious difficulties between constituent governments and to make every effort possible to avert war. Possessing this right, it may be able to follow up its record of moral achievement in the past by more practical efforts in the future and make sure forever the permanent peace of the western hemisphere.

In view of the potentialities of the future, now is the time when the newspapers, the magazines, the universities, the commercial and social organizations, and thus constructive men of the country in politics, commerce, finance and economics, should be favoring the rapid development of the Pan-American movement. There should be everywhere a greater appreciation of the republics and peoples of Central and South America. There should be study, not only of their commerce and trade, but of their history, geography, resources, customs and tendencies. The teaching of the Spanish and Portuguese languages should be favored in the courses of the universities, colleges and public schools of the United States. There should be an increase of travel to and from Latin America, there should be an exchange of men of representative ideas, college professors and students. There must also be expected a new appreciation of the United States along these same lines of endeavor on the part of the Latin-American governments and peoples. Mutual acquaintance and intimate knowledge of each other among the American republics will produce splendid results in both commerce and confidence.

On the very practical side of commerce and trade there must be every effort made by the United States to improve shipping and banking conditions and to remove all kinds of barriers of trade and intercourse. Such action by the United States must, in turn, be reciprocated by the governments of Latin America. Already before the war there had been a great development of Pan-American commerce, until the United States was leading both Germany and Great Britain in the total value of products exchanged, but the development of the future must be even more comprehensive and extensive. The war has done wonders in demonstrating the interdependence of the twenty-one American governments, North and South, not only in their political relationship, but in buying and selling. This new knowledge must be utilized and extended.

ALTHOUGH, in a brief article like this, it is possible only to touch, so to speak, a few of the "high points" of Pan-American relationship, it should be brought out, in confirmation of the fact that a new Pan-American era is here, that, contrary to general expectations at the outbreak of the war, *the great majority of the Latin-American countries took the side of the United States and the Allies in the struggle.* Thirteen of the twenty Latin-American countries officially broke relations with Germany, and eight actually declared war. Three others assumed an attitude and took action which were equal to breaking off relations, but Germany did not see fit to hold these countries accountable. Only four or five could be said to have maintained an attitude of absolute neutrality, and in these, the public sentiment was largely pro-American.

It is also a significant fact that the commerce of the United States, which was valued at approximately eight hundred million dollars at the outbreak of the war, grew in four years to one billion seven hundred and fifty million dollars, which showed an almost unprecedented increase in so short a period of almost one billion dollars. These political and commerical facts indeed prove that in Pan-American readjustment there are enormous potentialities.

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Which Is Which?

By Ruth Darling Shultis

It's nice to see a work of art,
You children all should see one:
And after you have gazed a while,
Just turn around and be one!

THIS is the way a Western school-teacher had paraphrased Gelett Burgess' *Purple Cow* rhyme.

Her job—this schoolma'am's—is teaching the eighth grade in one of the Cañon City, Colorado, schools. She very much believes in young people. And she very much believes in art.

So she tells her pupils delightful true stories about people like Jean François Millet and Jules Breton—what they cared about and why and how they sought to express themselves and the life they knew; and then she tells the youngsters they may stop just seeing reproductions of great pictures—they may go ahead and *be* them.

Herewith are some of the results.

This wise teacher's pupils study each picture at school; and then they study their classmates and elect those best suited to the part, to be "Gleaners" or to hear "The Song of the Lark," "The Angelus," or whatever it may be.

Then certain pupils study the pictures some more and reproduce, themselves—with maybe a little help from the grown-ups in their families—the necessary costumes, while other pupils range the country o'er for suitable backgrounds for the living picture.

Last of all, somebody's kodak is requisitioned and the print, when made, is posted side by side with the original reproduction.

Passers-by are then requested to guess which is which!

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A MAN *for the* AGES

(*Continued from page 18*)

river shores and stretching far to the east and west, and broken here and there by small clearings. Soon they could see the smoke and spires of the thriving village of Utica.

CHAPTER THREE

Wherein is Recorded the Vivid Impression Made Upon the Travelers by their First View of a Steam-Engine and of the Famous Erie Canal. Wherein, also, is a Brief Account of Sundry Curious Characters Met on the Road and at a Celebration of the Fourth of July on the Big Waterway.

AT UTICA they bought provisions and a tin trumpet for Joe and a doll with a real porcelain face for Betsy, and turned into the big main thoroughfare of the north, leading eastward to Boston and westward to a shore of the midland seas. This road was once the great trail of the Iroquois, by them called the Long House because it reached from the Hudson to Lake Erie and was roofed with foliage. Here they got their first view of a steam-engine. The latter stood puffing and smoking near the village of Utica, to the horror and amazement of the team and the great excitement of those in the wagon. The boy clung to his father for fear of it. Samson longed to get out of the wagon and take a close look at the noisy monster, but his horses were rearing in their haste to get away and even a short stop was impossible. Sambo with his tail between his legs ran ahead in a panic and took refuge in some bushes by the roadside.

"What was that, father?" the boy asked when the horses had ceased to worry over this new peril.

"A steam-engine," he answered. "Sarah, did ye get a good look?"

"Yes; if that don't beat all the new-fangled notions I ever heard of!" she exclaimed.

"They're beginning to use 'em to draw cars on railroads," said Samson.

"What does an engine do?" Joe asked.

"Grabs hold of a house full o' folks and runs off with it. Goes like the wind, too."

"Does it eat 'em up?" Joe asked.

"No. It eats wood and oil and keeps yellin' for more. I guess it could eat a cord o' wood and wash it down with half a bucket o' castor-oil in about five minutes. It snatches folks away to some place and drops 'em. I guess it must make their hair stand up and their teeth chatter."

"Does it hurt anybody?" Joe asked hopefully.

"Well, sir, if anybody wanted to be hurt and got in its way, I rather guess he'd succeed purty well. It's powerful. Why, if a man was to ketch hold of the tail of a locomotive and hang on, it would jerk the toe-nails right off him."

Soon, they came in view of the famous Erie Canal, hard by the road. Through it the grain of the Far West had just begun moving eastward in a ceaseless tide. Big barges, drawn by mules and horses on its shore, were cutting the still waters of the canal. They stopped and looked at the barges and the long tow-ropes and the tugging animals. Samson said:

"There's a real, artificial river hundreds o' miles long, hand-made of the best material, water-tight, no snags or rocks or other imperfections, durability guaranteed. It has made the name of De Witt Clinton known everywhere."

"I wonder what next!" Sarah exclaimed.

They met many teams and passed other movers going west and some prosperous farms on a road wider and smoother than any they had traveled. They camped that night close by the river, with a Connecticut family on its way to Ohio with a great load of household furniture on one wagon and seven children in another. There were merry hours for the young, and pleasant visiting between the elder folk that evening at the fireside. There was much talk among the latter about the new railroad and the great Erie Canal.

So they fared along through Canandaigua and across the Genesee to the village of Rochester and on through Lewiston and up the Niagara River to the Falls, and camped where they could see the great water flood and hear its muffled thunder. When nearing the latter they overtook a family of poor Irish immigrants, of the name of Flanagan, who shared their camp-site at the Falls. The Flanagans were on their way to Michigan and had come from the old country three years before and settled in Broome County, New York. They, too, were on their way to a land of better promise. Among them was a handsome young man of the name of John McNeil, who wore a ruffled shirt and swallow-tail coat now much soiled by the journey. He listened to Samson's account of the Sangamon country and said that he thought he would go there.

WHEN our travelers left next morning, they stopped for a last look at the great Falls.

"Children," said Samson. "I want you to take a good look at that. It's the most wonderful thing in the world and maybe you'll never see it again."

"The Indians used to think that the Great Spirit was in this river," said Sarah.

"Kind o' seems to me they were right," said Samson thoughtfully. "Kind o' seems as if the great spirit of America was in that water. It moves on in the way it wills and nothing can stop it. Everything in its current goes along with it."

"And only the strong can stand the journey," said Sarah.

These words were no doubt inspired by an ache in her bones. A hard seat and the ceaseless jolting of the wagon through long, hot, dusty days had wearied them. Even their hearts were getting sore as they thought of the endless reaches of the roads ahead. Samson stuffed a sack with straw and put it under her and the children on the seat. At a word of complaint he was wont to say:

"I know it's awful tiresome, but we got to have patience. We're goin' to get used to it and have a wonderful lot of fun. The time'll pass quick—you see."

Then he would sing and get them all laughing with some curious bit of drollery. They spent the night of July third at a tavern in Buffalo, then a busy, crude and rapidly growing center for the shipping east and west. Next day there was to be a great celebration of the Fourth of July in Buffalo and our travelers had stopped there to witness it.

The bells began to ring and the cannon to boom at sunrise. It was a day of great excitement for the west-bound travelers. The horses trembled in their stalls. Sambo took refuge in Colonel's manger and would not come out.

THERE were many emigrants on their way to the Far West in the crowd—men, women and children and babies in arms—Irish, English, Germans and Yankees. There were also well-dressed, handsome young men from the colleges of New England going out to be missionaries "between the desert and the sown."

Buffalo, on the edge of the midland seas, had the flavor of the rank, new soil in it those days—and especially that day, when it was thronged with rough-coated and rougher-tongued, swearing men on a holiday, stevedores and boatmen off the lakes and rivers of the middle border—some of whom had had their training on the Ohio and Mississippi. There was much drunkenness and fighting on the crowded streets. Some of the carriers and handlers of American commerce vented their enthusiasm in song.

In Samson's diary was the refrain of one of these old lake songs he had set down, as best he could, after the event:

Then here's three cheers for the skipper an' his crew,
Give 'er the wind and let 'er go, for the boys'll put her through.
I thought 'twould blow the whiskers right off o' you an' me,
On our passage up from Buffalo to Milwaukee-ee.

Each of these rough men had dressed to his own fancy. Many wore fine boots of calfskin with red tops drawn over their trousers and high heels, and blue and red shirts and broad-brimmed straw hats. A long-haired man, in buckskin leggings and moccasins, with a knife at his belt and too much whisky beneath it, amused a crowd by a loud proclamation of his own reckless and redoubtable character and a louder appeal for a chance to put it in action.

Sarah was a bit dismayed by the behavior of these rough forerunners of civilization.

"Don't worry," said Samson as they were driving away on the lake road next morning. "The lake and river boatmen are the roughest fellers in the West, and they're not half as bad as they look and talk. Their deviltry is all on the outside. They tell me that there isn't one o' those boys who wouldn't give his life to help a woman, and I guess it's so."

They had the lake view and its cool breezes on their way to Silver Creek, Dunkirk and Erie, and a rough way it was in those days.

Enough has been written of this long and wearisome journey, but the worst of it was ahead of them—much the worst of it—in the swamp flats of Ohio and Indiana. In the former, one of the wagon-wheels broke down, and that day Sarah began to

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shake with ague and burn with fever. Samson built a rude camp by the roadside, put Sarah into bed under its cover and started for the nearest village on Colonel's back.

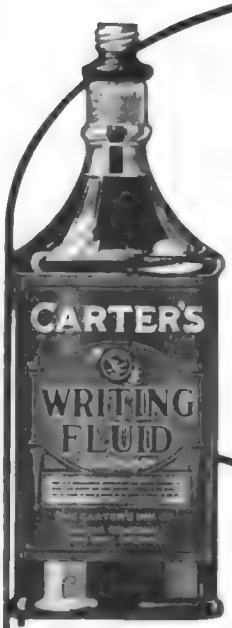
"I shall never forget that day spent in a lonely part of the woods," the good woman wrote to her brother. "It endeared the children to me more than any day I can remember. They brought water from the creek, a great quantity of which I drank, and bathed my aching head, and told me stories and cheered me in every way they could.

"Joe had his bear-stick handy and his plans for bears or wolves or Indians. Samson had made some nails at a smithy in Pennsylvania. Joe managed to drive one of them through an end of his bear-stick and make, as he thought, a formidable weapon. With his nail he hoped to penetrate the bear's eye. He had also put some bacon in the bottom of the pack-basket, knowing the liking of the basket for bears. My faith in God's protection was perfect, and in spite of my misery the children were a great comfort. In the middle of the afternoon Samson returned with a doctor and some tools and a stick of seasoned timber. How good he looked when he came and knelt by my bed and kissed me! This is a hard journey, but a woman can bear anything with such a man. The doctor gave me Sapington's fever pills and said I would be all right in three days, and I was."

The fever and ague passed from one to another and all were sick before the journey ended, although Samson kept the reins in hand through his misery. There were many breaks to mend, but Samson's ingenuity was always equal to the task.

One day, near nightfall, they were overtaken by a tall, handsome Yankee lad riding a pony. His pony stopped beside the wagon and looked toward the travelers as if appealing for help. The boy was pointing toward the horizon and muttering. Sarah saw at once that his mind was wandering in the delirium of fever. She got out of the wagon and took his hand. The moment she did so he began crying like a child.

"This boy is sick," she said to Samson, who came and helped him off his horse. They camped for the night and put the boy to bed and gave him medicine and tender care. He was too sick to travel next day. The Traylors stayed with him and nursed the lad until he was able to go on. He was from Niagara County, New York, and his name was Harry Needles. His mother had died when he was ten and his father had married again. He had not been happy in his home after that and his father had given him a pony and a hundred dollars and sent him away to seek his own fortune. Homesick and lonely and ill, and just going West with a sublime faith that the West would somehow provide for him, he might even have perished on the way if he had not fallen in with friendly people. His story had touched the heart of Sarah and Samson. He was a big, green, gentle-hearted country boy who had set out filled with hope and the love of adventure. Sarah found pleasure in mothering the poor lad, and so it happened that he became one of their little party. He was helpful and good-natured and had sundry arts that pleased the children. The man and he [illegible]



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woman liked the big, honest lad.

One day he said to Samson: "I hope you won't mind if I go along with you, sir."

"Glad to have you with us," said Samson. "We've talked it over. If you want to, you can come along with us and our home shall be yours and I'll do what's right by you."

They fared along through Indiana and over the wide savannas of Illinois, and on the ninety-seventh day of their journey they drove through rolling, grassy, flowering prairies to the small log-cabin settlement of New Salem, Illinois, on the shore of the Sangamon. They halted about noon in the middle of this little prairie village, opposite a small clap-boarded house. A sign hung over its door which bore the rudely lettered words: "Rutledge's Tavern."

A long, slim, stoop-shouldered young man sat in the shade of an oak-tree that stood near a corner of the tavern, with a number of children playing around him. He sat leaning against the tree-trunk reading a book. He had risen as they came near and stood looking at them with the book under his arm. Samson says in his diary that he looked like "an untrimmed yearling colt about sixteen hands high. He got up slow and kept risin' till his bush of black, tousled hair was six feet four above the ground. Then he put on an old straw hat without any band on it. He reminded me of Philemon Baker's fish-rod, he was that narrer. For humliness I'd match him against the world. His hide was kind o' yaller and leathery. I could see he was still in the gristle—a little over twenty—but his face was marked up by worry and weather like a man's. I never saw anybody so long between joints. Don't hardly see how he could tell when his feet got cold."

He wore a white cotton shirt, without a collar or coat or jacket. One suspender held up his coarse linsey trousers, the legs of which fitted closely and came only to a blue-yarn zone above his heavy cowhide shoes. Samson writes that he "fetched a sneeze and wiped his big nose with a red handkerchief" as he stood surveying them in silence, while Dr. John Allen, who had sat on the doorstep reading a paper—a kindly faced man of middle age with a short white beard under his chin—greeted them cheerfully.

THE withering sunlight of a day late in August fell upon the dusty street now almost deserted. Faces at the doors and windows of the little houses were looking at them. Two ragged boys and a ginger-colored dog came running toward the wagon. The latter and Sambo surveyed each other with raised hair and began scratching the earth, straight-legged, whining meanwhile, and in a moment began to play together. A man in blue jeans who sat on the veranda of a store opposite, leaning against its wall, stopped whittling and shut his jack-knife.

"Where do ye hail from?" the doctor asked.

"Vermont," said Samson.

"All the way in that wagon?"

"Yes, sir."

"I guess you're made o' the right stuff," said the doctor. "Where ye bound?"

"Don't know exactly. Going to take up a claim somewhere."

"There's no better country than right here. This is the Canaan of America. We need people like you. Unhitch your team and have some dinner and we'll talk things over after you're rested. I'm the doctor here and I ride all over this part o' the country. I reckon I know it pretty well."

A woman in a neat calico dress came out of the door—a strong-built and rather well-favored woman with blond hair and dark eyes.

"Mrs. Rutledge, these are travelers from the East," said the doctor. "Give 'em some dinner, and if they can't pay for it, I can. They've come all the way from Vermont."

"Good land! Come right in an' rest yerselves. Abe, you show the gentleman where to put his horses an' lend him a hand."

Abe extended his long arm toward Samson and said "Howdy" as they shook hands.

"When his big hand got hold of mine, I kind o' felt his timber," Samson writes. "I says to myself, 'There's a man it would be hard to tip over in a rassle.' He would weigh about two hundred pounds."

"What's yer name? How long ye been travelin'? My conscience! Ye must be plum wore out," the hospitable Mrs. Rutledge was saying as she went into the house with Sarah and the children. "You go and mix up with the little ones and let yer mother rest until I git dinner," she said to Joe and Betsy, and added as she took Sarah's shawl and bonnet: "You lop down and rest yerself while I'm flyin' around the fire."

"Come all the way from Vermont?" asked Abe as he and Samson were unhitching.

"Yes, sir."

"By jing!" the slim giant exclaimed. "I reckon you feel like throwin' off your harness an' takin' a roll in the grass."

CHAPTER FOUR

Wherein the Reader is Introduced to the Store Abe Worked in and to His Future Partner, Bill Berry, and the Scholar, Jack Kelso, and the Latter's Cabin and His Daughter Bim, and Gets a First Look at Lincoln.

THEY had a dinner of prairie-chickens and roast venison flavored with wild-grape jelly, and creamed potatoes and cookies and doughnuts and raisin pie. It was a well-cooked dinner served on white linen in a clean room, and while they were eating, the sympathetic landlady stood by the table eager to learn of their travels and to make them feel at home. The good food and their kindly welcome and the beauty of the rolling, wooded prairies softened the regret which had been growing in their hearts and which only the children had dared to express.

"Perhaps we haven't made a mistake after all," Sarah whispered, when the dinner was over. "I like these people, and the prairies are beautiful."

"It is the land of plenty at last," said Samson as they came out-of-doors. "It is even better than I thought."

"As Douglas Jerrold said of Australia: 'Tickle it with a hoe and it laughs with a harvest,'" said Dr. Allen, who still sat in the shaded dooryard, smoking his pipe. "I have an extra horse and saddle. Suppose you leave the family with Mrs. Rutledge and ride around with me a little this afternoon. I can show you how the land lies off to the west of us and to-morrow we'll look at the other side."

"Thank you—I want to look around here a little," said Samson. "What's the name of this place?"

"New Salem. We call it a village. It has a mill, a carding-machine, a tavern, a schoolhouse, five stores, fourteen houses, two or three men of genius, and a dam. You will hear other damns if you stay here long enough, but they don't amount to much. It's a crude but growing place and soon it will have all the embellishments of civilized life."

That evening many of the inhabitants of the little village came to the tavern to see the travelers and were introduced by Dr. Allen. Most of them had come from Kentucky, although there were two Yankee families who had moved on from Ohio.

"THESE are good folks," said the doctor. "There are others who are not so good. I could show you some pretty rough customers at Clary's Grove not far from here. We have to take things as they are and do our best to make them better."

"Any Indians?" Sarah asked.

"You see one now and then, but they're peaceable. Most of 'em have gone with the buffaloes—farther west. We have make-believe Indians—some reckless white boys who come whooping into the village, half crazy with drink, once in a while. They're not so bad as they seem to be. We'll have to do a little missionary work with them. The Indians have left their imitators all over the West, but they only make a loud noise. That will pass away soon. Now and then a circuit-rider hits here and preaches to us, but that's another kind of imitation. It don't amount to much. You'll hear the Rev. Stephen Nuckles if you settle in these parts. He can holler louder than any man in the state."

"You bet he can holler some when he gits fixed for it," said Abe, who sat near the open door.

"Every man has to be his own preacher here and sow and reap his own morality. He can make himself just as much of a saint as he pleases."

"If he has the raw material to work with," Abe interposed.

"The self-made saint is the only kind I believe in," said Samson.

"We haven't any Erie Canal to Heaven with the minister towing us along," said Abe. "There's some that say it's only fifteen miles to Springfield, but the man that walks it knows better."

The tavern was the only house in New Salem with stairs in it. Stairs so steep, as Samson writes, that "they were first cousins to the ladder." There were two rooms above them with a partition of cloth hanging from the rafters, each with its windows, bed and bedstead, and sundry small beds on the floor. In case there were a number of adult guests the bedstead was screened with sheets hung upon strings and occupied by ladies or man and wife. In one of these rooms the travelers had a night of refreshing sleep.

After riding two days with the doctor, Samson bought the claim of one Isaac

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Gollaher to a half section of land one side of which flanked the western end of the village. He chose a site for his house on high land sloping southward to the shore of Rock Creek and about a quarter of a mile beyond the last house in the village.

"Now we'll go over and see Abe," said Dr. Allen after the deal was made. "He's the best man with an ax and a saw in this part of the country. He works in Denton Offut's store."

Offut's store was a small log structure about twenty by twenty which stood on the south side of the road near Rutledge's tavern. When they entered it, Abe lay at full length on the counter, his head resting on a bolt of blue denim as he studied a book in his hand. He wore the same shirt and one suspender and linsey trousers which he had worn in the door-yard of the tavern, but his feet were covered only by his blue-yarn socks.

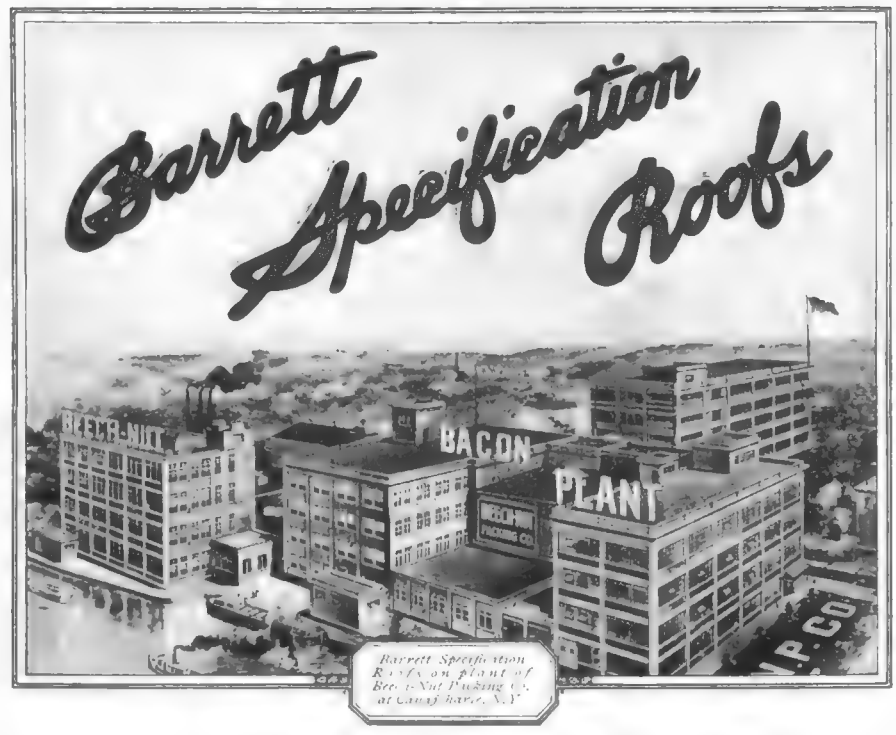
It was a general store, full of exotic flavors, chiefly those of tea, coffee, whisky, tobacco, muscovado sugar and molasses. There was a counter on each side. Bolts of cloth, mostly calico, were piled on the far end of the right counter as one entered and the near end held a show-case containing a display of cutlery, pewter spoons, jewelry and fishing-tackle. There were double windows on either side of the rough board door with its wooden latch. The left counter held a case of threads, buttons, combs, colored ribbons, belts and jew's-harps. A balance stood in the middle of this counter. A chest of tea, a big brown jug, a box of candles, a keg and a large wooden pail occupied its farther end. The shelving on its side walls was filled by straw hats, plug tobacco, bolts of cloth, pills and patent medicines, and pasteboard boxes containing shirts, handkerchiefs and underwear. A suit of blue jeans, scythes and snaths, hoes, wooden hand-rakes and a brass warming-pan hung from the rafters. At the rear end of the store was a large fireplace.

There were two chairs near the fireplace, both of which were occupied by a man, who sat in one while his feet lay on the other. He was sleeping peacefully, his chin resting on his breast. He wore a calico shirt with a fanciful design of morning-glories on it printed in appropriate colors, a collar of the same material and a red necktie.

Abe laid aside his book and rose to a sitting posture. "Pardon me. I see that you are busy," said the doctor. Abe answered: "You know Eb Zane used to say that he was never so busy in his life as when he lay on his back with a broken leg. He said he had to work twenty-four hours a day holding himself down and doin' nothin', an' could never git an hour off. But a broken leg is not so bad as a lame intellect. That lays you out with the fever and ague of ignorance. Jack Kelso recommended Kirkham's pill and a poultice of poetry. I'm trying both and slowly getting the better of it. I've learned three conjugations between customers this afternoon."

The man sleeping in the chair began snoring and groaning.

"Don't blame Bill," Abe went on. "Any man would have the nightmare in a shirt like that. He went to a dance at Clary's Grove last night and they shut him up in a barrel with a small dog and



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rolled 'em down-hill in it. I reckon that's how he learnt how to growl."

In the laughter that followed the sleeper awoke.

William Berry rose and stretched himself and was introduced to the newcomer. He was a short, genial man, of some thirty years, with blond curly hair and mustache. On account of his shortness and his high color he was often referred to as the Bill-Berry Shortcake. His fat cheeks had a color as definite as that of the blossoms on his shirt, now rather soiled. His prominent nose shared their glow of ruddy opulence. His gray eyes wore a look of apology. He walked rather stiffly, as if his legs were rheumatic.

"Mr. Traylor, this is Mr. William Berry," said Dr. Allen. "In this beautiful shirt he resembles a bit of vine-clad sculpture in an Italian garden, but is real flesh and blood and a good fellow."

"I don't understand your high-toned talk," said Berry. "This shirt suits me to a dot."

"It is the pride of New Salem," said the doctor. "Mr. Traylor has just acquired an interest in all our institutions. He has bought the Gollaher tract and is going to build a house and some fences. Abe, couldn't you help get the timber out in a hurry so we can have a raising within a week? You know the arts of the ax better than any one of us."

Abe looked at Samson. "I reckon he and I would make a good team with the ax," he said. "He looks as if he could push a house down with one hand and build it up with the other. You can bet I'll be glad to help in any way I can."

"We'll all turn in and help. I should think Bill could look after the store for a few days," said the doctor. "I promised to take Mr. Traylor over to Jack Kelso's to-night. Couldn't you come along?"

"Good! We'll have a story-tellin' and get Jack to unlimber his guns," said Abe.

IT WAS a cool evening with a promise of frost in the air. Jack Kelso's cabin, one of the two which stood close together at the western end of the village, was lighted by the cheery blaze of dry logs in its fireplace. There were guns on a rack over the fireplace under a buck's head; a powder-horn hung near them on its string looped over a nail. There were wolf and deer and bear pelts on the floor. The skins of foxes, raccoons and wildcats adorned the log walls. Jack Kelso was a blond, smooth-faced, good-looking, merry-hearted Scot, about forty years old, of a rather slight build, some five feet eight inches tall. That is all that any one knew of him save that he spent most of his time hunting and fishing and seemed to have all the best things which great men had said or written, on the tip of his tongue. He was neatly dressed in a blue flannel coat and shirt, top-boots and riding-breeches.

"Welcome! And here's the best seat at the fireside," he said to Samson.

Then as he filled his pipe he quoted the lines from "Cymbeline":

"Think us no churls, nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in.

"My wife and daughter are away for a visit and for two days I've had the cabin to myself. Look, ye worshipers of fire, and see how fine it is now! The dirty cabin is a place of beauty. Everything has the color of the rose, coming and going in the flickering shadows. What a heaven it is when the flames are leaping! Here is Hogarth's line of beauty. Nothing perpendicular nor horizontal."

He took Abe's hand and went on: "Here, ye lovers of romance, is one of the story-tellers of Ispahan, who has in him the wisdom of the wandering tribes. He can tell you a tale that will draw children from their play and old men from the chimney corner. My boy, take a chair next to Mr. Traylor."

HE TOOK the hand of the doctor and added: "Here, too, is a man whose wit is more famous than his pills—one produces shakes and the other cures them. Doctor, you and I will take the end seats."

"My pills can be relied upon, but my wit is like my dog, away from home most of the time," said the doctor.

"Gathering the bones with which you often astonish us," said Kelso. "How are the lungs, doctor?"

"They're all right. These long rides in the open are making a new man of me. Another year in the city would have used me up."

"Mr. Traylor, you stand up as proud and firm as a big pine," Kelso remarked. "I believe you're a Yankee."

"So do I," said Samson. "If you took all the Yankee out o' me, I'd have an empty skin."

Then Abe began to show the stranger his peculiar art in these words:

"An old circuit-rider used to say: 'God's grace embraces the isles of the sea and the uttermost parts o' the earth. It takes in the Eskimos and the Hottentots. Some go so fur as to say that it takes in the Yankees, but I don't go so fur.' "

Samson joined in the good-natured laughter that followed.

"If you deal with some Yankees you take your life in your hands," he said. "They can serve God or Mammon and I guess they have given the Devil some of his best ideas. He seems to be getting a lot of Yankee notions lately.

"There was a powerful prejudice in Kentucky against the Yankees," Abe went on. "Down there they used to tell about a Yankee who sold his hogs and was driving them to town. On the way he decided that he had sold them too cheap. He left them with his drover in the road and went on to town and told the buyer that he would need help to bring 'em in.

"'How's that?' the buyer asked.

"'Why, they git away an' go to runnin' through the woods an' fields, an' we can't keep up with 'em.'

" 'I don't think I want 'em,' said the buyer. 'A speedy hog hasn't much pork to carry. I'll give ye twenty bits to let me off.' "

"I guess that Yankee had one more hog than he counted," said Samson.

"It reminds me of a man in Pope County who raised the biggest hog in Illinois," Abe went on. "It was a famous animal and people from far and near came to see him. One day a man came up an' asked to see the hog.

" 'We're chargin' two bits for the privilege now,' said the owner.

"The man paid the money and got into his wagon.

"'Don't you want to see him?' the farmer asked.

" 'No,' said the stranger. 'I've seen the biggest hog in Illinois and I don't care to look at a smaller one.' "

"Whatever prejudice you may find here will soon vanish," said Kelso, turning to the newcomer. "I have great respect for the sturdy sons of New England. I believe it was Theodore Parker who said that the pine was the symbol of their character. He was right. Its roots are deep in the soil; it towers above the forest; it has the strength of tall masts and the substance of the builder in its body, music in its waving branches and turpentine in its veins. I thought of this when I saw Webster and heard him speak at Plymouth."

"What kind of a looking man is he?" Abe asked.

"A big, erect, splendid figure of a man. He walked like a ram at the head of his flock. As he began speaking I thought of that flash of Homer's in the 'Odyssey':

'When his great voice went forth out of his breast and his words fell like the winter snows—not then would any mortal contend with Ulysses.' "

Abe, who since his story had sat with a sad face looking into the fire, now leaned forward, his elbows on his knees, and shook his head with interest while his gray eyes took on a look of animation.

"He is a very great man," Abe exclaimed.

"Have you learned that last noble flight of his in the reply to Hayne as you promised?" Kelso asked.

"I have," said Abe, "and the other day, when I was tramping back from Bowling Green, I came across a drove of cattle and stopped and gave it to them. They all let go of the grass and stood looking. By an' by the bull thought he'd stood it as long as he could an' bellered back at me."

"Good! Now stand up and let us see how you imitate the great chief of the Whig clan," said Kelso.

THE lank and awkward youth rose and began to speak the lines in a high-pitched voice that trembled with excitement. It lowered and steadied and rang out like a bugle as he launched into the mighty current of the orator's passion. Then, indeed, the words fell from his lips "like the winter snows."

"They shook our hearts as the wind shakes the branches of a tree," Samson writes in his diary. "The lean, bony body of the boy was transfigured and as I looked at his face in the firelight I thought it was handsome.

"Not a word was spoken for a minute after he sat down. I had got my first look at Lincoln. I had seen his soul. I think it was then I began to realize that a man was being made among us more precious than fine gold; even a man more precious than the golden wedge of Ophir."

The doctor's face was covered with his hand. Kelso sat with both hands in his pockets and his chin upon his breast looking solemnly into the fire.

The next instalment of "A Man for the Ages" will appear in the August number.

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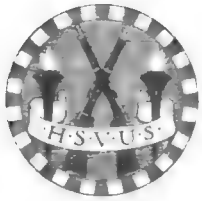
H. S. V. U. S.

FOR BETTER  CITIZENSHIP

The Turning-Point

AS THIS year of High-School Volunteer work nears its end, those who since 1916 have followed with close interest the growth and success of the idea behind it and taken part in its development will have to answer a direct and pressing question. It is a question which every day's movement of affairs and further formation of public opinion in this country regarding the future of its military policy brings more clearly to the front. It is this: Shall the High-School Volunteers and the idea which the organization has been trying to express in its work necessarily be submerged and lose its individual power and force in American life through such plans as the Government finds it advisable to make for the military training of American boys in the schools or outside of them? Is there not a place in any liberal, democratic system of military training such as so progressive and democratic a country as ours could not fail to adopt, for an idea which aims directly at producing not only the material out of which good soldiers may be made, but the infinitely rarer material out of which good citizens may be made?

It should be understood clearly that there is nothing in the High-School Volunteer idea, nor in its plan of training, which necessarily conflicts in the least with what the military authorities believe is necessary from a purely military point of view in the the training of boys for possible military service for their country. There is no reason why the High-School Volunteer idea may not be infused into any military work a high school or similar institution may introduce under any governmental plan. All that is required is a sincere appreciation of it and an enthusiasm for it on the part of the authorities and instructor. Every good military instructor of high-school boys, if he carries out his work thoroughly and wishes to give it value by securing the utmost interest and cooperation on the part of his boys, will be found doing things and inventing plans of procedure and activities essentially like those recommended by the High-School Volunteers. The High-School Volunteer plan, indeed, was the result of the ideas of one such enthusiastic instructor—Colonel Steever.

It is clear that all that is needed to make the High-School Volunteer idea a permanent aid to the strength of American life is that those who have the task of interpreting and applying any governmental military policy have at least the opportunity of becoming in some measure acquainted and imbued with the spirit of the idea, and receive also the support of some permanent national organization which continues to stand for the idea. Those whose enthusiasm for it is genuine will lose no chances to spread and develop knowledge and appreciation of the work and see that there is always some form of national organization to represent it and carry it on, no matter what plans of military training in the schools the Government may devise.

THE High-School Volunteers of the United States is a national organization of boys and girls in high schools and other institutions, and in communities, aiming to promote better citizenship by a uniform national plan of specific training, competitions, games, and in other ways.

A High-School-Volunteer Corps may be organized by any group of boys or girls of fourteen to eighteen, in any school, institution or community where the necessary equipment and an instructor or leader can be obtained. The equipment needed, the method of organizing the corps, its regulations, and plan of military activities for the first year are given in detail in the Official Handbook and Cadet Manual of the H. S. V. U. S., by Majors E. Z. Steever and J. L. Frink, published as a regular text-book by the J. B. Lippincott Company of Philadelphia. The Constitution of the H. S. V. U. S., membership applications, and additional instructions may be obtained from Headquarters, gratis. Literature covering the community and civic activities of the corps is in preparation.

Individual members of independent corps may be enrolled as unattached members of the H. S. V. U. S. Application for unattached members may be obtained from Headquarters. Entire independent corps may become regularly associated with the H. S. V. U. S. when sixty per cent. of their members join the H. S. V. U. S.

For full information, write Headquarters, High-School Volunteers of the United States, Butterick Building, New York City.

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LINDA CONDON

(*Continued from page 40*)

marriage." The smoke from the cigaret eddied in a gray veil across her unrefreshed face.

"You're old for your age, Linda; your life has made you that; and, like I said last night, it is rather better than not. Well, for you marriage, and soon as possible, is the proper thing. Mind, I have never said a word against it; only what suits one doesn't suit another. Where it wouldn't be anything more than an old ladies' home to me you need it early and plenty. You are too intense. That doesn't go in the world. Men don't like it. They want their pleasure and comfort without strings tied to them; the intensity has to be theirs.

"What you must get through your head is that love—whatever it is—and marriage are two different things, and if you are going to be successful they must be kept separate. You can't do anything with a man if you love him; but then you can't do anything with him if he doesn't love you. That's the whole thing in a breath. I am not crying down love, either; only I don't want you to think it is the bread and butter while it's nothing more than those little sweet cakes at Henri's.

"Now any girl who marries a poor man or for love—they're the same thing—is a fool and deserves what she gets. No one thanks her for it, him, least of all; because if she does love him, it is only to make them miserable. She's always at him—where did he go and why did he stay so long, and no matter what he says she knows it's a lie. More times than not she's right, too. I can't tell you too often—men don't want to be loved—they like to be flattered and flattered and then flattered again. You'd never believe how childish they are.

"Make them think they're it and don't give too much—that's the secret. Above all else don't be easy on them. Don't say 'all right, darling, next spring will do as well for a new suit.' Get it then and let him worry about paying for it, if worry he must. If they don't give it to you, some one smarter will get it. But I started to talk about getting married.

"Choose a Moses Feldt, who will always be grateful to you, and keep him at it. They are so easy to get it's a kind of shame, too. Perhaps I am telling you this too soon, but I don't want any mistakes. Well, pick out your Moses—and mama will help you there—and suddenly, at the right time, show him that you can be affectionate; surprise him with it, and you so staid and particular generally. Don't overdo it, promise more than you ever give——

"In the closet, dearie, just a little. That's a good girl. Mama's so dry." She rose, the silver cup of the flask in her hand, and moved inevitably to the mirror. "My hair's a sight," she remarked; "all strings. I believe I'll get a permanent wave. They say it lasts for six months or more. Till the ends grow out—makes a lot of it, too, and holds the hair together. If you've ever had dye in your hair, I hear, it will break off like grass."

Linda pondered over what she had been told of love and marriage; on the whole the exposition had been unsatisfactory. The latter she was able to grasp, but her mother had admitted an inability to exactly fix love. One fact, apparently, was clear—it was a nuisance and a hindrance to happiness, or rather to success. Love upset things. Still she had the strongest objection possible to living forever with a man like Mr. Moses Feldt. At once all that she had hoped for from life grew flat and uninteresting. She had no doubt of her mother's correctness and wisdom; the world was like that; she must make the best of it.

There was some telephoning, questions, and she heard the elder make an appointment with a hair-dresser for three that afternoon. She wondered what it would be like to have your hair permanently waved and hoped that she would see it done. This, too, she realized, was a part of the necessity of always considering men—they liked your hair to be wavy. Hers was as straight and stupid as possible. She, in turn, examined herself in a mirror: the black bang fell exactly to her eyebrows, her face had no color other than the red lips, the red lips and the deep blue of her eyes. She moved away and critically studied her figure; inches and inches too thin, she decided. Undoubtedly her mother was right, and she must marry at the first opportunity—if she could find a man, a rich man, who was willing.

Her thoughts returned vaguely to the mystery, the nuisance, of love. Surely she had heard something before, immensely important, about it, and totally different from all her mother had said. Her mind was filled with the fantastic image of a forest, of dangers, and a fat china figure with curled plumes, a nodding head, that brushed her with fear and disgust. A shuddering panic took possession of her, flashes burned before her eyes, and she ran gasping to the perfumed soft reassurances of her mother.

XI

IN A recurrence of her surprising concern of the day before Mrs. Condon declined to leave her dearest Linda alone; and, their arms caught together in a surging affection, they walked down Fifth Avenue toward the hair-dresser's. There was a diffused gray sparkle of sunlight—it was early for the throngs—through which they passed rapidly to the accompaniment of a rapid, eager chatter. Linda wore a deep, smooth camel's-hair cape, over which her intense black hair poured like ink, and her face was shaded by a dipping green velvet hat. Her mother, in one of the tightly cut suits she affected, had never been more like a perfect companion.

They saw, in the window of a store for men, a set of violent purple wool underwear, and barely escaped hysterics at the thought of Mr. Moses Feldt in such a garb. They giggled idiotically at the spectacle of a countryman on the top of an omnibus fearfully clasping his hat. And then, when they had reached the place of Mrs. Condon's appointment, stopped at the show of elaborately waved hair on wax heads and chose which, probably, would resemble the elder and which, in a very short while now, Linda.

It was an impressive interior, furnished in gray panels and silvery wood; and the young woman at the desk was more surprisingly waved than anything they had yet seen. M. Joseph would be ready almost immediately; and in the meanwhile Mrs. Condon could lay aside her things in preparation for the hair to be washed. She did this while Linda followed every movement with the deepest interest.

At the back of the long room was a succession of small alcoves, each with an important-looking chair and mirror and shelves, a white basin, water-taps and rubber tubes. Settled in comfort, Mrs. Condon's hair was spread out in a bright metal tray fastened to the back of the chair and the attendant, a moist, tired girl in a careless waist, sprayed the short, thick, gold-colored strands.

"My," she observed, "what some wouldn't give for your shade! Never been touched, I can see, either. A lady comes in with real Titian, but yours is more select. It positively is. Lillian Russell." While she talked her hands sped with incredible rapidity and skill. "The gentlemen don't notice it; of course not; oh no! There was a girl here, a true blonde, but she didn't stay long—her own car, yes indeed. Married her right out of the establishment. There wasn't any nonsense to her.

"So this is your little girl; I'd never have believed it. Not that she hasn't a great deal of style, a great deal—almost, you might say, like an Egyptian. In the movies last night; her all over. It's a type that will need studying. Bertha Kalich. But for me——"

Already, Linda saw, this part of the operation was done. The girl wheeled into position a case that had a fan and ring of blue flickering flames, and a cupped tube through which hot air was poured over her mother's head. M. Joseph strutted in, a small, carefully dressed man with a diminutive pointed gray beard and formal curled mustache. He spoke with what Linda supposed was a French accent, and his manners, at least to them, were beautiful. But because the girl had not put out the blue flames quickly enough he turned to her with a voice of quivering rage.

It was so unexpected, in the middle of his bowing and smooth assurances, that Linda was startled, and had to think about him all over. The result of this was a surprising dislike; she hated, even, to see him touch her mother, as he unnecessarily did in directing them into the enclosure for the permanent wave.

The place itself filled her with the faint horror of instruments and the unknown. Above the chair where Mrs. Condon now sat there was a circle in the ceiling like the base of a chandelier and hanging down from it on twisted green wires were a great number of the strangest things imaginable: they were as thick as her wrist, but round, longer and hollow, white china inside and brown-wrapped out. The wires of each one, she found, led over a little wheel and down again to a swinging clock-like weight. In addition to this there were strange depressing handles on the wall by a dial with a jiggling needle and clearly marked numbers.

The skill of the girl who had washed her mother's hair, however, was slight compared with M. Joseph's dexterity. The comb flashed in his white narrow hands; in no time at all every knot was urged out

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into a shining smoothness. "Just the front?" he inquired. Not waiting for Mrs. Condon's reply, he detached a strand from the mass over her brow, impaled it on a hairpin, while he picked up what might have been a thick steel knitting-needle with one end fastened in the middle of a quarter. The latter, it developed, had a hole in it, through which he drew the strand of hair, and then wrapped it with an angry tightness about the long projection.

At this exact moment a new girl, but tired and moist, appeared, took a hank of white threads from a dressing-table, and tied that separate lock firmly. This, Linda counted, was repeated fifteen times; and when it was accomplished she was unable to repress a nervous laughter. Really, her mother looked too queer for words: the long rigid projections stood out all over her head like—like a huge pincushion; no, it was a porcupine. Mrs. Condon smiled in recognition of her daughter's mirth, but uncertainly.

Then Linda's attention followed M. Joseph to a table against a partition, where he secured a white cotton strip from a film of them soaking in a shallow tray, took up some white powder on the blade of a dessert knife and transferred it to the strip. This he wrapped and wrapped about the hair fastened on a spindle, tied it in turn, and dragged down one of the brown objects on wires, which, to Linda's great astonishment, fitted precisely over the cotton-bound hair. Again, fifteen times, M. Joseph did this, fastening each connection with the turn of a screw. When this was accomplished, her mother's hair, it seemed, had grown fast to the ceiling in a tangle of green ends. It was the most terrifying spectacle Linda had ever witnessed. Obscure thoughts of torture, of criminals executed by electricity, tormented her into a set apprehension.

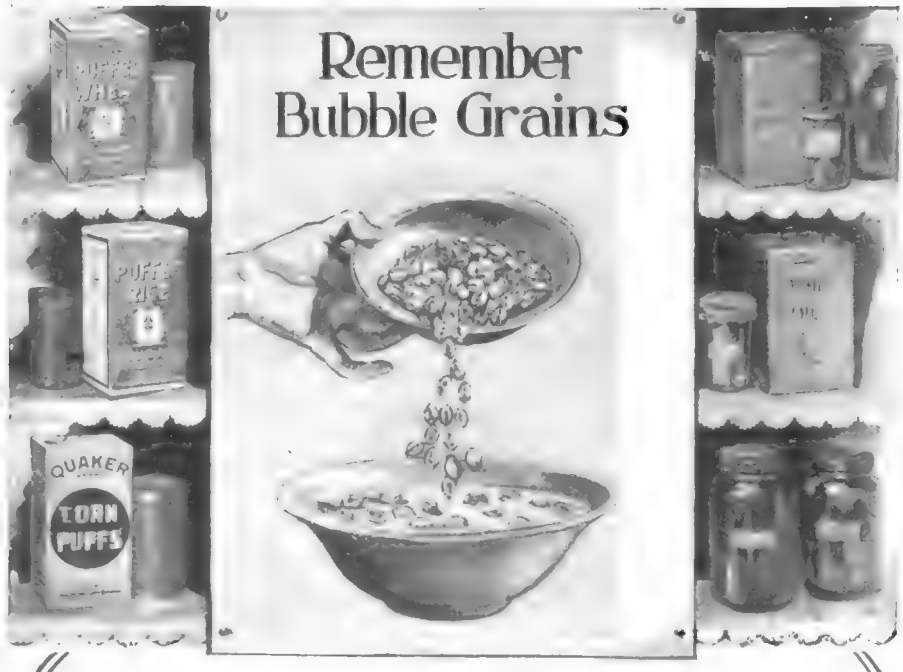
The hair-dresser stepped over to the dials on the wall, and, with a sharp, comprehensive glance at his apparatus, moved a handle as far as it would go. Nothing immediately happened, and Linda gave a relaxing sigh of relief. M. Joseph, however, became full of a painful attention.

XII

HE BROUGHT into view an unsuspected tube, with a cone of paper at its end, and bent over her mother, directing a stream of cold air against her head. "How do you feel?" he asked, with, Linda noticed, a startling loss of his first accent. Mrs. Condon so far felt well enough. Then, before Linda's startled gaze, every single one of the fifteen imprisoning tubes began to steam with an extraordinary vigor; not only did they steam, like teapots, but drops of water formed and slowly slid over her mother's face. If the process appeared weird at the beginning, now it was utterly fantastic.

The little white vapor spurts played about Mrs. Condon's dripping countenance; they increased rather than diminished; actually it resembled a leaking locomotive. "How are you?" M. Joseph demanded nervously. "Is it hot anywhere?" With a sudden gesture she replied in a shaking voice, "Here."

Instantly he was holding the paper cone with its cold air against her scalp, and the heat was subdued. He glanced nervously



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at his watch, and Mrs. Condon managed to ask, "How long?"

"Twenty minutes."

Dangerous as the whole proceeding seemed, nothing really happened, and Linda's fears gradually faded toward a mere curiosity and interest. A curtain hung across the door to the rest of the establishment, but it had been brushed partly open; and she could see, in the compartment they had vacated, another man bending with waving irons over the liberated mass of a woman's hair. He was very much like M. Joseph, but he was younger and had only a dark scrap of mustache. As he caught up the hair with a quick double twist he leaned very close to the woman's face, whispering with an expression that never changed, an expression like that of the wax heads in the show-case. He bent so low that Linda was certain their cheeks had touched. She pondered at length over this, gazing now at the man beyond and now at M. Joseph flitting with the cold-air tube about her mother; wondering if, when she got older, she would like a hair-dresser's cheek against hers. Linda decided not. The idea didn't shock her, the woman in the other space plainly liked it; still she decided she wouldn't. A different kind of man, she told herself, would be nicer.

Her thoughts were interrupted by a sharp, unpleasant odor—the odor of burning hair; and she was absolutely frozen with horror at an agonized cry from her mother.

"It's burning me terribly," the latter cried. "Oh, I can't stand it. Stop! Stop!"

M. Joseph, as white as plaster, rushed to the wall and reversed the handle, and Mrs. Condon started from the chair, her face now streaming with actual tears; but before she could escape the man threw himself on her shoulders.

"You mustn't move," he whispered desperately, "you'll tear your hair out. I tell you no harm's been done. Everything will be right. Please, please don't cry like that. It will ruin my business. There are others in the establishment. Stop!" he shook her viciously.

Linda had risen, terrorized; and Mrs. Condon, with waving, plucking hands, was sobbing an appeal to be released. "My head, my head," she repeated. "I assure you"—the man waved a pallid girl to hold her in the chair. With a towel to protect his hand he undid a screw, lifted off the cap and untwisted the cotton from a bound lock of hair; releasing it, in turn, from the spindle it fell forward in a complete corkscrew over Mrs. Condon's face.

"Do you see!" he demanded. "Perfect. I give you my word they'll all be like that. The cursed heat ran up on me," he added in a swift aside to his assistant. "Has Mrs. Bellows gone? Who's still in the place? Here, loose that binding—thank God, that one is all right, too."

Together they unfastened most of the connections, and a growing fringe of long, remarkable curls marked Mrs. Condon's pain-drawn and dabbled face. Linda sobbed uncontrollably; but perhaps, after all, nothing frightful had happened. Her poor mother! Then fear again tightened about her heart at the perturbed expression that overtook the hair-dresser. He was trying in vain to remove one of the caps. She caught enigmatic words—"the borax, crystallized . . . solid. It would need a plumber . . . have to go."

The connection was immovable. Even in her suffering Mrs. Condon implored M. Joseph to save her hair. Nothing, however, could be done; he admitted it with pale lips. The thing might be chiseled off; in the end he tried to force a release and the strand, with a renewal of Mrs. Condon's agony—now, in the interest of her appearance, heroically withstood—snapped short in the container.

Rapidly recovering her vigor, she launched on a tirade against M. Joseph and his permanent waving establishment—Linda had never before heard her mother talk in such a loud, brutal manner, nor use such heated, unpleasant words, and the girl was flooded with a wretched shame. Still another lock, it was revealed, had been ruined, and crumbled to scorched dust in its owner's fingers.

"The law will provide for you," she promised.

"Your hair was dyed," the proprietor returned viciously. "The girl who washed it will testify. Every one is warned against the permanent if their hair has been colored. So, it was at your own risk."

"My head's never been touched with dye," Mrs. Condon shrilly answered. "You lying little ape. And well does that young woman know it. She complimented me herself on a true blonde." The girl had, too, right before Linda.

"You ought to be thrashed out of the city."

"Your money will be given back to you," M. Joseph told her.

Outside they found a taxi, and sped back to their hotel. Above Mrs. Condon removed her hat; and, before the uncompromising mirror, studied her wrecked hair—a frizzled vacancy was directly over her left brow—and haggard face. When she finally turned to Linda, her manner, her words, were solemn.

"I'm middle-aged," she said.

A dreary silence enveloped them, sitting in the dark reception-room where Mrs. Condon restlessly shredded unlighted cigarettes on the floor. She had made no effort to repair the damages to her appearance and when the telephone bell sharply sounded, she reached out in a slovenly negligence of manner. Linda could hear blurred articulation and her mother answering listlessly. The latter at last said: "Very well, at seven then; you'll stop for us." She hung up the receiver, stared blankly at Linda, and then went off into a harsh mirth. "Oh, my God!" she cried; "the old ladies' home!"

The next instalment of ***Linda Condon*** *will appear in the August number.*

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Food Calories—Tire Mileage

At a certain restaurant in New York, food is being sold on a basis of so many calories of nutriment for so many cents. According to a recent menu card—

> One dish offered 190 calories for 20 cents—another 380 calories for 40 cents—and a third 570 calories for 60 cents.

In other words, the 40 cent dish gave its purchaser just double, and the 60 cent dish three times the amount of nourishment as the 20 cent dish.

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The GERMAN CHALLENGE

(Continued from page 24)

evening in Trèves I paused to look at a bright display of stock in a drug-store window. A woman with a little girl of perhaps four or five was at the same time looking in. After a moment or two the child smiled at me; the mother saw and with a scowl roughly jerked the child away. One day in Bitburg a waitress in a restaurant exploded noisily and gutturally at a party of doughboys, who promptly remarked that it was a relief to hear a little downright talk. Upon the occasion of the entrance into Coblenz a woman wearing the uniform of the German Red Cross was in the crowd along the curb of one of the streets through which our men passed; as the column marched by she pointedly turned her back and talked to a German officer who was with her.

Playing to the Doughboy

ONLY in those three trivial instances, so far as my observation went, did the people of the portion of Germany that I have visited, fail to run true to form in their obedience to the law of expediency which commanded that they should cajole and fawn upon the men who had come three thousand miles for the express purpose of killing—and who had killed—just as many of their brothers and sweethearts and friends as they possibly could; all of which, as the American officer so indubitably learned at General von Meyrowitz's headquarters, was a deliberately calculated part of the German program for winning some sort of tolerant word for themselves at the Peace Conference.

In many other ways that shameless eye for the main chance kept persistently obtruding itself. Upon the day when the army, preceded by a band playing "Down Upon the Suwanee River," entered Trèves, I saw a short, chunky German, with flaxen hair that bristled straight up from his forehead, most industriously at work in his shop-window. His coat was off and with all speed, without taking the least notice of the band or of the incoming troops, about whom it might have been presumed he would have had at least some curiosity, he was loading back into the store a great lot of stuff that he had had on display. I watched him until finally, when all was clear in the window, he staggered forth with a sewing-machine and placed it on exhibition there. When I looked at the machine I saw that it was conspicuously of a world-famous American make. It is impossible to say whether that German imagined that he was likely to sell a sewing-machine to some doughboy, but at any rate he was getting an American product on sale just as promptly as he could.

Within six hours after Trèves had been occupied, safety razors notoriously of American manufacture were being displayed. It took the Germans no time at all to discover the passion of the American soldier for souvenirs and a brisk business in Iron Crosses was promptly begun. Some of the crosses were not genuine, but some of them were and they used to be offered brazenly upon street-corners by men still in uniform. Imagine a Frenchman, no matter what the profit, hawking his *Croix de Guerre!* Not a shopkeeper in England would dream of making advertisement of the fact that he had German goods for sale. In Coblenz, within a week after we had gone in, a school for instruction in German had been established and hand-bills telling of it were being distributed to our men. The book-stores in Coblenz were quick to dig out all the English and American books that they had in stock and get them into their windows and onto their show-tables.

One day I was riding out along the Rhine when we came into one of the many little villages where American troops were stationed. From the roof of a small hotel a scaffold had been let down and a man was at work painting out a name. The name that he was painting out was "Kaiserhof." A few days later in passing through the same village I observed in fresh lettering the words "Hotel Central." Anything, everything, you observe, goes by the board in Germany for the sake of the main chance—pride, self-respect, truth, all natural human feeling, loyalty, old-time regard—for such is the German code which has so strikingly survived the war.

Let me approach the matter from still one other direction. As all the world knows, hardly had the armistice been signed—indeed, the outcry began a little earlier—when Germany set up the most insistent pleas for food. She wanted her late enemies to help her feed herself. Echoes of the alleged distress reached us even in the comparative isolation of the military zone, and upon the day when we made the crossing of the frontier we were sure to a certainty that we were about to enter a country of pasty-faced children, hollow-cheeked women and of men with the pinched countenance of the very hungry. Every word that had come out of Germany had represented that starvation was well-nigh abroad in the land.

Germany Starving?

AT THIS date it is probably not necessary to discuss what the actual situation throughout Germany was at that time; it is perhaps sufficient to say that the facts as we found them brought no small shock. Children were plump and rosy-cheeked; women—I have a vision of one now coming out of a jewelry-store in Trèves wearing rich glossy furs the like of which no woman in London had dared to wear for three years or more—the women were buxom and full-colored and the men obviously plentifully enough nourished. It was perfectly easy to get all one desired to eat in the restaurants and at prices that were not as steep as they had been two weeks earlier in such typical French towns as Nancy and Bar-le-Duc. The American Army made an investigation of conditions in all of the area which we were occupying and the report was that, although there was an insufficiency of fats, there was not an insufficiency of food. And yet in the face of this situation there were persons who persisted in emphasizing to us, the correspondents, that the country was in dire need of more supplies. Among these I recall in particular that amiable individual, the acting burgomaster of Coblenz.

Of course we realized that from the German view-point it would have been pleasant to have had quantities of food imported. Indeed, in certain regards increased rations for the people might have been desirable; weak, incipient germs of disorder do not flourish when there is an abundance to eat. But there was no necessity. England—and I am speaking from first-class knowledge and experience—during the tremendous winter and spring of 1918, France in the same period, were far nearer starvation than Rhenish Prussia was while we were there. However, the matter, as it unfolded itself, was simply that Germany had set her mind upon getting more food and with that end held firmly in view was going about the job characteristically. Among the correspondents attached to the American Army there were those who saw an exceptional opportunity for effective propaganda, no doubt envisioning headlines all to their purposes in the American press.

A Famine Show

FINALLY, certain correspondents were urged and invited by the Workingmen's Council of Trèves, which was then a semi-official agency, working in conjunction with the burgomaster of the city, to make complete personal investigations. They agreed and a program was arranged under which they visited a very considerable number of towns and a very considerable number of food establishments in those places. The men were most conscientious and thorough in their work. They went into kitchens and saw precisely what ingredients went into the concoction of any given dish on a restaurant menu; they inspected shops and generally gave much valuable time and trained energy to the inquiry, which, let it be borne in mind, was being conducted under the auspices of various affiliated workingmen's councils, these organizations which were presented to the world as embodying the new spirit that had had birth in Germany and which were at that time, even though frequently cooperating with the burgomasters, the direct local representatives of the existing Haase-Scheidemann-Ebert government at Berlin.

The correspondents were much impressed with a great deal that was shown to them. They were not thrown into any agonies of pity, but they were impressed—sufficiently impressed to be inclined to try to throw some light on the German food problem. It was not until a little later that the flagrancy of the thing developed. Indisputable evidence came to hand, secured through army channels, that there had been a deliberate attempt to victimize the newspaper men with "plants"—with prearranged exhibits of impoverishment, unstocked larders, food insufficiency. In other words, when the new spirit in Germany set about to attain its object of securing more food, its first recourse was to deception. Trickiness, the old trickiness, seemed in Rhenish Prussia to crop out at many a turn.

The point must now be quite clear. With their dead scarcely buried, the Germans, as I found them, were up in scores of ways to the same kinds of cunning practises that they used so inveterately to be. I discovered no repentance and much insincerity—large scale and small scale. Their method of approach to any problem had not apparently changed with the war. The

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new order of affairs—if it were really a new order—seemed to merit no more regard and confidence than the old. All decency, all natural, warm, human feelings, all that blocked the way to "results," had, just as inevitably as before, to yield to the dictates of expediency, to the necessities of the chosen objective. The creed of Nietzsche, of Bismarck and of Germany had not been killed with the war, but was still virulently alive. And let that—the destruction of the old code—be written down as one thing at least that the war did not do to Germany.

There are many other things that the war did not do to Germany. For example, it did not get her, as it got France and to an extent England, into a condition of wide-spread disrepair. I am not thinking at all of ruins and the ravages of shellfire and bombing, though, here it may be incidentally observed, for all the exploits of the Allied airmen, only twice did I come upon the slightest existing evidence of their work—a cracked piece of glass upon a large engraving of the Kaiser, hanging in a Trèves hotel, and a scarred and indented sidewalk, likewise in Trèves. That which I have in mind is the deterioration of property through neglect, avoidable or unavoidable. In that regard, France, straining to beat off her invaders, suffered horribly, even in places far beyond the reach of German aviators and German guns; and England, too, mobilized close to the breaking-point, showed, poignantly in a country always so spick and span, greatly the wear of war. But Germany, rather inexplicably, appeared to have escaped that.

Still Spic and Span

UPON only one occasion did I travel upon a German railroad. The trip was the five-hour journey from Trèves to Coblenz. The cars, the engines, the roadbed, the small wayside stations as well as the larger terminals, all appeared to be most excellently kept up and the train ran on time. The street-car lines everywhere were supplying regular and adequate service and one never heard cars, so far as I recall, clattering along on worn-out wheels. Shops and stores were not only open, but they did not have a faded look. A normal amount of fresh paint seemed to be about and one rarely saw paper-patched window-glass. I had little opportunity to make any actual industrial investigations, but the whole effect was one of a community that was keeping and had been keeping nicely abreast of itself, repairing day by day as the need was.

Another thing the war did not do to Germany was to destroy the instinctive passion of her people for social order and conditions suitable for quiet, regular, well-directed work. Even as I write, there are reports of great disturbances in Berlin and even in other places. I can not believe that those upheavals will be long-lived. All that the average German—and I have talked with many—desired when the war was over was to get back to his job. Everywhere men seemed to be reaching out for normality. You never saw aimless crowds drifting about, and in a thousand small ways everything spoke to one of a paramount wish for a secure and stabilized quiet. In both Trèves and Coblenz the workingmen's councils met on common ground with the burgomaster in joint efforts to make certain of order; and that

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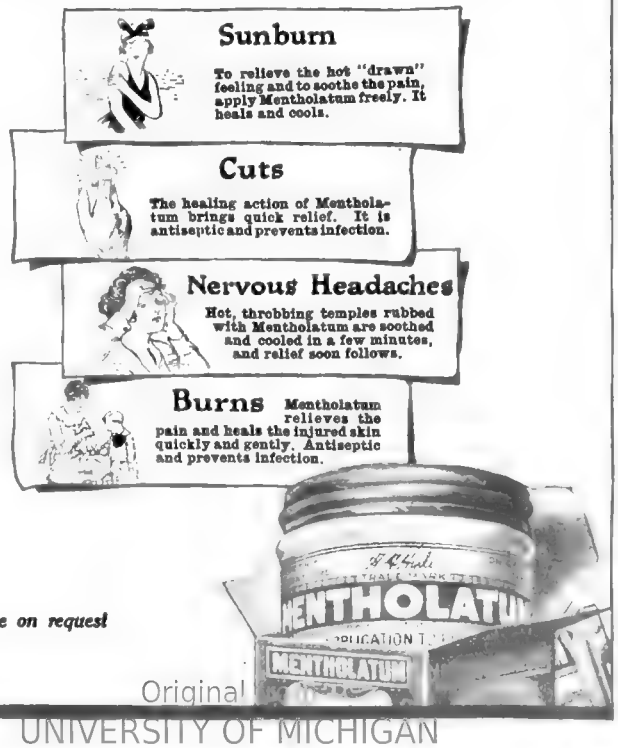
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was before the coming of the American Army. One's sense could not have betrayed to one that the overwhelming bulk of Germans—the kind of people who will make the nation whatever it is eventually to become—still holds a deep repugnance for internal social disorder.

But overtopping these matters, the country's well-repaired condition, which of course presages quick recovery and the desire for order, which minimizes the danger of great hurt from the revolution, are the two greater points which I earlier made. The war did not break German vitality and spirit, it did not break the German creed. The Germans, as I saw them, are to-day simply palpitating with eagerness and life and passion for achievement and are setting about their business of finding a place in the world for themselves again, a place in the sun, with just as little regard for aught else than their own success as in the old days. They promise to be just as aggressive, just as keen and effective, just as unscrupulous as they were first in peace and then afterward in war. And remembering all that, and at the same time not quite forgetting how little need she appears to have for a certain kind of reconstruction and how likely it is that the temper of her people will save her from the perils of internal strife—not quite forgetting these things and remembering always that unaltered national doctrine of super-efficiency—is there not much to give the world pause for thought?

Germany and the Future

CERTAINLY American business men can well afford some brief reflection. In 1920, we will say, Germany will not be invading Belgium, but thousands of German merchants will be hotly coveting the markets of South America. In 1920 Germany will not be sending out submarines to sink another *Lusitania*, but there will be not a few highly Germanized Germans who at the very least will have a most consuming curiosity concerning America's budding, perhaps by now full-grown, dye industry. One could multiply infinitely. There is little chance that 1920 will be disgraced by the shooting of another Edith Cavell, but a whole, vast, needful world will be opening out for reanimated trade, and to none more than to the German is trade trade, even as war is war. The thought is too obvious for amplification. American business men may well take thought of this nation just released from her imprisonment.

Likewise others may reflect—mothers who have stared through countless, wakeful nights up into the prayerful darkness of their rooms, fathers who have endured the daily round incessantly with unuttered, smothered pain, lads who now grope so helplessly with their hands, every one who put an atom of sacrifice, of money, of heart-stilling fear, of blood, into the war. Without absurdity these may well ask themselves — was Germany really defeated? Her vitality was not broken; her philosophy—that philosophy peculiarly her own—was not changed; her towns and villages were not ruined; her social structure, at least her passion for order, was not rended; her army—one is tempted to write much concerning the German army that survived the war.

Something of it I saw myself, riding ahead of the American columns up alongside the greenish-gray regiments as they made that march—one of the greatest marches of all history—from the battle-fronts of Belgium and France back to the Rhine and on up into the Fatherland. Something of it as it was after the armistice I learned from American officers who similarly had had an opportunity of glimpsing it on the retreat. French and military experts, instinct with French lucidity, have told me much. Some knowledge, too, has come from the numberless prisoners who, wearily trudging homeward, toiled for days upon the selfsame roads counter to it, likewise then homeward bound. All evidence pieces together to the effect that that army, even after the conclusion of hostilities, was still superb and an organization that not only yet had tremendous fighting possibilities, but one that at any moment could have been wheeled about and thrown into immediate action.

An Unbroken Army

ITS discipline and morale and general functioning had suffered almost not at all. Tales very probably reached you in early December of how German soldiers were ripping insignia from their officers' uniforms, of how they were going back bearing red flags of insurrection, of how the enemy's military machine, such a proud and formidable thing four years earlier, was speedily and ingloriously falling to bits. I heard such tales, but not one particle of evidence could I gather of their truth. On the contrary, I saw and had over and over again described to me, an army, well fed, well equipped, marching away from war very nearly as proudly as it had marched to war.

Take some of the little things with which to make a judgment. The German army to the last traveled along the road edges, well off the crests, thus making every road not a one-way road but a two-way road. No army has ever succeeded in teaching and invariably maintaining that great essential of successful troop movement and transport so well as the German army, and to its final hours under arms it did not forget. And the alinement of the miles upon miles of marching men, of camions, of wagons, of machine guns—it was incredibly perfect in its exactness. Now and again it was possible to strike a long stretch of straight road and gain a visual effect of that result of training and discipline. Not a man, not a gun, not a wheel-hub would be out of true to give a false bend or bulge to the far-stretching column ahead. Nor were there stragglers nor snarled-up lorries, nor, in the wake of the army, the litter of discarded equipment. The German army seemed almost to clean up roads in passing over them; and no demoralized or broken army could do that.

Needless to go on, save only to add this: There is much sound, qualified opinion—French, British and American—that holds that the German army was not in any military sense defeated. What, though, of Germany—was she defeated? It is not for me to answer that query now, but a picture comes to me out of the blowing mists and utter blackness of that mid-December morning when the first American division finally made the crossing, not of the Moselle, but of the Rhine. It is the sole picture that I have of any actual sense in the soul of any German that his people, that Germany herself, may have been really licked in the war.

It was about eight o'clock in the morning. An hour earlier, a small squad of doughboys had drearily and methodically come tramping down the Esplanade in Coblenz and with the consummate matter-of-factness of soldiers turned onto the Bridge of Boats. There had been no music, no flags, no crowd—just a handful of observers and a wet, penetrating chill. That was how the first crossing of the Rhine by American troops was made. But at eight o'clock, a whole regiment was sent across and there was a band and much more of a feeling in the air that a great event was taking place.

At the time I had just gone into the dining-room of the Reichsfürsten-Hof, the deep windows of which squarely commanded the bridge. There were not half a dozen people in the room, but near one of the windows sat a crisp-featured, well-groomed, most intelligent-looking German. I should have guessed him a prospercus professional man, probably not long released from the army, though he was not in uniform. He was sitting very erect and regarding the menu when the music outside began. The few of us in the room got up and moved to positions from which we could gaze out. I was standing a little distance behind the German and wondering what thoughts might be in his mind as he took in the scene almost at our very feet.

The Crossing of the Rhine

FOR a moment the regular lines of men that massed the driveway in front of the hotel scuffled to the tune and then struck into the march ahead. The first of the column, in no time at all, with a sharp, well-executed, right-about wheel, had reached the head of the bridge. The band had already begun the crossing and soon its music began to grow less distinct. The even, solid-brown formation of doughboys was presently well across the long, flat reach to the other bank and was swelling up endlessly, inexhaustibly from behind. At length—it must have been within less than fifteen minutes—the band touched the opposite shore and then the first of our men arrived, and the crossing of the Rhine by an enemy army, an event that had not occurred for more than a hundred years, was most indubitably and visibly complete.

I went back to my table. Every one was soon at breakfast save only the German. He was still standing and still gazing out—very erect, his neck stiff, his hands clasped at his back—an immobile figure against the gray background of the day. Finally from without we could hear the tramp-tramp of the men. Every footfall bespoke the lost inviolability of the Rhine. The German did not move, did not relax his fixed attitude for a long time. All of us were watching him and wondering what his face might show when he should turn about. Presently he did so and we saw that there were tears in his eyes and that some were still moist upon his cheeks.

Not only was that the only real evidence that I found of consciousness in the soul of any German of defeat, but also it was almost the only truly convincing bit of human softness that I met with in Rhenish Prussia.

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The WATERLOO of a HARD-CASE SKIPPER

(*Continued from page 46*)

bloomin' billy-goat, you!" he roared, and swung a powerful, clumsy right-hand punch at Mr. Tompkins's head.

Mr. Tompkins evaded the punch, and then, with Nibby in his arms, started to run for the companionway, with the mate thudding along the poop-deck in his wake.

Abruptly, something new happened—a small thin figure, wrapped in a sheet, darted up through the companionway on to the poop. It had thin, gray hair, done in three or four spiky plaits, that stuck out from its head at various angles; and it called out a shrill, terse direction: "Put Nibby down, Jo-seph. I'll tend him. Beat that beast up good, an' look out for the other, he's comin'."

Nibby's father lowered his son quickly on to the seat that ran all along the skylight, and jumped to one side. Nibby's mother, small though she was, gathered the boy up against her thin bosom and glanced over her shoulder, to see how her man dealt with the bucko mate.

The ex-prize-figher made a quick job of it, and the bucko mate (accounted formidable enough against the usual port-sweepings and degenerates supplied by the shanghai-houses) made but a pitiable show against the grim fighter he had pursued with such fatuous confidence.

Had Mr. Tompkins been minus his long goatee and eminently respectable side-whiskers, the mate might have recognized "old Bowleg Jo, the one-ton-punch merchant;" but he was oblivious just then to the fact and, a moment later, to all the facts of life; for the bulk of Mr. Tompkins slid, with an almost incongruous grace, under the bucko's great round-arm-punch, and immediately afterward the mate's chin made a brief but unforgettable acquaintance with the historic "one-ton-punch" right fist of Mr. Tompkins, and the thud his body made, as it struck the deck, seemed to shake the vessel.

"Look out, Jo-o-seph!" shrilled Mrs. Tompkins; and her husband hove himself round in his track, like a great agile cat, and met the silent ugly rush of Captain Bully Keller, who had just raced up out of his cabin, in time to see the mate go down senseless on the deck.

NOW, this sixteen stone of fight and violent evil was a very different proposition from that of the bucko mate; and the ex-prize-fighter was well aware of the fact. He side-stepped the charging captain, and tried a rib punch as he passed under his swing; but the captain chopped it down in a way that showed he knew more about scientific fighting than Mr. Tompkins had supposed.

The captain came round on his toes, and jumped in at Mr. Tompkins, hitting right and left at his face. The ex-prize-fighter slipped the right-hand-punch, and pushed up the left, like lightning. As he did this, his left foot went forward, and his left fist traveled upward about eight inches, and struck the underside of captain Bully Keller's jaw. The captain's head went back, and Mr. Tompkins brought in his right, with a short radius swing against the side of the Captain's neck.

The blow sounded exactly like a butcher's mallet hitting a piece of lean beef, and the captain rocked just for one brief instant on his feet. Then he had recovered, for he was as strong as a bullock.

He jumped back a couple of paces and kicked off his slippers. "Now you goat-wagger, I'm going to maul you, by God, yes!" And he dashed in at the easily-poised figure of the ex-prize-fighter.

Mr. Tompkins side-stepped him, sliding his head in under the ponderous right-hand swing that the captain let fly, with a deep malignant grunt. As the captain overshot him, Mr. Tompkins was, just for one brief moment, a little on his rear, and in that instant of time he smote the great stern of Captain Bully Keller with his open left palm, even as an emphatic matron "corrects" a child, in a hasty moment.

The sound of the mighty slap rang fore and aft along the decks, and suddenly there was a roar of laughter from forward; for both watches had streamed out of the fo'cas'le to watch the stupendous spectacle of the invincible Keller getting a hammering—at last!

NOW the slap had done no harm, for all that it was so hearty. It was nothing more than a natural ebullition of spirit on the part of Mr. Tompkins at finding himself, with a clear conscience, enjoying all the charm and intense zest of a first-class scrap. But the effect of that same slap on Captain Bully Keller, coupled with the laughter it had evoked, was to turn him temporarily into a madman. Just try to get it—sixteen stone, odd, of muscle and evil berserk rage! That was the particular kind of human tornado that came round, roaring, at Mr. Tompkins.

The captain made one spring, and caught him by the hair of his head with his left hand, and his goatee beard with the other, and swung him clean off his feet.

The method of attack was somewhat unorthodox, according to Mr. Tompkins's lights, and it lacked nothing of vigor. The captain swung him around bodily, in a half circle, with his feet off the deck. Then the hair and beard simultaneously refused duty. They came out in two handfuls, and Mr. Tompkins shot sprawling with a crash on to his hands and knees on the poop deck.

Captain Bully Keller roared like a great bull and charged down at the smaller man, his hands full of beard and hair. He kicked Mr. Tompkins in the face with his bare foot, cutting a great gouge under his left eye with his nails.

But Mr. Tompkins caught the foot, and Captain Bully Keller promptly fell on him; and as he opened his hands to save himself, the light breeze blew a couple of tufts of hair and beard hither and thither along the poop.

And then Captain Bully Keller got a nasty surprise and a very bad jar to his system, all in one and the same moment. As he sprawled an instant, grabbing for hold a-top of Mr. Tompkins's extremely broad and muscular back, the ex-prize-fighter descended for the first time to rough-and-tumble methods, and slewed half over on his side, and drove his right elbow backward and outward in a terrible jolting elbow-punch under the Captain's jaw.

The blow was a tremendous one, as any fighting man will understand, and would have put ninety-nine men in a hundred to sleep instanter; but, with Captain Bully Keller it merely drove his head back for a couple of seconds, and produced a vaguely stunned sensation, followed immediately by a gorgeous riot of toothache; for every tooth in his jaws had been jarred as if by a blow from a hammer.

Then Bully Keller was himself again; but things had changed considerably; for in that brief time of temporary "numbness" on the part of his enemy, Mr. Tompkins had hove himself out from under Bully Keller and was on his feet, waiting for his man.

Nor had he more than a bare half-second; for the skipper hurled himself up from the deck, with an inarticulate bellowing, and rushed the squat figure of the ex-prize-fighter. Right and left, right and left, he punched, grunting like an animal, with every blow, and had any one of them got home on a vital mark, they would have been enough, literally, to kill an average man! But here Mr. Tompkins was very truly at his own game, and he slipped and side-stepped round a small portion of the poop-deck, with the captain pursuing him, hitting and grunting, grunting and hitting; but never once reaching him in any fashion calculated to do serious damage.

Then, suddenly, Mr. Tompkins stopped dead in his wonderful circle of retreat, and one leg stiffened behind him rigidly, like a steel bar, at the identical moment that his right fist shot out in one of the famous "one-ton-punches" which had won him so many of his fights.

THE tremendous blow took the captain a little (not more than a full inch) below the point of the jaw, and all of Mr. Tompkins's strength and skill had gone to that blow; moreover, the punch had taken the captain in the midst of his storming rush, and the suddenly rigid leg of the prize-fighter stiffened to take the enormous shock of the sixteen stone man's charge, at the moment of impact.

Captain Bully Keller's jaw cocked up abruptly, in the absurdly helpless fashion that a man's head does go up, when he gets a punch of that kind from a certain angle; his great arms were suddenly adrift, and his ponderous shoulders were all at once untensed from fierce effort to an inexpressible inanition. He went backward one step, two steps, and then a third, still with his head cocked up in that absurd way.

Mr. Tompkins dropped his own hands to his sides with a satisfied expression. He knew, from his extensive experience, that he had just administered a knock-out blow, of a foot-energy (if I may so express it, without appearing Irish) of several hundred pounds.

The captain's body paused a moment, inertly, in its backward stagger. Then, lurched rearward, with one final, dragging step, and seemed on the point of collapsing. And then, in that moment, the Captain's chin came down slowly from its cocked-up angle, and he stared at Mr. Tompkins with half-glazed eyes, his face totally expressionless. It was most extraordinary. The man was knocked out of time and place. It

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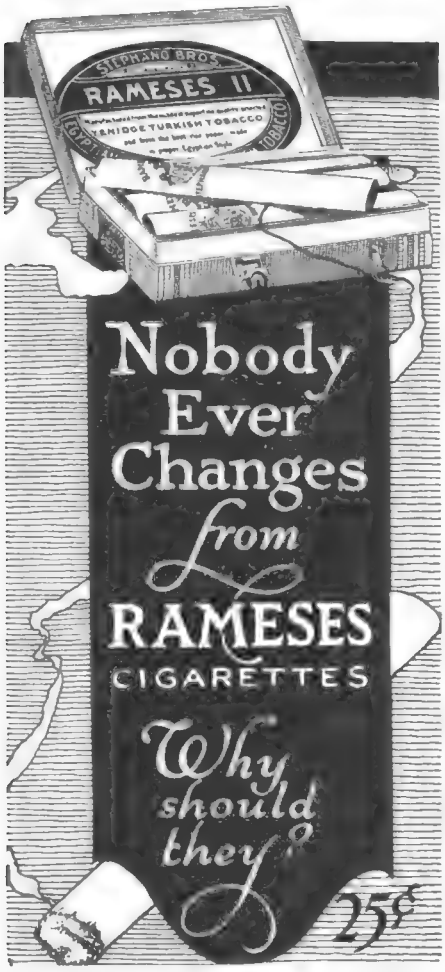

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would take him anything from ten minutes to two hours to come round from such a blow as he had received, and here he was still standing on his feet and staring at his opponent.

The ex-prize-fighter stared, silent and fascinated. From away forward there was a low hum of talk that came clear through the chill morning air—just that sound and no other—except the odd creak of the masts, and the whine, whine, of the gear in the leads and blocks, and the odd slat, slat, of the reef-points away up aloft.

And then, in all that silence, Captain Bully Keller spoke, in a queer toneless, creaking voice: "Say," he said, "where am I?" The glazed look left his eyes as he spoke, and his shoulders lost their flaccid appearance; and abruptly, intelligence came into his eyes and face—and then memory.

Mr. Tompkins continued to stare. In all his years of fighting he had never seen a man make such a recovery—the man's vitality must be as stupendous as his physique. Suddenly, Mr. Tompkins got on the defensive. He received the knowledge of the captain's complete recovery just in time; for in that same moment Captain Bully Keller leaped at him and smashed in a flurry of right and left hand punches.

With a feeling of amazement in his brain, Mr. Tompkins slipped and guarded and side-stepped busily, until the sudden charge had eased a little. The captain was not hitting quite so hard, which proved that the "knock-out" punch he had received had taken steam from the boiler.

Then Mr. Tompkins saw an opportunity and stepped in smartly. He drove three uppercuts hard to the old place, and as the captain gave back he put in a tremendous right-and-left punch, aimed at the mark; but, as he expressed it to himself afterward, the man seemed to have ribs down to his knees. It was like punching into the side of a horse.

Yet the blows had effect; and a minute later he drove in a very heavy punch again, to the jaw, this time a little more on the side, and fairly knocked Captain Bully Keller off his feet.

During the whole of the fight Mr. Tompkins had not yet received one dangerous punch; but now he paid for a moment of carelessness; for the captain came up off the deck, as quick as a cat, and made one jump at him, and struck, before the prize-fighter's hands were up. The blow took Mr. Tompkins on the forehead, and knocked him literally head over heels, over the low sail-locker hatch.

Captain Bully Keller let out a roar, sprang to the rail, hauled out an iron belaying pin and jumped over the hatch to make an end of Mr. Tompkins.

"Look out, Jo-o-seph!" shrieked Mrs. Tompkins, and loosed Nibby. She ran round to the starboard side, just as the captain caught her husband by the throat. She dropped the sheet and flew at him—a skinny wraith of wifely devotion. She grasped the pin itself with her two hands, just as the captain struck, and was hurled bodily a dozen feet, still clinging to the pin; but she had saved her husband; for Mr. Tompkins seized the chance, and hove himself sideways; then jumped, and got safely to his feet, his head singing like a kettle, and his whole system badly jarred.

He whirled round just in time to receive the captain's rush. He hurled himself at Mr. Tompkins and grabbed him round the body. He made a snap at Mr. Tompkins's nose with his teeth, and, missing this most useful organ, bit his ear.

Then Mr. Tompkins shed all his remaining Christianity and got busy. He uppercut the captain twice under the jaw, with both fists together, and then, as the captain's head went back and his great throat lay exposed, he hit him a chopping blow with his right fist, straight upon his Adam's apple.

Captain Bully Keller loosed away, making noises in his throat, and ran around in a circle, still making those noises. And in the midst of his running round and round, the ex-prize-fighter stepped in and hit him handsomely, with every ounce of his strength, one liberal right-hand swing on the side of the point of the jaw.

It may seem a little brutal on Mr. Tompkins's part to have done this at so distressing a moment; but, actually, it had an element of rough mercy in it; for the unconsciousness that followed promptly brought a swift and effectual ease to the bully.

The captain slid down into a heap on the deck, beaten physically, mentally and morally.

"Now," said Mr. Tompkins, converted prize-fighter, "maybe I'll win ye yet to the Lord's side." His eyes shone anew with the fervor of grim religious enthusiasm. He stooped and lifted the big man in his arms, with amazing ease, and carried him down to his cabin.

IX

TO-DAY there is no such person as Captain *Bully* Keller. After the hammering he received from Mr. Tompkins he lost prestige, and other heavily built sailormen discovered that it was possible to stand up successfully to him. His enormous confidence in himself seemed destroyed, and he became plain Captain Keller, a man who now pays his crews in cash, instead of in the blows that were once so economical and all-sufficient.

He still remembers Mr. and Mrs. Tompkins, passengers from San Francisco to Boston; but without, I may say, marked enthusiasm. Indeed, if you are a smallish man, it is well not to venture the subject.

Watch the August number for some specially attractive fiction: "The Orchid"—a charming romance of Florida in the middle of last century—by Dana Burnet; "The Come Back"—an exciting polo story, with soldiers in it, by Lawrence Perry; "Henry"—an appealing story of a "handicap," by Harrison Rhodes. Besides two big serials—"Linda Condon," by Joseph Hergesheimer, and "A Man for the Ages," Irving Bacheller's new story about Lincoln.

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Under *the* Spreading Chestnut Tree

Drawings by Ralph Barton

EDITOR'S NOTE

Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree no story is barred by its youth. We will gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

PAT, answering questions in applying for a job as keeper of the pound, came to the query, "What are rabies and what would you do for them?"

He replied, "Rabies is Jew priests and I wouldn't do a damn thing for them."

A COMPANY of negro troopers were engaged in practising the throwing of hand-grenades at their camp in France. For a whole week they had thrown dummy grenades at the targets and were on this day given the real thing. Their captain placed them in their respective positions and explained what they were to do.

"When I give the command, 'one,' pull out the pin, at 'two' make ready, and at 'three,' throw your bomb and it will do the rest."

Then he issued the commands. At "one" every pin came out with a click. At "two" all the men made ready to throw except one shivering darky, who hastily threw his grenade at the target. At "three" all the rest threw with a vengeance. Then the captain stepped up to the darky who had fired away with his grenade at the command "two" and said, "Sam, why did you throw your bomb before I gave the command 'three'? Why didn't you wait for the other order, like the rest of the men?" And Sam replied:

"Cap'n, I jes couldn't wait! I had to throw hit. I could feel dat thing jes a-swellin' and swellin' in mah hand!"

AN ENGLISH soldier, a French soldier, and a German soldier were discussing the merits of the gas masks of their respective armies and it was decided to try them out. A live skunk was procured and placed in a small shack.

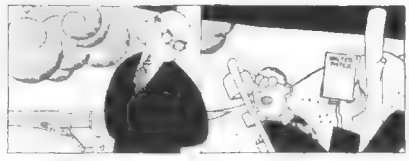
The Englishman went in first with his mask and stayed inside for a full hour.

The Frenchman then went in, but had to come out after half an hour had elapsed.

The German then went inside, and in less than two minutes the skunk came out.

AN ANSWER to the query why some United States Employment Service examiners go mad might be found in the following questionnaire filled out by an applicant applying to the Service for employment:

Q. Born? A. Yes; once.
Q. Nativity? A. Baptist.
Q. Married or single? A. Have been both.
Q. Parents alive yet? A. Not yet.
Q. Hair? A. Thin.
Q. Voice? A. Weak.
Q. Healthy? A. Sometimes.
Q. Previous experience? A. No.
Q. Where? A. Different places.
Q. Business? A. Rotten.
Q. Salary expected? A. More.
Q. Drink? A. Not in dry states.
Q. Why do you want job? A. Wife won't work any more.



A PROFESSOR at Princeton is a foe to the purist and pedant. He who insists on saying, "To-morrow will be Tuesday," gets no encouragement from this scholar.

On one occasion, while on vacation, the professor gazed out across the lake one gray and sultry afternoon and remarked:

"It looks like rain."

A purist was rocking in a chair near by.

"What looks like rain, Professor?" he chuckled. "I've got you there! What looks like rain?"

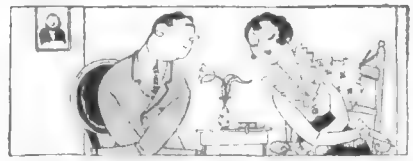
"Water," answered the professor coldly.

AN AMERICAN officer was sitting in the mess of a well-known English regiment. The drinks were passed around with the customary army hospitality.

"Cheerio," said one of the Englishmen, raising his glass.

"Chin-Chin," said another.

"Bow, Bow," said the American with only the slightest trace of hesitation.



PAT didn't know just how to pop the question and appealed to his mother. Then to the girl of his heart—"Mary," said he, "me mother wants to know if ye'll come and live with us always?"

"Go home," said Mary very coyly, "and tell your mother I will."

A LITTLE Hebrew from Harlem was listening with open mouth to a Scotchman from Glasgow, who was livening things up a bit in the Salvation Army hut just back of the lines.

One of his "buddies" asked him the reason for the expression of awe on his countenance. "What's the matter, Abey, didn't you get the joke?" he asked.

"I don't know nottin' about no joke," was the answer, "but Gawd, how that guy can imitate Harry Lauder!"

IN THE course of his examination these questions were put to an old negro who was appearing as a witness:

"What is your name?"
"Calhoun Clay, sah."
"Can you sign your name?"
"Sah?"
"I ask if you can write your name?"
"Well, no, sah. Ah nebber writed mah name. Ah dictates it, sah."

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Back *from* Alsace

By E. Sainte-Marie Perrin

Drawing by Edward Penfield

MADAME STE.-MARIE PERRIN, daughter of the Académician, René Bazin, through sheer force of a remarkable character and originality and charm of expression, has won high place in the field of literature in France. She is a woman who expresses at once the traditional type of French home-loving womanhood and the modern woman who has seen much of the world and has mastered what she has seen. She is distinctly a woman of action whose influence has been strongly felt in Europe. For years she has interested herself in all problems touching women.

Madame Ste.-Marie Perrin knows Alsace and understands the Alsatian as do few people, men or women.—The Editor.

IT WAS not easy to enter Alsace, even though the Allies had opened the doors that led therein. The *laissez-passer* which set me above the fear of gendarmes was not easy to get and was long in coming—and when this difficulty had been surmounted, others arose. Through Nancy runs the road to Lorraine, Alsace, Luxemburg, the Palatinate and the Rhenish towns, and over this road was moving all the army of France, and a part of the army of America. From Dijon to Nancy I was in contact with the troops of the United States—men from the cantonments of the Upper Marne and the Meuse who had come to find their points of occupation in Germany. They flowed along like a great tide, on which one was borne submissively in the general direction, patiently accepting long hours of waiting.

Over the railroads of France, worn and used by the overstrain of four years of war and by a traffic that ceased neither by day nor by night, great trains of war material and provisions rumbled heavily, overtook us, passed us, and obstructed the way. Should we find shelter at Nancy? Stories were current that hundreds were forced to sleep in the station building every night.

Between Nancy and Metz next morning, under the gray sky of Lorraine, we crossed the old French and German lines. We saw Le Prêtre Wood, now no more than a bare hillock, we saw the little ruined villages, then the forts of Metz, the city itself, with that curious sadness in its charm, the big brand-new German station, the red-capped German station-hands, the women train-workers, in their trousered costumes of blue cloth. Here is the great line from Metz to Strassburg, still intact, and we say adieu to American uniforms. We enter the Lorraine of the days before 1870, and we move toward Alsace. Our officers look eagerly about them as they advance—here is Sarreburg, here is Sabern, names that mean so much to us. It was at Sabern, in 1913, that the "affair" of Lieutenant von Förstner took place, and the attitude of the population showed us the sullen glow of revolt that smoldered beneath the impassivity of the Alsatians. Now these soldiers who have brought the war to an end rejoice to feel the soil of Alsace beneath their feet, and to see in the distance the capital of the province so long desired — Strassburg.

From the train descend generals, admirals, deputies and ministers, while soldiers display placards on which is printed the name of the hotel where each will lodge. Groups are formed of those destined for the same resting-place, and they move off through the streets. There flags wave, and all is illuminated. The fountains in the square throw up jets of red, blue and white light, and from garlanded flagstaffs, hidden in climbing ivy, float the standards.

I make my way to the Prefecture, the former palace of the German *Stadthalter*, a handsome French building of the seventeenth century, and I find it filled with blue uniforms—the military staff of the High Commissioner of France. But these officers—I know them! Five, six, ten among them are Alsatians! They had fled from Strassburg in the last days of July, 1914, when the rumor of imminent war was all about them; they had entered the French army and had become officers. Some of them had even held posts in the administration of reconquered Alsace. During all the years of war their names, with those of thousands of their compatriots, had figured on German "blacklists," condemned to death under the accusation that they had failed in their duty to the "German Fatherland." Now, once again in their native city, standing in the very place where stood the dictators and oppressors of Alsace, they are triumphant.

We shake hands, and they tell me of their arrival, of their emotions, of the timid greetings of the friends they had first encountered, and who had not dared believe it could be *they;* then how the news of their coming spread through the city, how the children clambered about their automobiles, how folk hastened out of their houses, how strangers had caught them in their arms.

My "*billet de logement*" sends me to the house of an Alsatian painter. Monsieur and Madame Emile S—— had offered to set aside a room for the reception of "a Frenchman." Such hospitality was offered without thought of payment by many of the people of Strassburg. Thus I was given the room of a dear little fellow of twelve, and I find it difficult to thank my hosts adequately. "But we are only too happy," they protest. "France does everything for

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us, and we—ah, there is so little we can do for her."

It was a delightful evening that I spent with them, an evening of talk, between these strangers and myself, as intimate as the gossip of a family united after long separation. We came so near to one another in our questions and our answers, in our mutual understanding! They told me:

"We would never let our children go to the German schools. Think of it—German teachers and German companions! We brought them up at home, with Alsatian masters. Perhaps they are a little behind in their studies, but at least they have not been perverted by the German spirit. They are true little French folk—aren't you, Guy? Aren't you, Marcelle?"

"But you, monsieur," I said to Monsieur S——, who is director of the Strassburg School of Fine Arts, "you had German professors among your colleagues. What were your relations with them?"

"Excellent professional relations, but no intimacy whatever. Not one of them has entered my home."

"I should think not," added Madame S—— with decision. "Naturally, when my husband was appointed director of the school, all the professors' wives called on me. But I was never at home to Germans—and for my return visits I waited until summer came round, when every one had gone away on vacation. I left my cards at empty houses. During all the fifteen years I have lived at Strassburg I have not made the acquaintance of a German, man or woman, and there is not a German who can say that he has ever seen the inside of my home."

"And how did you get news of France? You must have despaired during these four years of war."

"WE WERE never without news. Often we got French newspapers, and we have read nearly all your war books. The children could tell you the history of Verdun, of the battles of the Somme, the names of your generals. Needless to say, this information was gained in secret. There were no French newspapers or French books in Alsace, but they were to be found in Berlin. So the Alsatians who were soldiers or officers in the German army bought them and brought them to us when they came home on leave. One of our friends arrived one day looking as though he wore a cuirass—he was carrying three numbers of *L'Illustration* under his tunic. And when we had no news we either refused to believe what the Germans told us or we believed the opposite. We suffered morally, of course, but we never lost confidence. It *could not* end any other way. And now the happiness of these three past weeks is almost too much. We can't sleep, we can't eat; we live between heaven and earth. It is impossible to work, when each day is more wonderful than the last—and at night there are times when we even cry with happiness."

Let no mistake be made—it is the family that has preserved the faith of Alsace. If, these ten years past, you had entered an Alsatian home, you would have found all things therein different from those of the neighboring German houses—furniture, habits, tastes, traditions and language. If you were of the people, you spoke the Alsatian dialect, while in the houses of the *bourgeoisie* only French was used. The Alsatian hearth was closed; nothing German might enter.

This Alsatian resistance to German influence finds its explanation in the Alsatian character. The Alsatian holds deeply the sentiment of liberty and justice. No man is more independent than he, and none better knows his rights. It is difficult to understand, unless you have come into personal contact with him, the utter simplicity of his character. It is more than democracy; for there is nothing political in it. It is an essential goodness of nature—and this has been preserved and strengthened through fifty years of resistance to the common enemy, by the necessity under which the Alsatians found themselves of uniting, of drawing together.

A marriage in Alsace assembles all classes of society. The daughter of a manufacturer marries a young doctor whose father is the proprietor of a small sawmill in the woods, and both have relatives of all grades—a woman of wealth, a petty employee, a village mayor, a foreman of a factory, and peasants still in their ancient costumes. So all this varied world comes together to eat and drink in mutual comprehension and amity, according to the comfortable rites of this generous and fertile land.

Ah, the good folk—how quick, how alive they are! This alone would suffice to set them apart from the Germans, would make them easily known. Their vivacity is expressed in two ways, in their ardor and their gaiety. Their patriotism has a firmness, a strength, a daring of determination and a glow that never fails, but it has humor, too. The Alsatian loves to chaff, to tease; he loves a joke; he detests self-sufficiency; he has an unerring eye for the ridiculous, and he makes light of vanity. He is the enemy of the pedantic.

How, then, with such a character, could the Alsatian make common cause with the German? The better we know him the more fully do we realize that his fidelity to France and his hatred of Germany are an instinct of race, an instinct deeply implanted in him, and against which he could do nothing if he would. Let an Alsatian have Germans for neighbors or for servants, and he will get on excellently well with them; he will appreciate and even praise their capacity for work, their love for domestic and social tranquillity. But let him have Germans for masters, and it is another matter altogether. He rises against it; he will have none of it.

Why? Because he knows, because he feels, that he, an Alsatian, is higher than the German in the human scale. The Frenchman is his brother, a part of himself, but the German is a stranger, and, as has been well said by one of them, "a people will accept the domination of a foreign race only if the stranger brings with him a higher ideal." The Alsatian looks down upon the German. He has known him for centuries, and for fifty years he has seen him at close quarters, in all his aspects, and he has judged him. The idea that this man should be his master fills the heart of the Alsatian with rancor and with hate—or, it may be, provokes him to a fit of laughter. Look at the caricatures, listen to the witticisms, study the thousand and one forms in which the Alsatians have made mock of the Germans.

Yet, even in his revolt, he has kept his vivacity, he has never fallen back upon resignation and acceptance. What has been the favorite saying of the Alsatians, the words whispered from one to another when the weight of oppression was too heavy? *"C' n'o me pro toja!"*—"It will not last forever."

It was the outburst of these feelings, of instincts long repressed, that made the unforgettable triumph of the celebrations of last December, with the entry of the French troops and the coming of the Government and the Parliament. This it was that brought from the villages of Alsace, from the plains and the mountains, hundreds upon hundreds of peasants in their striking costumes, with knotted ribands of black, of red, of white, all broidered with flowers. This it was that drove them eddying up to the stand where stood President Poincaré, Monsieur Clémenceau, Marshal Foch, dancing, singing, throwing bouquets that broke into scattered flowers at their feet. It was the sense of deliverance, of gratitude, of justice come again among them, that gathered under their ensigns and banners the corporations of Alsace, the proscribed who had returned from exile, the workers, the artizans, the wine-growers, the mayors, the priests, the old men and the young.

This crowd of four hundred thousand people acclaimed the France so long desired with a passionate fervor. Those who heard will never to the day of their death forget that sound, that immense union of voices, here dying down and there taken up again, in which a whole people told its joy in cries, in movements, in snatches of song, in words that often were murmured like a prayer.

AS I came away from all this, destiny threw poetry in my way. How can I tell of it, that it may not lose its charm?

To the soldiers it fell, at Strassburg, to be kissed by a thousand strange women, to dance the night through, to be invited from house to house during the day—an intoxication of triumph. As I took my ticket at the station, a fanfare sounded, and a detachment of Alpine Chasseurs entered, escorting the flag of their corps, which was carried by an officer. Immediately a circle of Alsatians formed about them, drawn by that eagerness to see the soldiers of France and to hear their music that is still far from sated. The buglers flourished forth the *Adieu au drapeau*, and the flag was rolled, covered, and carried to a carriage of the train which was waiting to take the road for Nancy and Paris. It was guarded by an officer and eight men, who had brought it to Strassburg for the review, and who were to take part in the ceremonies in honor of President Wilson. General Gouraud, who commands the army of Strassburg, had come to salute the flag which was placed in the carriage next to that which I occupied. On the platform the music played ceaselessly; and as the train slowly gathered way, we saw for a moment the eyes of the general follow the flag, and the bugles of the Chasseurs turn and send their strident notes along its departing path.

Later, the officer on guard over the flag came to us in our carriage. On his breast were seven or eight crosses or medals, and he had come through four years of war without a single wound—but the flag

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itself was no less glorious a fighter. At the beginning of the struggle, during the great retreat, a battalion compassed about by the enemy had been obliged to dig a hiding-place for it, from which, some time after, another battalion unearthed and brought it back. It was now guarded by the X—— battalion, which wears the red *fourragère*, meaning six citations before the army.

After we had passed Metz, at the invitation of the lieutenant, I took a place in the carriage reserved for the flag, for the train was crowded with travelers. There we dined, on those excellent *pâtés de foies gras* of Strassburg once again to be seen in the windows of Michel and of Feyel. Then the officer stretched himself on the seat, saying to me:

"You will not mind if I sleep, madame? Never in my life have I been so tired. Four years of war is hard enough, but four days of Strassburg is killing. Ah, but victory is good—it makes up for everything—and I am glad, for the sake of my chasseurs. If you knew what they have done! We have been everywhere, five times at Verdun among other things. Five times we had to go down again into hell. And now, all this frenzy—I can hold out no more. For four nights I have danced, I have lunched with generals and dined with the girls of Alsace, I have been kissed three hundred times a day. If I sleep too long, you will wake me, won't you? We must change at Nancy, and I have the flag. Ah, but victory makes you tired!"

In the middle of a word, like a child—or a soldier—he fell asleep. The French crosses, the Belgian and the British, moved upon his breast as he breathed, and glittered faintly in the shadow. The great silence of the darkness began, and all night I watched over the slumber of the young soldier, tired after war and spent by victory, the flag there above us, extending obliquely across the carriage, the flag to which he and so many like him, living and dead, had sworn fidelity—an eternal sign and a sacred symbol.

The Song Unmade

By Grace Hazard Conkling

THE oak is laced with silver thread,
The elm has diamonds on her head.
This is a morning unlike any
Of all my store whose morns are many.

I want to make a little song
As sharp and shining as a prong
Of wavering transparent flame.
I want to tell you how I came

And who I am; what things I know
Came to me out of long ago,
What things I seek and still must find
Upon the far trail of the wind.

A song to tell you, you alone,
Why of all mornings I have known
This one is strange, this one is blest,
And wears such whiteness in its breast!

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The "HAND *of* GOD"

(*Continued from page 58*)

God,' is it? I see. I see. I'm *beginning* to see."

"Because you have the sort of eyes that do see," said Jackie. He took out his watch. "Ah—time for me to go, Mark. You see, I take tea with my sister—will you come with me?"

"Thanks, no," said Mark, who was full of many struggling thoughts, many disillusionments—and big enlightenments. "No, I'll stay on here a while longer. I was figuring something out. It was a big thing for me to meet you here, Jackie. I'll tell you why some day."

"To share the big gifts of life with another man who can see their beauty is to double one's own appreciation. I'm the one to thank you."

"Share," repeated Mark to himself when little Jackie's slight and vital form had passed out of the gallery. "Yes, share. What a difference from just explaining, like it was a sum in arithmetic!" And that was the difference, as he saw it now, between little Jackie and the Culture people. They explained, but Jackie interpreted.

Back to the "Hand of God" he went, and from that to the separate bronzes, the mighty "Adam" and "Eve." Sometimes visitors to the gallery looked from the "Adam" or the "Penseur" to the living youth, but he was unaware. The "Hand of God"—yes, those two, naked in their Maker's hand, with the breath of life just waking in their pure bodies—Life to be lived together—without anything, possessions, accumulations, or circles of friends, but with all the world their own because of what was in them, love. How wonderful, and how surpassingly beautiful! And then he regarded again the two in bronze—the woman cringing as she was sent from Paradise, and yonder her mate, who because she clamored for the baubles, and because he was weak enough to yield to her, was going forth also from Paradise, since their lives were bound up, and they could neither live nor sin to themselves alone. In him was the all of human remorse, yet he went as one who knows his punishment has been earned; but she cringed, because she knew she had been the first to sin, and to make him sin; he was guilty; but she was Guilt.

But no—he was the one to blame! It was he who let her spoil their Paradise, because her ways were pretty, and he was too weak to resist. And looking once more, Mark saw that this was what the bronze "Adam" was saying, "Her sin was the weakness of the weak; mine was the weakness of the strong."

And it was he who was Guilt.

SO ONCE more Mark was speeding toward the boarding-house, and this time something infinitely huger than thirty dollars in bills was radiating—yes, from his very heart. It was this new wonderful light, by which he would make her see the true, real things—and he would not be weak, and let her spoil their lives, they two who loved each other.

The maid let him in and, as was his custom on Sundays, he went up-stairs, for that was the one thing about the boarding-house he did like—the young women could have callers in their rooms. Aggie liked on

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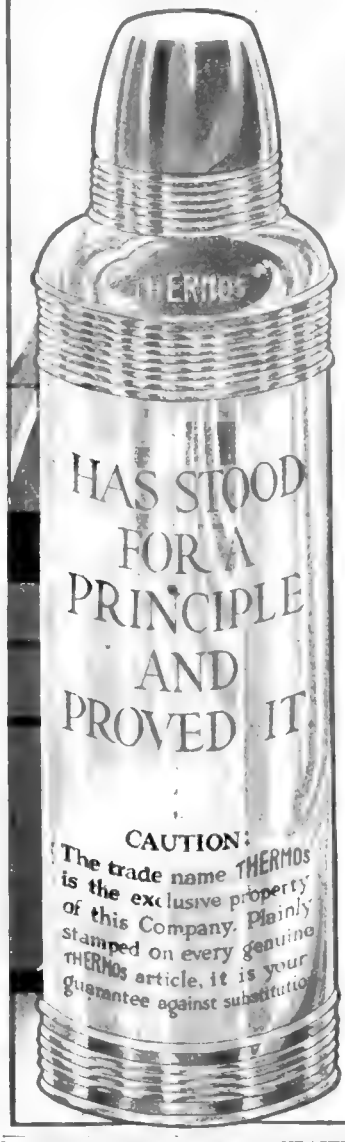
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the top floor, and it was nearly always deserted of Sunday afternoons, as the other three roomers up there were teachers, and went away for the day.

The last flight was very steep and dark. As Mark stepped on the first carpeted step, he heard Aggie's voice—and, immediately, a man's. It was Gillette.

Then she had lied to him! She had not been at her aunt's in Elizabeth—she had been with him! All the blood left his face and pounded in little, quick, ominous poundings at his heart. He stopped on the stairs, listening.

"If he doesn't like the things you like," the smooth voice of Gillette was saying, "why, it will all be a mistake. Can't you see that, Aggie, my child?"

"Aggie!" He called her by her name! The pounding of Mark's heart quickened.

Then came her voice—rapid and excited, with a queer sort of struggling remonstrance in it: "No! No, you mustn't talk that way. I didn't think you—don't hold me—you're not fair!"

Mark stepped farther up on the stairs.

Gillette laughed, too tenderly, too relishingly. "I won't hold you—I adore you, Aggie! You make me adore you—will you give me that kiss?"

"Oh!" she cried. "Oh, I wish Mark was here!"

Gillette laughed again, nastily. "You want that great overgrown caveman of yours? That big, rough-hewn simpleton? Well, if you're so crazy about him, why did you tempt me?"

"How dare you call him those names? He's an honest man—and your friend said so, last night, too. I didn't tempt you—I want you to go away!"

"I'm going to kiss you."

"ARE YOU?" It was the voice of a hurled thunderbolt out of the dark of the landing—and Mark was somehow through the little doorway and filling the small room like the pent wrath of the Judgment-Day. Unconscious of his own strength, he seized his enemy by the collar with a grip that wrecked all the negligent artistry of the two-dollar necktie, and, forcing him against the wall, he stood over him glowering, not at all unlike the caveman of Gillette's fanciful metaphor of a moment ago.

"I could choke those eyes out of you!" he said softly. They were the eyes that had looked contempt and derision at him the night before. "Damn you. Get out of here before I do it—before I do it, anyway!" he added with peculiarly vivid effect.

And he wanted to do it, anyway! The mood of the "Hand of God" had been displaced by the extremely compelling mood of the Fist of Man. But he loosened his hold, and Gillette, straightening himself up with difficulty, was able to laugh with a fair imitation of melodrama.

"Oh, I can't compete with a steel derrick—no. And if I hadn't been crazy, I'd have remembered it's your sort the women always like——"

"I didn't say *talk;* I said *get out,*" Mark reminded him.

He picked up his hat and got out.

You think Aggie was on the couch, sobbing. She was not anything of the sort. But she was very white and scared. She had never seen anything primitive and primal and ice-agey like this in all her life—it was prehistoric and thrilling, but terrible.

Besides, although Gillette was gone—Mark remained.

And she was guilty toward him, and she knew it. She wanted nothing so much in the world as to tell him how guilty and sorry she was—but would he listen? Would he believe?

"So—you lied," he said. He had never looked at her like that before. Her lip trembled in spite of her, and she hung her head.

"Didn't you?" he repeated.

Then she looked up at him, right into his eyes. "No. I started out to go to Aunt Mary's; but, just as I left, he drove up, and he offered to take me—and we rode around until it was too late. But I didn't lie, Mark. I didn't lie."

He still looked at her, but she saw that he was not all doubting her. And he was thinking, too. He was thinking of the things that had filled his heart when he came from the "Hand of God." Suddenly his expression softened wonderfully—he saw that she was crying, silently, even unconsciously. He went to her.

"Yes, I believe you, Aggie. I believe you. Only—if you didn't lie to me, you lied to yourself. You've been lying to yourself—we've both been doing that. But I've just been seeing the truth."

"Mark—oh, Mark, I have, too! I've been wrong! I've been vain, and silly, and a toady. I'm not fit for you to love—I'm not fit! You mustn't love me——"

"Maybe I haven't got the say-so of that," he said gently. "Dear, I couldn't stop loving you. But I've been seeing things—and I want to tell you about them. Don't cry. I'm full up with the things in my mind——"

She stopped crying and smiled at him, a new shy smile that suddenly thrilled him more than any of her provocative ways had ever done.

"Where were you all day? 'Seeing things?'"

"Well—I saw the Ro-dans."

"What are the Ro-dans, Mark?"

"Why, don't you——"

"No, I don't know, Mark. I just laughed last night because—oh, the same way I did everything—last night. I'm a sham and a cheat. I won't pretend any more. We'll find out things together, won't we?"

"Yes. That's what I was going to tell you about the Ro-dans—it means seeing things together. We'll go up there the first chance—but I'll tell you about it soon."

"And we'll forget last night, Mark."

"Oh, that reminds me—got something to show you—something in an envelope——"

Clumsily, smiling shyly, he brought out the thirty dollars in bills.

In course of time it turned out that Jaekie was known as a great young poet. He even made poetry out of things like the Blodgett-Gavvers.

And then Mark and Aggie had a really Famous Friend.

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JOHN R. FIRES *an* EXPERT

(*Continued from page 63*)

Leslie read it over twice. Yes, there was no doubt about it. This was another of those Smart-Alec trick letters. She sat down at the typewriter herself. She could do that better than dictate—and she would give that fellow a reply he would not forget.

This letter pest who had joshed her about reading Mark Twain, poetry and the agricultural reports would see for once that she had read and thought more things than he had ever dreamed.

Her letter began:

DEAR SIR—I do not know what in hell you would do with an alfalfa ranch. I don't know what in hell you would do with anything, for you could not raise toadstools in wet weather. I don't believe you have any sheep ranch to trade. A man that writes such Smart-Alec letters as you do, usually hasn't anything but a board bill and a soiled collar.

If you really have a ranch out there, stay on it. Alkali and dust winds and dead pasture and dry water-holes fit your disposition exactly. A house with vines and roses, oranges and grapes, wide fields of sweet, green alfalfa, streams of clear mountain water and pleasant winds would simply drive you mad. You would have nothing to cuss—nothing to spit at—

Then followed a page in which Leslie spoke her mind on a number of subjects—and it was a mind that had done a lot of observing and thinking—and there was edge to her words. There was not a pat business phrase in it—not a word of persuasion. But there was a very gem of a description of that alfalfa ranch—she would show that pest what she could do when she tried. And she wound up with:

And now you see I know my business better than you know sheep; and I hope I'll hear nothing more from you until you've learned the difference between honeydew and sheep-dip.

Leslie had intended this for a personal letter, but from force of habit she had made a carbon, from force of habit she signed it with the Western Trading Company's rubber stamp and initialed it "Per L. M." And at noon the girl who took care of the filing gathered it up with the rest, and added it to the Hilman correspondence.

V

ONE day early in May, John R. Watts came thumping into the office with a paper in his hand. His large face was as red as a danger-signal at a crossing.

"Get me the correspondence of G. M. Less," he said to Leslie with a roar in his voice.

She did not call the girl who had charge of the files, but went for them herself. Her fingers felt cold and shook slightly as she got the letters. Things had not gone too well with the Western Trading Company the last few months—and if anything was wrong, John R. was likely to blow up.

She laid the correspondence before him. Thank goodness, the replies were all signed by Joe Collins.

John R. scanned the first letter rapidly:

GENTLEMEN—I have a store and a feed mill and wish to trade for an orange-grove in southern California.

I am now located in the Sacramento Valley. I came out here from Iowa in 1914—I still have in Iowa the following stock and farm machinery: 200 head cows, 34 shotes, 5 brood sows.

Here followed a long list of farm stuff—and in the same paragraph at the end:

Now this is the property I want to trade—and I must have an immediate exchange. Please let me know at once what you have.

The reply ran:

DEAR SIR—You bet your boots we can get you up a good trade. I've listed your property; and am enclosing you a description of three dandy orange-groves that I am sure will suit you. Please send me full description of your store and feed mill.

Yours for business,
THE WESTERN TRADING CO.

When John R. read the reply, he turned, chewing his lips and scowling, to Leslie: "See what property of Less's was listed March twenty-first for trade."

In a minute she replied over her shoulder: "A store and a feed mill."

"I thought so," said John R., clinching his heavy jaws.

The second letter from Less said:

DEAR SIR—This orange-grove in San Bernardino County suits me. If you can make the trade, go after it. I'll take it on sight.

I don't quite know why you want me to go into details about the store; but here is a list of the stock—

There followed a long, detailed list; and in the same paragraph was this:

I must trade that Iowa stock at once. I will give you the exclusive handling of it only on this condition: That you agree to forfeit ten thousand dollars if you do not make this trade within thirty days.

Then in a separate closing paragraph:

Now I know this is asking a good deal, but I want quick action. If you get it, I'll give you twenty per cent. commission instead of five.

Do you agree to these terms?

Joe's reply:

Yours of March twenty-third at hand. Surest thing in the world. We agree to your terms. And I'll get right after that orange-grove for you.

Resp.,
THE WESTERN TRADING CO.,
per J. C.

As John R. read, his teeth shut like the jaws of a bear, and with a grunt of deep indignation he jumped up and strode into Joe Collins's office.

"What do you know about that?" He flung a paper before Joe Collins, while he held the correspondence in his other hand.

The paper was a notice from a lawyer that his client, G. M. Less, was that day starting suit for ten thousand dollars against the Western Trading Company for failure to perform its agreement.

"Why," Joe shook his head, puzzled, "I don't understand that."

"It's the first thing," snapped John R., "that I've ever seen that you did not understand. Read those letters—now, read 'em." He flung them before Collins and stamped up and down the office, making the floor shake. "Read 'em all—not just the first and last paragraph!"

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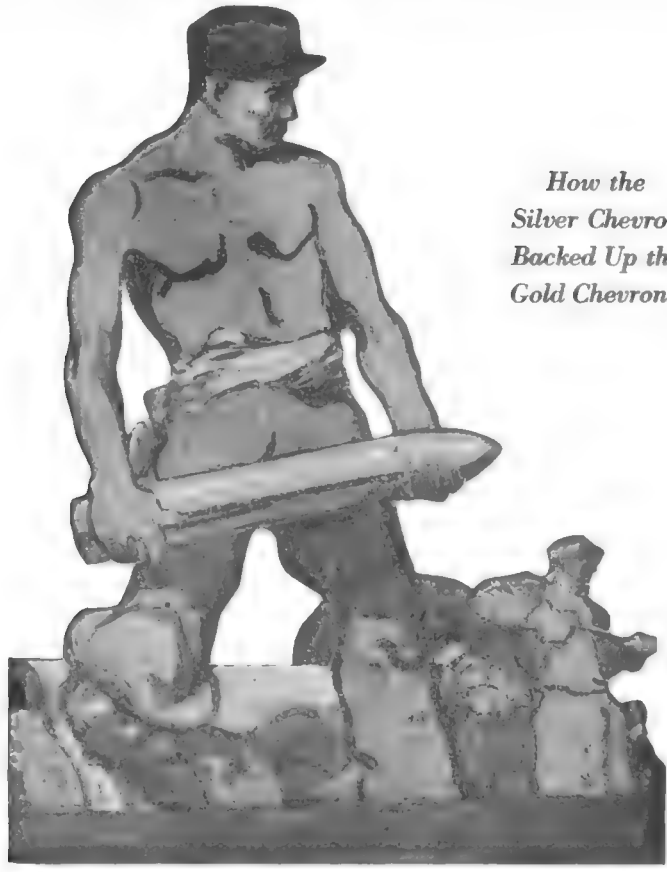

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Joe was reading over and over in a woozy, pale-faced way.

"While you are at it," said John R. angrily, "I'll go out and see what other fool things you've done."

Back at Leslie's desk he ordered: "Get me the Ben Hilman correspondence—all of it."

Leslie's heart sank. Her hands really shook this time. She had not known there was any Ben Hilman correspondence. One of the other girls attended to filing the letters—and that one letter to which she had replied was the only one she had ever seen.

There were eight letters fastened together—and the last one was that wild screed she had written.

Leslie watched with a sinking sensation as John R. ran through those letters—growling here, grunting there, kicking the floor with his heel now and again. As he approached the last letter, for the first time in many months she felt her lips quivering.

The accumulation of things gone wrong was too much for her. She was about to cry. She got up and turned toward the closet for her hat and coat.

But John R. was stamping through the door to Joe Collins's room. He had not noticed that she had signed that last letter. But he would directly. Joe Collins would see to that.

John R. was no longer the trader. He was the cattleman of long ago, talking to a rotten cow-puncher. "Get your saddle and bridle and hit the trail fast," he ordered, so menacingly that Collins edged sideways for his coat and hat—thinking the old man had gone crazy.

LESLIE was standing irresolutely by the open closet door as Collins went through the outer office without taking time to look back. John R. stumped up to the railing and flung the letters across on Leslie's desk.

"Mr. Watts"— the blood had left Leslie's face and her eyes blinked rapidly—"Mr. Collins didn't—didn't write that last letter."

John R. started to speak, but it was not to call Collins back. The door opened, almost as though it was kicked in, and a big man—big as John R. and of the same type—stood in the doorway.

"Watts?" he said with elemental gruffness.

"Yes," John R. replied in kind.

"Ben Hilman of Texas." The cattleman evidently liked the big trader, for he held out his hand. "Thought, as I was passing this way, I'd run up and see that ding-busted patch of alfalfa."

John R., warming to him like the south side of a straw stack in the March sun, grinned. "I'm going up there to-day. I'll get my car. How soon can you start?"

As they went down the stairs—already they knew they spoke the same language—Hilman remarked: "It was that last letter that made me think maybe you were not a mere postage-stamp flapdoodle sort of land-shark."

At the Pine Tree Hotel John R. found Clem V. Roderick. "Say, Roderick, I've fired Joe Collins; and I'm going to make a general clean-up when I come back. You go up and take charge of the office until I return. And in the meantime find me a real secretary."

Roderick nodded, and started at once. Two blocks from the office he met Leslie Martin. He knew at a glance she was quitting. The girl was hard hit—for she had been crying—and it took a real hurt to get tears from her sort. It was too bad, and this was such a nice spring day too.

"I've quit," she told him in answer to his question. "John R. was going to fire me anyway, and I left my resignation on the desk."

"It is not accepted," Roderick smiled reassuringly. "I've been left in charge until John R. gets back, and you simply have to stand by me until then."

ON HIS return John R. fairly slammed the door open, his big rough face as radiant as a harvest moon. He had pulled off the biggest deal of his life.

"How goes everything?" He held out cigars.

"All right." Roderick leaned back and lighted one. "I got this lawsuit settled."

"You did! How much did it cost?"

Roderick consulted a memorandum carefully while John R. frowned, remembering Joe Collins's blunder.

"Three—four—five—six, I guess," counted Roderick solemnly.

"Six thousand?"

"No"—with a grin—"postage-stamps." Roderick threw back his head and laughed. "It was easy to fool Collins, but I did not expect to fool you. I kept trying to prove to Collins he was missing the point in most of the letters; but I couldn't get him even to read my come-backs. I cooked up that lawsuit thing to give him a jolt."

John R. was grinning with relief, as well as enjoyment at the joke.

"Well, you gave him a jolt all right. Now, Roderick, I want you to stay on the job. You wrote that letter that brought Hilman around—I know you did—and that was genius. I'm going to give you a thousand dollars for that."

Roderick shook his head. "No, I did not write it—I caused it to be written, but it was accidental. But I have found you a real secretary—one who knows now that business correspondence is a combination of close attention, human interest and brains."

"Who is all that?" John R. asked eagerly.

"That poor kid whose heart was nearly broken when she thought you were going to fire her—Leslie Martin. Make her secretary at fifty a week—and take that thousand you were going to give me and buy her a runabout—she wrote that letter to Hilman."

"Is that so?" John R. was immensely pleased. "The little son-of-a-gun! I always thought that girl was smart."

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In a Colony of Kings

Along about 1950 A. D., a benevolent proletariat decided to do something handsome for the world's downtrodden kings, czars, emperors, princes and such like aristocrats. So a strip of Central Europe was set aside for them, and they moved to it, taking their families and their goods with them. They did not talk back or ask questions; when the proletariat said go, they went right on.

This strip of country, entirely inhabited by aristocrats, is called Aristokia in a delightful story by A. Washington Pezet, and the novel has the same name. The story is about the adventures, amorous and otherwise, of certain outsiders who penetrate Aristokia and mingle with the inhabitants.

"ARISTOKIA" is a fascinating achievement—keen satire and an uproarious light comedy. It will make you laugh and think, too. The illustrations, by Tony Sarg, are as funny as the story. The book has just been published by The Century Co., 353 Fourth Ave., New York City, and is sold at all bookstores for $1.50.

AGAIN, in the blackness of the night, while the storm still raged, they were awakened by a shriek. Instantly both men sat up, alert, tense, silent. Then as before they heard the words of "Annie Laurie."

And this in a country two hundred miles from any human being.

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"The Gift of the Barren Grounds"

by Kathrene and Robert Pinkerton

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Adventure

THE RIDGWAY COMPANY
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WONDERS *of the* WAR

(*Continued from page 72*)

of almost twenty per cent. for these flaming shells. The explanation seems to be that the gases given off coat the shell with a sort of frictionless gas film. Wind-tunnel experiments show that air resistance is cut down almost seventy-five per cent. by these gas films.

These busy ballisticians have done almost everything to flying shells except to actually ride upon them. They have invented moving-picture machines to take successive photographs of a flying shell (the camera backs up the jump-cards' assertion that shells wobble), and they have invented apparatus to tell just how fast these projectiles are going. Such instruments are known as chronographs and their function is to time the projectile as it passes between two screens fifty feet distant. Chronographs (of a kind) were known before the war and used for measuring shell velocity, but they were temperamental machines. They were extremely averse to performing where there was noise or vibration and had to have deep masonry foundations built for them and thick-walled brick buildings to house them at a considerable distance from the firing-line at the proving-ground.

Our ordnance engineers have no patience with temperaments, nor could they wait for the building of such complicated instruments. So they got busy and designed a simple little affair that was without any temperament at all and that was content to sit on a soap-box alongside of a gun and would cheerfully tell velocities all day long. One of these little machines could be built in two days and carried under a man's arm. In this clever device a small electric motor, of constant-speed type, whirls about a cup-shaped disk that has a paper ribbon held in its rim. An electric spark marks a dot on this ribbon when the shell passes through each of the two screens. Taking the ribbon off and laying a special ruler upon it tells you instantly how fast that shell was going.

What are these ballisticians of ours going to do after the war?

Perhaps John McGraw or some other far-sighted protagonist of the great American national game may sense the possibilities of a ballistician in baseball. Wind-tunnels and jump-cards and chronographs would seem to have possibilities in testing and developing pitching talent. One could tell exactly the speed of a new pitcher and accurately measure the limits of his curving ability. And then, perhaps, after these ballisticians have done to baseball what they have done to artillery fire we shall see the last of the "fade away" and the "jump" and the coming of the "boomerang ball," "corkscrew shoot" and the "flaming dip."

Who knows?

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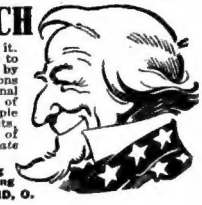

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Unimportant People

Kate Barnes who Runs North Spray North Carolina

By Ellen Knight

A LOT of people leave home and make good and the world hears all about them, and semi-occasionally they return to their home towns and the school children give them a bunch of flowers and they stand still while their old nurse sheds a tear on them and then off they go refreshed and pleased, leaving their old friends a little proud, a little envious.

But what does the town get out of all the greatness of its wandering child—outside of a mention in *Who's Who?*

Contrariwise, there are a great many more people who make good and do not leave home and the world hears nothing about them and no fuss is ever made over them and the home town and everybody in it is just exactly a hundred per cent. happier and better for their having stayed there.

There are, of course, thousands of such people and Kate Barnes is only one of them.

As soon as she got through school, Kate started teaching it, beginning with one of those strenuous ungraded one-room country schools that have sent more than one teacher to a sanitorium.

From there, after some summer-school work, she went to a primary grade in the North Spray graded school. When school closed in the spring, the superintendent asked the slim, earnest young person, who could "handle" every kind of pupil and have them adore her besides, to return in the fall as principal.

Which she did. And did extremely well.

About then along came thirteen-year-old Dean Fagg. Dean was the son of a widower cousin who had just died, leaving two small boys. The younger went to live with his grandmother, but the elder, being described by all who knew him as "a handful," seemed to be left out in the cold.

Handfuls happen to be just what Cousin Kate likes, so Dean came to live with her. She fixed it up with her landlady to let Dean help her about the house night and morning in return for his room rent. Dean, Miss Barnes teaches herself and has for her own particular pal.

Just about the time when Miss Barnes had got Dean all fixed, some one was needed to teach in the night-school where the older boys and girls who work daytimes go, along with many of their mothers and fathers. So Kate took on that job too. Whereupon night-school boomed as it never had before. Miss Barnes doesn't make you feel ashamed if you are grown up and can't read; or stupid and tired from a long days' work. Somehow she just has a way with her that boosts you right over the hard places.

The girl who stayed at home.

Then the president of the Y. W. C. A. got sick. So Kate took charge of that. And she managed the various war-investment campaigns that came along (she has one hundred dollars in War-Savings stamps herself). And of course she was the obvious person for chairman of the Red Cross.

They are producing plays in England now which preach to women that their outside patriotic activities mustn't interfere with their home life. So, lest Miss Barnes be preached to, we hasten to add that she spends the summer with her family, six miles away, in Leaksville, North Carolina, and cooks and bakes and puts up preserves and generally saves her mother numerous steps. Sometimes she plays on the little old organ in the parlor to her father when she isn't writing the home news to her brother in the A. E. F. Can you blame us for electing her to the Little Back Hall of the Dear Unknowns?

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The HOUSE *that* PATTY BUILT

(*Continued from page 35*)

Some of the boys said afterward that with his long legs flying and his thin arms swinging in action it looked as though Uncle Sam himself had come to help them for a little.

The Roof

PATTY CAKE lifted her head from her pillows and laid aside the volume of Walt Whitman to which she had been unhappily graduated, to answer the telephone on the little table at her bedside.

The telephone was coquettishly covered with brocade, lace-trimmed, the instrument of tender messages often. But this was the end of the season, and she gave but languid attention to the heavy vibrations which bespoke the male. She grew more interested when the voice was defined as that of the publicity man. She still believed in business.

The disjointed one-sided conversation fairly well outlined the import of the matter. "Just addressed to the theatre? Well, give it to them. 'Tain't mine—oh, mine inside!—can't be very private. You can read it. Oh, you have read it? Well of all the cheek! What's it say? All right, don't tell me—but get it in the evening papers. I'll see it then—sure, I like surprises—pleasant ones—oh, nothing, just looking at that poetry by Walt Whitman—the lemon! By."

Later she dressed, demurely as ever, and coaxed her mother into the fractious little car for an afternoon of shopping. "I'm so nervous over the war I can't keep still."

"Well, shopping's good for that," humored her parent. "Just get a nice hat and a dress."

"Can't see that does much good to a soldier."

"Well now, you've sung a lot to soldiers. Every one can't wear a medal. Some of us just have to amuse in life. That redhead song's made a lot of young men happy."

"Redhead!" repeated Patty, groping for an association of ideas. "Oh, yes! Our press man phoned me I've had a letter from one of them in the trenches."

"There now! What'd I tell you? The boys are real grateful to you."

"It's going to be in the papers. The fellow just sent it to the theatre."

"Didn't know how to call an actress, I guess."

"Yes, that was it. Let's stop here and try on hats."

She had moved on to the gowns when the afternoon paper, ordered early by Miss Patty's saleslady who had a young man in France, was brought into the fitting cubicle. The frocks were heaped all about in a gay mélange of colors. Patty was intently inspecting herself in rose and silver. The saleslady eyed the paper hungrily. "I've a gentleman friend in France."

"Go ahead, read it," urged Patty. "Is it too long, Mama?"

His name was not on that sadly lengthening list. The woman smiled again. "That rose is just the thing for you, Miss Cake. I said when it came in: 'That looks like Miss Cake—' " She was folding the paper, dividing her interest with chance news in the sheet. She found an item she might safely dwell upon. It was Patty's notice. "My! You've got a big write-up," was her exclamation.

"Sure! I forgot. What's it say?" A closer inspection of the skirt from Patty.

There was a moment's silence, then a little cry from the woman with the young man in France. It was not an agonizing cry, but there were tears in her eyes. "I suppose it's just press stuff, but it does work you up."

"I don't know what it is, but it's straight, I guess. You read it out loud. Undo me, Mama, and just see if this dress won't look as well fastened up the front as the back."

"Gracious, it won't!" said the saleslady. "Well, I'll read out a piece of it. There's some explanations at the beginning and then the letter to you says:

"Miss Cake, Actress at the Tivoli once, and fortune-teller at the Pan-Allied Bazaar:

"DEAR MADAM OR MISS:

"I beg to say that I have taken your advice as so splendidly rendered at the bazaar where you sang a song about a redhead, looking mainly toward me. I took the initiative as you said I ought to when the most important thing in my life came. You advised this by telling my fortune by palmistry. You also looked into my soul as well. You got me all right. You are a wonder. I became officer in charge by others being killed, and I took the initiative. We cleaned out the trench and held it, and others came over the top to relieve us. The captain who came over the top found us and I was complimented for taking the initiative and now I take it every time. He recommended me for promotion. The boys seemed to be glad. There are many fine fellows in the U. S. Army, but the finest of all are in my company. I like to be a second lieutenant but I would like to be a private again to mix with them more. Some day I will take the initiative and do so. I study tactics all day back in the school, but I always studied at home before I went to war, so I am not far behind.

"Thanking you for your advice, I am

"Thankfully yours,

"ADOLPHUS SKARE."

Mrs. Cake was sobbing quite noisily, and Patty was wiping tears off the rose front which was the back. "I've got to buy the durned thing now," said Patty.

"I like it all but the head-lines," commented the saleslady, still under the impression that the publicity man had slipped one over on her.

"I haven't got my glasses," sniffed Mrs. Cake; "what are they?"

"Why, it says: 'All are Architects of Fate.' Now what does that mean?"

"That," said Patty haughtily, "is poetry, by Longfellow. It don't necessarily mean anything."

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